TRAGEDY *of* CHAPMAN *Divorce* SUIT

Law that Permits Torture of Women Witnesses Needs Drastic Change!

By Our Special Commissioner

It takes a tragic happening to jolt us out of our tolerance of bad old customs that have nothing but established usage to recommend them.

Such a happening was the death on Saturday of a woman threatened with prolonged and painful divorce proceedings.

It was one of those cases that certain people delight in as a "cause celebre." The preliminary announcements had been of a nature to make the prurient-minded sit up and take notice.

THEN came the denouement. The woman in the case refused to play the part that the sensation mongers had mapped out for her. She had doubtless lived through it all in advance, but she could not face the reality.

On the morning of the day that her case was to come on for hearing, her death was announced.

Whether she died through an overdose of some drug, deliberately taken, or whether the mental strain and anxiety had been too much for her frail woman's physique, she was equally the victim of what the law allows and what certain people see fit to encourage.

Ordeal of Anticipation

HOW often must the agitated woman have seen herself in the crowded court, the target of every curious eye there! How often must she have shuddered in anticipation of the battery of questions fired at her hour after hour by bewigged persons specially trained and equipped for the job!

All her private life was to be delved into. All her past was to be ransacked. All her emotional secrets—if she had any—were to be wrested from her, and all her woman's reticences were to be swept aside.

For that is what the procedure in a contested divorce suit—to our shame be it spoken—allows and encourages.

Again and again has this inquisition followed the appearance of a woman petitioner or respondent in the witness box. While a certain section is always waiting to gloat over the spectacle, it is none the less an affront to standards of decency and propriety that such things should be permitted.

Women the Victims

THE chief sufferers are the women whose emotional experiences are dragged into the light of day. Whether they are in the matrimonial sense guilty or entirely innocent, some of the mud thrown at them is bound to stick.

A woman whose husband charges her with misconduct has, under our law, the choice of two evils. She can refuse to appear, in which case she will be found guilty in her absence, or she can elect to be heard in her own defence—and then find, as Mrs. Chapman did, that the prospective ordeal was too much for her heart and nerves.

The Australian Women's Weekly hopes that the tragic lesson furnished by the death of this ill-fated and overwrought young woman will not be lost on the Attorney-General of New South Wales, or on his colleagues. For the responsibility of a law that makes such things possible is with them.

IN Victoria they have taken an important step in advance by prohibiting the publication of Divorce Court evidence. In that State only the names of the parties, the nature of the suit, and the judicial findings can be given.

While this measure is some protection for people who may be dragged, willy nilly, into divorce proceedings, it by no means puts an end to what is perhaps the greatest evil—the unlimited right of cross-examining counsel to harass a witness about every detail of his or her private life.

"Credit" as Excuse

THE process is justified by those using it on the pretext that they are testing the witness's "credit." The woman who gives evidence in a divorce case must expect to have her credit raked fore and aft. We have seen cases in Sydney in which this raking has gone on not only for hours, but for days, weeks, and months.

A change from the barbarities that masquerade under the name of law is overdue.

In the first place the Governments of all the States should follow the example of Victoria in placing a ban on the publication, for commercial ends, of Divorce Court evidence. But more than this is needed. It is no more desirable that matrimonial troubles should be made a lawyers' feast than that they should be turned into a public spectacle.

THE contested divorce suit is almost invariably, in our Courts, a prolonged battle—if the parties happen to be well off. The fact is notorious. And the reasons are not far to seek.

To some extent the rules of the Supreme Court are to blame. These rules, while laying it down that questions must be "relevant," place virtually no restriction on the right of counsel to cross-examine as to credit. A great deal is left to the discretion of counsel while the ultimate decision as to what is or is not allowable is with the Judge.

Judges Should Act

IT is an unfortunate fact that eminent counsel in Australia, when engaged in divorce cases for moneyed clients, have a way of stringing out the hearing in a manner that suggests—to put it mildly—that saving of time and expense is not their object.

It is just as unfortunate that some of our Judges are not strong or incisive enough to keep counsel in check when the process of keeping a witness as long as possible in the box is in operation.

As we have said, the tragedy of a young woman done to death by legal process—as Mrs. Chapman unquestionably was—should not be lost on those responsible.

The ordeal that she could not face should be made less terrible.

Under a proper legal system, adapted to the settling of private disagreements, it need not be terrible at all. It is bad enough that the matrimonial barque should be wrecked, without mental torture being superimposed on the sufferers.

THE MOST ELABORATE evening gowns seen for many years are gracing the formal occasions of the Royal visit and the Melbourne Cup and Centenary celebrations. Above are two exclusive fashion photos sent by air mail from Muriel Segal, our special representative in Europe, which strikingly exemplify the tendency of the evening mode to gorgeousness. On the left is a Schiaparelli model of rose moire with a golden lame sheen. The other model, by the same famous designer, is of trailing white satin patterned in lapis blue feathers and dusted with silver. Accompanying it is a jacket of lapis blue chichi velvet.

SHOULD ALL NURSES *Train* for *Double* CERTIFICATE?

Outback Mothers Exposed to Risks from Lack of Expert Attention

Hospital authorities and members of the medical profession are now considering the question of whether all nurses should be required to secure a double certificate — in general training and in obstetrics — before registration.

The matter is one of special import to women living in the country, and its discussion forms an important part of the programme of the metropolitan group conference of the Country Women's Association this week.

INQUIRIES from women's hospitals show that women over the age of thirty years, who are precluded by their age from becoming probationary nurses, are often allowed to take up obstetric nursing as a means of livelihood, the period of training before obtaining a certificate being eighteen months. For nurses who have had general training the period is only nine months.

The problem of whether better protection for women would not be afforded by an insistence that all nurses should receive obstetric training before being allowed to practise in hospitals is a serious one, **particularly in the country districts, where is is often necessary to employ nurses with a single certificate, though it is almost certain that, at some time or other, they will be called upon to carry out duties for which they have not been properly trained.**

Representations have been made to The Australian Women's Weekly that preference is given to applicants for obstetric training who have had no general nursing experience, but inquiries among the women's hospitals show that in every institution the majority of girls undergoing obstetric training have already had general training, and the women selected solely for obstetric training are invariably women of more advanced years who are training in midwifery as their only means of livelihood.

In every women's institution investigated, however, it was made clear that nurses with general training outnumber those who are merely qualifying in obstetrics.

THE Country Women's Association will discuss the subject of the training of nurses at the annual Metropolitan Group Conference in Sydney this week.

On the agenda paper is a resolution from the Harborside (Sydney) branch of the association "that obstetric training be included in the curriculum for all nurses."

The Country Women's Association has numerous rest homes and hostels established throughout Australia, and it is continually finding difficulty in securing for such institutions nurses holding the double certificate in general nursing and in obstetrics.

Not Qualified

The present attitude of the C.W.A. is that nurses who serve the people of the country districts are not satisfactorily qualified unless they have completed a course of training in midwifery, and they will not engage nurses who have not done so.

Now the C.W.A. proposes to go further and insist that all nurses shall complete their training in obstetrics before being allowed to practise.

The A.T.N.A., the official body representing the Australian-trained nurses, is in accord with the proposal of the Country Women's Association, and has been quietly working along to that end for some years past.

Medical men and hospital authorities consider that if such an arrangement could be brought about it would be ideal from their point of view and from the point of view of the public, but there are practical difficulties in the way of it which are very hard to overcome.

The period of training in midwifery required in all of the Australian States, except Queensland, is nine months, but in Queensland six months is considered a sufficient period of training. There has been considerable conflict over this divergence of opinion between Queensland and the other States, and several of the States refused to recognise the certificates issued by the Queensland authorities in midwifery unless a nine months' course of training had been given.

It was suggested, recently, that Queensland would retaliate by debarring nurses certified in any other State from practising in Queensland, but the difficulties have been practically overcome.

Practical Difficulties

NOW for the practical difficulties which stand in the way of all nurses being compelled, as part of their training, to complete a course of obstetrics. Nurses in general training in the public hospitals of Australia so far outnumber those in obstetric hospitals that it would be impossible to transfer them all to the maternity hospitals for their training. Even if they could be all accommodated there would not be sufficient work for them to do, and the general hospitals would be hopelessly understaffed.

Another difficulty is that nurses in general hospitals are paid an increasing salary during each of their four years of training, while in the maternity hospitals, until recently, they had to pay a bonus to get in, and were paid no wages at all during training.

It is obviously unfair to ask a nurse who has worked for three years in a general hospital at a salary ranging from 15/- a week to 25/- to transfer to an obstetric hospital and work the next nine months for nothing, so that she can get her double certificate.

Many nurses in training have no means whatever, and are entirely dependent on the small allowance made them during their period of training.

The C.W.A. hopes to find some solution of the difficult problem when the subject is fully discussed by the annual conference, but so far no solution has been arrived at by the hospital authorities or by the A.T.N.A.

The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY.
SYDNEY: 221 PITT ST. Phones: 26381 (4 lines). POSTAL ADDRESSES: Business, G.P.O. Box 4080W; Editorial, G.P.O. Box 1951E.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602609

Let's Talk of Interesting P·E·O·P·L·E

—Noel Maitland.

CRAFTWORK EXPERT

MRS. D. NOSWORTHY, one of Brisbane's prominent craftswomen, has recently accepted an appointment as instructress in art craftwork at the Brisbane Polytechnic.

Mrs. Nosworthy, who studied at the Rochdale School of Art (England) has created many fine pieces of hand craftwork, including pottery, pewter, china painting, wood carving and weaving. The Sydney Technological Museum has purchased an example of her pottery, and she exhibits frequently at Brisbane and Sydney arts and crafts exhibitions.

—Women's Weekly Photo.

POET-ARTIST

PIXIE O'HARRIS is well known throughout Australia for her charming drawings and equally delightful verse. As well as having her work in practically every magazine and weekly paper in the Commonwealth, she has several volumes of verse written and illustrated by herself, to her credit.

She has also illustrated many volumes by other authors, and is at present engaged on the illustrations for a children's book, "Hundreds and Thousands," by Ruth M. Bedford, which is to be published before Christmas.

A daughter of the well-known portrait-painter Mr. George F. Harris, Pixie early manifested her gifts. At 14 she was the youngest member of any art society in the British Isles. Since her marriage, several years ago, she has done most of her work in the evenings. She has two daughters, aged three years and nine months, who now claim most of her daytime hours.

RAILROAD CHIEF

MRS. J. W. WALSH has the unique distinction of being the only woman railway president in the world. Mrs. Walsh is the president and general manager of the Rook Island Southern Railway.

This line runs a distance of approximately a hundred miles out of Davenport, Iowa, U.S.A., so the duties falling to the lot of the general manager are no sinecure. Mrs. Walsh has two pretty daughters, Jeanne and Mary, but whether they will also adopt the career their mother has chosen, remains to be seen.

MELBA'S *Sacred* MEMORY is at STAKE!

Does New Film Libel Great Artist?

The memory of Dame Nellie Melba, dear to the heart of every Australian, is laid open to possible attack through the release of the new British film, "Evensong," taken from Beverly Nicholls' much-discussed book.

In a special cable from London, The Australian Women's Weekly correspondent tells how the film created a furore on its opening night.

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative in Europe

THE film "Evensong," taken from Beverly Nicholls' book of that name, had its premiere in London this week.

Subsequently there has been much discussion as to whether or not the leading character, the prima donna, is intended to represent Dame Nellie Melba.

It is said that Beverly Nicholls denies that this is so. Various friends of the author maintain that Mr. Nicholls is of much too chivalrous a character to malign the great diva at whose hands he received so much.

Nevertheless the fact that he spent some years in the Melba menage as her secretary and necessarily saw much of her private life, together with the general opinion that the book described Dame Nellie and her career, has led the public to believe that they are seeing Melba's history in the British Gaumont picture "Evensong."

This is most regrettable, and Australians who see the film will boil with rage that any relationship whatever could exist between the wonderful character of the greatest singer of the world, Dame Melba, and the pathetic, spineless creature who is Maggie O'Neil, afterwards known as Irola, the great opera-singer, who died of fury when her voice waned and jealousy of a coming star.

At any rate the theme is not psychologically sound, as it strikes the most unobservant in the audience as very ridiculous that the sweet-natured Irola, always smiling and generous, should suddenly, and without the slightest leading up to, turn into a a soured, malicious and jealous old shrew.

It has been suggested that the rising star, Baba La Tolle, who is the object of such jealousy, is supposed to be Toti dal Monte. But if we could forget such absurd suppositions, if we could regard the picture as having no bearing at all on our most famous Australian artist, we could enjoy the superb acting of Evelyn Laye.

THE way in which she turns from a fresh and charming young girl to a bitter, half-crazed old hag, is a revelation. Evelyn Laye is one of the few really intelligent women on the British stage. She has encountered much opposition from her constant refusals to be social or in the limelight, and her studious life and sane outlook have often been criticised as inappropriate for such a beautiful and glamorous young woman.

In such acting as "Evensong" Miss Laye's intelligence wins out and almost convinces us of the sincerity of such an improbable and pathetic character.

Perhaps, when the film comes to Australia, there might be some foreword disclaiming any connection between the character of the inglorious star and our very glorious Dame Nellie Melba.

A well-known English critic, writing about Beverly Nicholls in a London paper, says:

"The young author was accused of writing a savage satire on Melba. He wrote to me, asking me to deny it.

"Anyway, I knew it was the sort of thing he would not do.

"He had seen a lot of the inside of an operatic star's life and then written an entirely original story. That was all."

THE FAMOUS English musical comedy star, Evelyn Laye, plays the part of "Irola," or Maggie O'Neil, who is said to be Dame Melba, in the film of "Evensong." She is seen above at the height of her success.

THE photo at the left shows Evelyn Laye, as "Irola," when her star is on the wane. She is seen listening anxiously to a record of her own voice when it was at its best.

Monument for the Pied Piper at 650th Anniversary

Hameln town in Germany is busy preparing its stage for the 650th anniversary of the drama of the Pied Piper. And at last the outstanding debt to the Piper is to be paid in full by the erection of a monument to his memory.

THE celebration is, of course, a memorial to the shabby trick played on the piper by the ancestors of some of the present inhabitants of Hameln. Among the festivities, a play which re-enacts the story of 1284 will be produced, many of the parts being taken by the descendants of the avaricious Mayor and his crafty councillors.

Since Robert Browning wrote the fantastic story of the Pied Piper for his little friend William Macready, thousands of children have listened wide-eyed to the tale, but there were many earlier versions of the story, dating back as far as the fifteenth century.

Many well-known European writers have investigated the origin of this famous legend, some declaring it to be a myth, others stoutly claiming it to be true. The natives of Hameln have searched all the annals of the past in their efforts to give credence to the story, and not without success, for in their municipal museum they have accumulated many relics which lend atmosphere and a certain amount of truth to the legend. To this day they point to an old building on Osterstrasse, known at Ratcatcher House, and there visitors to Hameln will see an inscription dated 1284, which tells how on June 26 of that year all the children of Hameln save one lame boy followed the piper into the mountain of Koppenburg and were never heard of again.

ALLUDING to the legend, Baring Gould says that it is a significant fact that the street through which the piper enticed the children is still regarded with superstitious awe by the people of Hameln. This street is now called Bungen Strasse because in it no drum (bunge) or music may be played. Even if a bridal procession passes that way, the music must cease during the parade through the hallowed street.

In the year 1284 Hamelin town was infested by a plague of rats. One day there appeared upon the scene a piper, whom the people nicknamed Bunting, because of his extraordinary attire. For a thousand guilders he offered to charm all the vermin into the river Weser. His conditions were agreed to, but after he had fulfilled his promise the inhabitants, on the ground that he was a sorcerer, declined to fulfil their part of the bargain. So the piper piped their children into the mountain and they were never seen again.

Child Crusade

MANY authorities trace the origin of the legend to the historic Crusade of the Children, which took place in 1212, when 50,000 boys and girls were persuaded that their childish innocence could do what their sinful fathers had failed to do, and so left their homes on an expedition to capture the Holy Land.

These bands of children were called the Army of Innocence. No bolts, no bars, no fear of father or love of mother could hold these young recruits, so fired were they with religious enthusiasm. The vast majority never returned, as they were shipwrecked and drowned in the Mediterranean.

Other writers refer to a dancing mania which at that period seized upon the young people of Hameln, who left the town on a mad pilgrimage from which they never returned.—D.V.

Liver Troubles

Sufferers from Biliousness and Constipation, also Headaches arising therefrom, will find amazing relief by taking Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills. This remedy gives the sluggish or overworked liver that help which is needed to restore it to healthy action, and in due course by regulating the bowels corrects Constipation.

DR MORSE'S INDIAN ROOT PILLS FOR THE LIVER

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602610

The GIRL *who Kissed* the AIR RACE HEROES

Parmentier Laughed . . . Melrose Blushed and the Crowd Cheered and Cheered!

All Australia has been wondering who was the pretty auburn-haired girl who broke through the crowd and kissed three of the airmen during the procession through Melbourne last week.

She is Sally Evans, a show-girl in "New Faces," the variety revue, and is well-known to Australian and New Zealand audiences, having played in many J. C. Williamson shows.

THERE isn't a girl in the country, no matter what her age, who wouldn't have done what Sally did, if she could, and judging by the enormous crowd who fought to see the Air Race heroes, there were a few thousand determined girls trying to beat Sally to the honors.

But Sally won in a struggle against terrific odds; bargain sales weren't in it and her effort—to be the one girl out of a crowd of 100,000 people to break through and kiss the air heroes as they rode by in the triumphal procession through Melbourne last Wednesday—is an achievement worthy of a nation's respect.

Australian women had to do something to show their enthusiasm and high appreciation of these heroic men—and Sally did it.

Sally's Own Story

IN an exclusive interview with The Australian Women's Weekly, Sally described her big moment.

"Why did I kiss them?

"Because that is what heroes are for. I was so completely carried away that I simply had to, and was too excited to care about or even hear what people were saying around me.

"A man will slap a hero on the back, cheer him, or buy him a drink, but the greatest tribute a woman can pay a hero is to kiss him.

"Judging by the way he laughed and made me kiss the others in the car, Parmentier appreciated my gesture.

"After that big moment I simply had to kiss Jimmy Melrose. He was rather shy and blushed. But I didn't. I was proud."

DESCRIBING her preparations for the big event, the like of which has not been seen in Australia for many years, Sally said she rose early at dawn and had a cold shower.

"I hadn't slept a wink since I woke early in the morning," she said. "I was terribly excited because I had made up my mind to try and salute the air race heroes in the proper way, and I had told my friends, and some of them had bet me a few bob I wouldn't do it.

"I realised I couldn't back out, and my breakfast turned to sawdust in my mouth worrying about it."

Sally maintained it was a nice sort of worry, however. The sort of excited feeling all the Air Race entrants must have had before they started on their magnificent flight.

"Policemen I avoided like lepers. I wore my smartest rig-out, even at the risk of having it torn off my back, because you simply can't go saluting heroes not looking your best."

A STRIKING PORTRAIT of the beautiful Sally Evans, who did what every Australian girl wanted to do when the air race winners were driven through Melbourne. Athol L. Shmith photo.

The 'FLU *and its* AFTER EFFECTS

After a wave of 'Flu is a tricky time for minor complaints. Especially is this apparent when sudden changes in weather occur. In the trail of the 'Flu comes Headaches—Sleeplessness—Nerviness—Debility—Lassitude, etc. These complaints can be quickly dispelled with "ASPRO," because, after ingestion in the system, it acts as a Germicide and solvent of Uric Acid, and is Anti-periodic, Anti-pyretic and Anti-fermentative. "ASPRO" brings sweet sleep to the sleepless—banishes pain and headaches in a few minutes, and soothes restless nerves. Even the weakest stomach can assimilate "ASPRO"—it causes no gastric upset—no nausea—no harmful after-effects, and it does not harm the heart.

'ASPRO'

IS YOUR PROTECTION

'ASPRO' STOPS 'FLU IN ONE NIGHT!

64 Elswick Street,
LEICHHARDT,
February 26, 1934.

Dear Sirs,

I was a great sufferer from RHEUMATISM, both in the throat, arms and legs. I was advised to try 'ASPRO,' which I did, and I have greatly benefited by regular doses. I am never without them in the house.

My husband is subject to INFLUENZA and the only medicine that does him any good is 'ASPRO'; in fact he has stopped 'Flu in one night by taking three 'ASPRO' tablets with a glass of hot lemonade.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) MARY ROSS.

8272/34

'ASPRO' THE FAMILY DOCTOR

20 Gladstone Street,
KOGARAH, N.S.W.,
12/11/33.

Dear Sirs,

I am writing to let you know what a boon your 'ASPRO' tablets have been and are still to my wife, child and myself.

During the time I had RHEUMATIC FEVER your 'ASPRO' reduced my temperature, thus preventing the fever from entering my head. For INFLUENZA and NERVOUS HEADACHES they always give me instant relief.

We are never without a large packet of 'ASPRO' tablets in the house, as they are the family doctor.

Yours sincerely,
(Sgd.) WILLIAM POLGLAISE.

WREN'S *Best Novel Since* "BEAU GESTE!"

Secured for Our New Serial

We take pleasure in making the following announcements to our readers:

(1) "Beggars' Horses," P. C. Wren's greatest story since "Beau Geste," has been obtained for our new serial, commencing next week.

(2) Negotiations have also been concluded for a number of special short stories from some of the best-known authors of the day, including Ethel Mannin, May Edginton, Dorothy Black, Warwick Deeping, Elinor Mordaunt, Christine Jope-Slade, and Ursula Bloom.

(3) Fatty Finn's Weekly, the Australian children's comic now being produced by The Australian Women's Weekly, makes its bow this week in its new form. Details concerning it appear on pages 26 and 27.

"BEGGARS' Horses" will be illustrated by Wep, the brilliant young Australian artist and sculptor, whose work is already a popular feature of The Australian Women's Weekly.

THE acquisition of the rights of "Beggars' Horses" represents another triumph in this paper's history. Whenever an outstanding novel has appeared suitable for serialisation, no effort has been spared to obtain it for The Australian Women's Weekly readers.

P. C. Wren now joins the gallery of notable authors who have contributed to our pages, including Vicki Baum, Monica Ewer, Dornford Yates, Kathleen Norris, among overseas writers, and Louise Mack and Jessica Urquhart, Australian authors.

P. C. Wren's adventurous romances of the Foreign Legion are enjoyed in every home. "Beau Geste," "Beau Sabreur," and "Beau Ideal" are three with which everyone is familiar, either from the books or the film versions.

In "Beggars' Horses" this famous author explores an entirely new atmosphere. The story concerns the adventures of six young men, whose wishes, according to a prophetic Indian holy man, will be fulfilled. Each has expressed a wish. The six wishes are for happiness, wealth, health, courage, great strength, and long life.

How the six wishes are fulfilled, the excitement and hope, mental agony and torment that can accompany the granting of one's most cherished desire is vividly told in one of the most remarkable novels of the year. Weaving a strange pattern in the lives of all six men is a woman—"the dark woman" in this unusual story of prophecy and fulfilment.

P. C. Wren is never fantastic, and his powerful style and graphic illustration are given full scope in thrilling situations and incidents that grip the imagination and hold you enthralled right to the end.

THE coming attractions in our fiction pages will shortly be followed by other innovations throughout the paper. The recent introduction of color in our Fashion Parade and pattern pages is part of this general policy of constant improvement, so that Australian women will have the best paper that it is possible to produce.

The Women's Weekly has always adopted a progressive policy in catering for and serving the women of Australia, and the popularity with which its enterprise has been rewarded has encouraged its continual quest for the best the world can offer in new and newsy features and ideas. In this regard, readers can look forward to some pleasant new surprises in the next few weeks.

CRUISE FASHIONS FROM FARMERS

MUCH interest was created by the page of Cruise Wear Fashions published in the last issue of this paper.

The fashions selected were from Farmer's and were posed by Miss Mary Wells and Miss Leslie Crane.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602611

SHE WANTED Romance

Complete Short Story ... by

FELICITY PAGE

Illustrated by FISCHER

MOLLY longed for romance and, like many of us, she thought that it was only to be found far afield when all the time it was hers for the taking near at hand...

She told him quite a lot of things that she hadn't meant to tell anyone.

MOLLY HARPER laid the supper table rather hastily. She was later home than she had intended, but she had to wait to see the end of "His Splendid Folly." Raymond Clowell had been more wonderful than ever in it.

She never missed a film of his if she could help it. He was so handsome and romantic. And his love-making! The thrilling note in his voice as he had taken the heroine in his arms and bent his eyes to look into hers: "Darling, I've waited so long for this. We were made for each other. . . ."

She sighed.

What must it be like to be made love to like that? Every woman wanted romance, though she might try to pretend that she didn't. Every woman dreamed when she married that she had found it. And then, after seven years of marriage, you discovered that it was—well, just a dream!

Her husband entered the kitchen, divesting himself of his office coat with a grunt of relief.

"Supper ready?" he asked. "I'm as hungry as a hunter."

"It'll be ready in a minute," she answered. "You're early, aren't you?"

"A bit. I got a lift from the station. It'll give me some extra time in the garden. I want to get those wallflower seedlings planted out to-night."

"But I thought we were going over to the Wilsons' after supper," she protested. "Truda's got Hugh coming, and one or two others. They're going to dance to the gramophone."

He made a grimace expressive of disgust.

"Not much in my line. Besides, I'm tired. . . . But you go if you like."

"You aren't too tired to garden," it was on the tip of her tongue to say.

But she didn't say it.

What was the use of saying things like that? Gerald didn't like Truda, she knew, and it didn't occur to him that his wife might want amusement, even if he didn't. He never seemed to realise that married life for a woman could be horribly dull.

Dull! She caught herself up at the word, feeling guilty. Gerald was a good husband, one of the best. But he wasn't—well, he wasn't romantic!

She served the fish pie and frowned at him sitting opposite to her. He wore a disreputable old coat that he refused to throw away, and old and comfortable but very shabby shoes. There was a dab of earth on his cheek and his hair was a little roughened because, while she was dishing up the pie, he would tie up the rambler over the porch.

A picture of Raymond Clowell's immaculate grooming and perfectly-cut clothes came before her. She thought of his charming smile and deep, fascinating voice.

How would a man like that greet his wife, if he had one, when he came home in the evenings? There would be a thrilling embrace, kisses, and a whispered: "Darling, you don't know what it means to me to come back to you. . . ."

"I saw Harold to-day," her husband remarked. "He gets his holidays at the same time that I do, and we've fixed up to go fishing again."

Harold was Gerald's brother, and he was just as keen on fishing as Gerald himself. A messy, wormy business, Molly considered it, and the very sight of a worm made her shudder. Yet for the past three years she had had to spend her holidays down at Brightling, where there was nothing but sea and sand and fish.

Not that she had really minded it so much. Brightling was bracing and pretty, and she got on well with her sister-in-law, Eileen. She hadn't minded other years, but this year. . . .

She thought of the proposition Truda Wilson had made to her that morning.

Truda was engaged to Hugh Parsons, and he was going down to stay at the inn in a little place called Madden Bay for his holiday. Truda wanted to go, too, but her parents objected.

"It's silly, of course," she had said to Molly. "But you know what they are—so ridiculously old-fashioned! But if you come to Madden Bay with me, they'll think it all right."

"But I couldn't leave Gerald," Molly had protested.

The other had laughed scornfully.

"My dear Molly, you're as out of date as the parents! All sensible husbands and wives take their holidays apart *nowadays*—it makes them appreciate each other more. And we could have such fun at Madden Bay. It's only a tiny place, but there are lots of bungalows that smart people take for the season. Raymond Clowell, the film star, has taken one of them this year. It's supposed to be a secret—he's going there incognito—but Hugh's in the publicity business and told me. I'm rather hoping to get to know him. . . ."

Molly was thrilled by the news. Raymond Clowell—the man she admired so much! It would be very exciting if she got to know him, too. But then, she couldn't think of leaving Gerald and going to Madden Bay. . . .

Yet there was really no reason why she shouldn't. Gerald didn't want her. He never thought of anything else when he was away but his wretched fishing. And it was horribly selfish of him, as Truda pointed out, always to suit himself on his holiday and not consider her. It wasn't as if she didn't work as hard as he did all the year, without getting any pay or even thanks in return.

She had never thought of it in that light before, but the other woman's dangerous tongue had already done its work.

Truda prided herself on being very "modern" in her ideas, and perhaps she, Molly, was silly and old-fashioned as her friend said. It would do her husband good to miss her for a bit.

But she hadn't really intended to do what Truda suggested. She and Gerald had always taken their holidays together, she couldn't imagine going anywhere without him. And he couldn't imagine it either, apparently. He took it for granted that she would go to Brightling with him.

All at once the fact annoyed her. Why should he take it so calmly for granted? As Truda said, she had a right to be consulted. It was her holiday as well as his. Yet it didn't seem to occur to him that for once he might suggest going somewhere that she liked.

Were all husbands selfish like that? She was sure that they weren't. Raymond Clowell, for instance, would think only of the woman he loved. There had been a ring of passionate sincerity in his voice as he had cried: "Darling, you know I only live to make you happy. . . ."

"I'll write to Mrs. Johnson about the house at once," Gerald went on. "And you'd better go round and see Eileen and make your arrangements."

"I'm not going to Brightling," Molly interrupted breathlessly. "I'm tired of it, and you know I hate fishing. I'm going down to a place called Madden Bay with Truda Wilson. She asked me this morning, and I said I'd think it over."

It came out with a rush, and it sounded somehow rather dreadful, she thought. She didn't dare look at her husband. He would be surprised and possibly angry and possibly hurt. She couldn't bear him to be hurt. If he told her how he would miss her and asked her to go with him she would do so. She had suddenly an almost passionate longing to hear him say that.

But he didn't.

After a brief pause that seemed to her unendurably long, he only said quietly:

"Very well, dear, you must do as you think best. And now I think I'll get along into the garden and tackle those wallflowers. . . ."

IT was a golden September morning as Molly walked on the sands at Madden Bay. It was one of her favorite walks, along this part of the bay. The sand was so firm there and the cliffs so dazzlingly white. And just above her she could see a tangle of pink roses clustering round the top of some wooden steps leading down to the beach.

The roses belonged to the garden of The Limes, the largest and most expensive bungalow in the place. This was the bungalow that Raymond Clowell had taken for a month, a fact that accounted for Molly's preference for this part of the bay.

She wanted so much to see him quite close, and she hadn't succeeded in doing it yet. But this morning her luck was in. As she hesitated by the steps, a man appeared at the top and ran lightly down them—a slenderly built, strikingly handsome man in immaculate white flannels and a white silk shirt that was open at the neck to disclose a triangle of becomingly tanned skin.

Molly caught her breath in admiration. He was even handsomer in real life than he had seemed on the screen. No wonder thousands flocked to see his films. And she, Molly Harper, was standing quite close to him; so close that he brushed against her as he stepped on to the sands.

She moved aside, flushing.

"I—I'm sorry," she stammered.

"Don't be sorry." Raymond Clowell smiled the flashing, irresistible smile that had made him famous.

Molly was looking surprisingly young this morning, and very pretty in her cool white frock and shady hat. The flush suited her, and so did the bright, eager expression in her eyes, although he was used to seeing eagerness in women's eyes when he spoke to them.

"It was my fault," he went on, with obvious disregard for the truth. "I was looking at the sea instead of where I was going. It's so lovely here, isn't it?"

"It is," she agreed. "I come here every morning. It's my favorite part of the beach."

"It's my favorite, too. Have you seen the smugglers' cave round the point there? I'd like to show it to you."

Was it real? she wondered, as she walked by his side along the shore. It seemed almost too fantastic to be true, that she and the famous Raymond Clowell could be strolling together like that, chatting lightly and easily as if they were old friends. At least it was the man who did most of the talking. She listened to that attractive voice that had stirred countless numbers of admiring film-fans. She watched for the quick, understanding smile that seemed to intimate that he found her equally attractive and fascinating. Every woman likes to feel that. . . .

Afterwards they sat down at the foot of the low cliff and went on talking. He told her all about himself, and she told him in return quite a lot of things that she hadn't meant to tell anyone. That she was rather lonely, for instance. . . .

She had realised in the three days that she had been at Madden Bay that she was not enjoying herself nearly as much as she had expected.

Truda, now that she had got her way, didn't bother about her friend, but went off all the time with Hugh. And though Molly, influenced by the other, was still convinced that she had done right in coming away by herself, she couldn't help thinking most of the time of Gerald.

Was he thinking of her? Did he miss her? He had made no objections when she had suggested leaving him. Was that because he didn't care? She supposed he was now on his beloved sea, fishing.

It hadn't been such bad fun really, going out in the boat with him on fine afternoons. But all afternoons were not fine. She wondered if Eileen would see that he changed his clothes when he came in soaked to the skin, and had a hot drink.

The morning passed surprisingly quickly. It seemed as if they had only sat there a few minutes when a woman came down the wooden steps leading from The Limes. She was a mousey, rather depressed-looking person of about thirty.

Raymond Clowell introduced her to Molly as his secretary, and she wondered why he should choose such an uninteresting one, and why Miss Mimms should look at her with a sort of resentful resignation, almost as if she disliked her but couldn't say so.

"Lunch is ready," the secretary informed her employer.

"You'll lunch with us?" Raymond asked Molly. "Your friends will excuse you, and it would be such a pleasure."

"I should like it immensely," she returned.

It was exciting to be having a meal with him. She wondered what Truda would say when she heard. . . .

There were just the three of them at table, and Molly found herself wishing that the secretary wasn't there.

She couldn't get over the feeling that the other woman disliked and resented her. Miss Mimms' presence cast a sort of shadow over the luncheon table. Even Raymond himself seemed to feel it. He was moody and rather silent, quite different from the charming companion with whom she had spent a delightful morning. He only brightened up when the postman arrived with a sack of letters for him—his "fan-mail," Molly supposed, with an excited feeling that she was being admitted into the secrets of the popular star's inner life.

He opened some of the letters himself, with a murmured apology, and smiled with obvious appreciation at their contents. Then an interviewer called, and Molly left, feeling more than ever how wonderfully lucky she was to have got to know such a thrilling person.

Please turn to Page 30

My Favorite Poem

Rain

It ain't no use to grumble and complain;
It's just as cheap and easy to rejoice;
When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,
Why, rain's my choice!

—James Whitcombe Riley.

Sent in by E. Ridley, 44 Church St., Toowong, Brisbane.

The Glamour of a Film Hero

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602612

Figures

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

that keep their weight down on Vita-Weat

THE JOCKEY

His problem is how to keep his weight down and his strength up. It is not easy to ride the winner if all you had for breakfast was an aspirin and a Turkish bath! He finds in Vita-Weat the solution to his problem. He substitutes Vita-Weat for ordinary bread because it is all nourishment, energy-giving, strength-restoring. All the vitamins of whole wheat are in Vita-Weat. But no unconverted starch to impede digestion, to form unwanted fat. You, too, will benefit by making Vita-Weat your daily bread. And you will love its crunchy ripe-wheat flavour!

MADE BY PEEK FREAN MAKERS OF CELEBRATED BISCUITS

Obtainable at all Grocers and Stores

Vita-Weat REGD.

The Empire Whole-wheat Crispbread

11.204

LUMBAGO

RHEUMATISM
SCIATICA
NEURITIS

FOR Lumbago, Sciatica or Backache, take one Genuine Vincent's A.P.C. Powder or Tablet every four hours, and continue until symptoms and pain disappear. Vincent's A.P.C. gives quick relief, is absolutely safe, and leaves no after effects. For Rheumatism and Neuritis, take half a teaspoonful of Sulphate of Soda in water every morning, then a Vincent's A.P.C. Powder or Tablet twice or three times a day. Gives instant relief to all muscular and nerve pains, and reduces possibility of further attacks. Genuine Vincent's A.P.C. is prepared on a scientific hospital formula. Avoid imitations.

12 for 1/6. 24 for 2/6.

All Chemists and Stores or direct from Vincent Chemical Co., Sydney.

GENUINE VINCENT'S A.P.C. POWDERS & TABLETS

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, SAY "VINCENT'S"

CHANGE of HEART

– Final – Instalment

By Kathleen NORRIS

The World's Most Popular Woman Author

"OH, CHRIS—Chris—Chris! Oh, my heavens! Mr. Mockby, Gerald Mockby! He's waiting for you! At the Ambassador — oh, Chris, quick — it's almost eleven now!"

"Gerald Mockby!" Chris ejaculated.

"Oh, yes, darling! You were to take the notes to him at half-past ten this morning, and he was going to send a copy to Mr. Kessley by air mail! Oh, Chris, hurry——!"

"It's ten to eleven!" Chris shouted, rushing madly about the room. "Fan, why didn't you tell me! He's been waiting——"

"I forgot it!" wailed Fanny. "We were talking about so many other things; I'm sorry! Here—look at them, these are the right ones—hurry, darling!"

Chris gave her one look, snatched the brown envelope from her shaking hands, and was gone. The sound of his feet flying down the bare stairs came back to her, mingled with all the other noises of the Sunday house.

THEN there was a great silence. Fanny, deciding that she had felt anything but enthusiastic over the Zoo plan anyway, changed her clothes, disposed herself comfortably on the couch, and indulged in an hour, two hours, three hours, of lazy dozing and reading, with long spaces for day-dreams in between. In a few years they would go to the Zoo frequently on Sundays to amuse Kit. He would be Christopher, junior, but they would call him Kit. Kit would wear a blue cloth coat with a beaver collar in winter, and in summer white linen belted with red about his round little tum. He would be an out-of-door baby, "even if I have to poke him up through the trapdoor in the kitchen to manage it," thought Fanny.

She was deeply, refreshingly asleep when Chris came thundering up the stairs at four o'clock; she awakened to find him kneeling beside her, shaking her. And never had Fanny seen the dark face she loved wearing an expression of such reckless delight, nor a look of more affectionate laughter in Chris's eyes.

"Fanny, look, it's four o'clock!"

"Oh, it is not!" said Fanny.

"It is."

"Oh, then, you're starving?"

"I am not! I had lunch with Gerald Mockby and Oliver Millikin."

"At the Ambassador?"

"At the Ambassador."

"Chris, was it gorgeous food?"

"Listen to her! That's what you think about, is it? What mattered to me was to be talking with old Millikin as calmly as I am with you!"

"I thought," Fanny rested a fragrant tumbled head against his cheek for a moment, yawned luxuriously, drew off to look at him sleepily again, "I thought he was in Boston!" she said.

"He was. He came down yesterday to talk to Gerald. And Fan, what do you think? They used my notes! I give you my word they used my notes," Chris said, almost awestruck, "as if they were a brief!"

"OH Chris, goody! Did they say you were smart?"

"No, you poor idiot," Chris said, laughing and flushing. "But I tell you it gives you a thrill when the references you've dug up and put together are—are the right ones, and these big guys—Millikin and Gerald—say to you, 'Is that so, Chris? You're sure of that?'"

"And were you terribly late, Chris?"

"No; they were at breakfast, and Mr. Millikin apologized for keeping me waiting downstairs. He said he'd gotten in very late, about nine, and had had to have a bath and so on."

"He didn't come down just for the Bucknell case, Chris?"

"Ah, but that's just what he did; that's the fun of it, Fan!"

"Oh, Chris! But wouldn't you have thought he'd have come yesterday to see Mr. Kessley? I mean, if he was coming at all."

"That's where the funny part comes in, Fan. But I want to tell you about it, the way it all came out. Are you comfortable?"

"I'm marvellous!"

Chris dragged the big chair to the bed, got his pipe and ash-tray. He piled the three pillows behind Fanny's head.

"You had some lunch?"

"Oh, yes; I didn't eat the sandwiches. We can have them to-night. I made myself about a quart of weak cocoa, and it was marvellous. Chris, did Mr. Mockby tell Mr. Millikin the disgraceful thing I did yesterday?"

"Wait a minute, now. To begin with, when I went in where they were at breakfast, and Gerald kind of grinned and asked me whether I'd brought the papers or some poetry——"

"Then he wasn't mad!" breathed Fanny.

"Wait! I said of course it was the papers, and that my wife felt terribly about yesterday. Well, then Gerald said—I'll take this just as it came along—'Some day ask your wife what she did to my aunt Sarah,' and I said that you had been awfully tired and depressed over the mistake last night, and hadn't said anything about his aunt Sarah."

"That was the house we went to by mistake!" Fanny, propped up like a convalescent child, slapping the covers with expectant hands like a child, and with her eager child's eyes fixed on his face, explained.

"He said you made the hit of the world with his aunt."

"Oh, that's good!"

"It seems—he was telling me this while old Millikin telephoned—it seems that there's been bad feeling between the families, and that when you talked about how wonderful they were it kind of smoked his aunt into telephoning his mother——"

"No, it was the other way. All I said," elucidated Fanny, "was that you and I were starting with practically nothing and lived on Avenue A. I was sort of thinking about families——"

"Tell her about——?"

"Fascination Pledgerby? No. But I sort of said—I may sort of have said —" Fanny stumbled, flushed and laughing, "that we hoped for children as nice as her adorable grandchildren some day—anyway, she and the Joseph Mockbys all lived on Avenue A years ago, and it broke her all up to remember it; she said they'd always been good friends, and she sent the other Mrs. Mockby a message—that she was glad we came, and glad to do any favor for her——"

"We? Who's we?"

"This old man who talked to me in the train and asked for a lift. I thought he was simply one more old beggar, but it seems that they were glad to have him come."

"He was an old servant of their father's; the old Judge has been trying for years to locate him, it seems. Gerald told me Jesse Mockby says that this old Towler or Fowler or whatever it is actually saved his daughter's life years ago, and there were great carryings-on. He's to be gardener or something, and have a room in the garage. You made a hit, taking him along!"

"Well, isn't it nice to make these hits," Fanny said modestly. "I thought that young Mrs. Bull liked me, but I didn't dream I had been the passing of the fourth floor front!"

"They all liked you. Gerald asked me what I ever did to get such a wife," Chris said. He looked at her for a moment without speaking, and tears came into his eyes. "You're a wonder, Fan!" he added a little hoarsely.

"IF Gerald Mockby could say anything decent about me after springing 'Leaning Up a Cypress Tree' on him, he must have a heart of gold!" Fanny murmured.

"He roared about it!"

"He couldn't have."

"He did. And, by the way, he gave it back to me," Chris said. "You'd forgotten it!"

"Don't tell me I forgot anything yesterday!"

"You see, here's the catch, Fan: Gerald—well, let me go back and tell you. He and Millikin and I got at the notes at about half-past eleven, and we got absorbed in them, and pretty soon Millikin said, shaking his head, 'I'm sorry Kessley got on to that!' and then Gerald said, 'Why, that's something that I meant to explain to you, sir. Mr. Kessley didn't see these notes. All he knows is what I could tell him from memory last night, and that wasn't much, because I haven't been working on this case. I left it to Chris here.'

"Millikin shot us a look under that white bush of his and said, 'I thought Kessley went up to Scarsdale just to talk this over with you?' and Gerald said, 'Yes, he did. I couldn't seem to get out of it. He had come into the office on Friday, and had pressed it so that I couldn't refuse. So I had made arrangements with Chris to meet us both at the train on Saturday with the notes, and I thought we could have four or five hours to go over them. But Chris didn't show up.'

Please turn to Page 40

HOST Holbrook says: For the Bridge Party let me suggest some Holbrooks' Queen Olives. They are always popular.

THE SAFE, EASY WAY to wave your own hair!

Save time and money . . . and avoid all risk of injury . . . by waving your hair at home! With Hindes Wavers you can give it the real professional finish. Dainty curls, soft attractive waves . . . all are easily produced with Hindes Wavers and Curlers.

Send for this free book

It illustrates some of the most beautiful styles of leading film stars . . . and tells how to follow them. It gives complete instructions about the easiest way to wave at home. Write to the address below for a free copy of "Your crowning glory," written by an expert.

There are Hindes Wavers for every fashion. You can arrange your hair in any chosen style in next to no time.

Preserving the wave

Hindes delicately-perfumed Setting Lotion does this for you. Use it every night. 5 different perfumes, 2/- per bottle.

Hindes Waver No. 30 is for side pieces of bobbed or shingled hair, or for coiling the hair, 2/- per card of 3.

No. 31 is specially made for waving and re-setting permanents. 2/- per card of 2.

HINDES WAVERS

From all drapers, hairdressers and stores. If unobtainable locally, write to Hindes (Australia) Ltd., Woollahra.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602613

"Hullo, Milly," he said with a slight sideways gesture of his head.

THEY Couldn't be FRIENDS

Illustrated by KEITH DALGLEISH

By— LUCIAN CARY

MILLY BROWNE sat on the end of the boat in a bathing-suit, with her hands clasped around her knees, and watched Hank Adams and Florence Fleming fifty yards away in the crowd, on the swimming float, and wondered why having your heart broken made you so mad.

She had always supposed that when your heart was broken you were sad—terribly, terribly sad. You had to go somewhere and wish you were dead, and cry. Now, meeting the experience, she knew that it would be good to cry. But it would be far, far better to crown young Mr. Adams with an oar.

Milly heard people coming down the pier behind her. She looked over her shoulder, and saw Ethel Rexford and her husband. Milly stood up. She didn't care to be caught thinking.

The people who go to Long Lake think it is a pleasant place to spend the summer. It offers the usual facilities for flirtation or falling in love, such as swimming and dancing. But there is no such thing as escaping observation; gossip has the speed of light, and anybody who catches you thinking can guess what you are thinking about.

Bob Rexford looked Milly up and down as if he were seeing her in a bathing-suit for the first time. Milly was nineteen and blonde and tanned and tall. She was so tanned after a summer in the sun that you knew she was blonde only by her blonde curls and her blue eyes. She was so tall that she could look slender and still be delicately and subtly modelled in long, superb curves.

Bob Rexford looked at Milly and shook his head slowly and admiringly. "Six feet of solid loveliness," he said. Milly smiled politely as if she thought what Bob Rexford said was funny. Bob dived and swam towards the float. Milly poised herself to dive. But she was a second late.

"Oh, Milly," Ethel Rexford said, "do sit down and have a cigarette with me."

Milly knew what that meant. Ethel had made up her mind to say something. Three older women and two girls of her own age had previously made up their minds to say something, and had said it. Milly had found it hard to take. It was bad enough to be thrown down by the only man you had ever loved. It was maddening to be commiserated by all the women at Long Lake. But you couldn't avoid anybody at Long Lake for more than two hours. Milly decided she might as well have it over with. She sat down beside Ethel.

"I should think," Ethel said, "that you'd be so fed up with wisecracks about your height!"

Milly was fed up with comments on her height. Worse still, she was fed up with being so tall. It was her bitter fate never to be called little darling or little angel or little devil, or any other of the littles by which men express the ultimate degree of love. No man had ever called her little except as a joke.

"But I am tall, you know," Milly said in her coolest, throatiest voice, which was very cool and throaty indeed and gave the impression of polite but complete boredom.

"You aren't six feet," Ethel said, "even in high heels."

"I'm too tall to be pathetic," Milly said. "I mean, I don't believe I'd do it well, do you?"

Ethel was plainly startled that Milly should of her own accord introduce the subject of Hank Adams. "You're too gorgeously handsome to be pathetic," Ethel said warmly. "No matter what happens. But, just the same—" Ethel paused, evidently feeling that she was on delicate ground.

"Just the same," Milly said, "you think I ought to do something."

"I do," Ethel said. "I'd do something fast enough if I were in your place."

Milly was annoyed that Ethel should think she knew what Milly's place was. They all thought they knew. Milly concealed her annoyance by stretching out full length on the dock and resting her chin in her cupped hands. "Just what would you do, Ethel?" she asked.

"Well—" Ethel said. "Well—of course there really isn't any man at Long Lake right now that Hank would be jealous of; I suppose that's out."

"Yes," Milly said. "That's out."

"You know why Hank has fallen for Florence Fleming, don't you?"

"She's very pretty," Milly said.

"So are lots of girls."

"And Hank has fallen for lots of girls."

"You mean," Ethel said, "that lots of girls have fallen for Hank. Women fall for him in—in droves. If he keeps on he's liable to be a—a—"

"A sap," Milly said.

"But this time," Ethel said, "I think it's serious."

MILLY knitted her brows. She had her own reason for thinking it was serious. But Ethel couldn't possibly know her reason. And in spite of herself she was worried that Ethel had a reason of her own. It made the whole thing seem worse. She couldn't help feeling that an outsider, even a dumb outsider like Ethel, might see it all more truly and clearly than she could. And if an outsider saw it as serious it must be terribly serious.

"And the reason it's serious," Ethel continued, "is that Florence Fleming is a married woman."

Milly shook her head. "I don't get that," she said. "After all—Florence can't marry Hank."

"Oh, can't she!" Ethel said. "Can't she get a divorce?"

"Yes," Milly admitted, "I suppose she could."

Ethel leaned towards Milly. "Don't you see that a married woman has every advantage over a girl like you? I'm married, and I know. And if Hank starts falling for that type he'll never come back to you?"

Milly said nothing.

"She's so much more sophisticated and experienced and everything," Ethel said.

"Meaning," Milly said gravely, "that I'm too naive to have much sex appeal."

"Well," Ethel said, "you are sort of dumb about it."

Milly could have killed her. Milly took a deep breath. She wouldn't let Ethel know. "Yes," she said, and managed to say it so calmly that Ethel did not see she was furious. "Yes—I suppose I am sort of dumb about it."

"You certainly are," Ethel said. "You treat a man as if you were just friends, and you never could be anything but just friends."

Milly took another deep breath. "Yes," she said, and her voice was cool and throaty, without any apparent emotion. "Yes, I suppose I do."

"It doesn't get you anywhere," Ethel said.

More people came down the beach. Milly didn't have to listen to Ethel any more. Milly dived in and swam towards the float. She swam with the steady, easy motion of one who has been swimming since the age of six. It was soothing to swim. She pulled herself up on the float and smiled, and said "Hallo" to everybody quite in her usual manner.

She saw Hank Adams on the other side of the float. He turned and saw her. He didn't look like a sap. He was built like a crew man. He was so big that he made Milly feel small, and she liked feeling small. And he wasn't dumb. He was just out of college and still a good deal of a boy. But he wasn't dumb.

"Hallo, Milly," he said, with a slight sideways gesture of his head.

"Hallo, Hank," Milly said, and nodded ever so slightly.

That was all anybody on the float heard. But they had known each other a long time. They had grown up in the same block of the same Chicago suburb. Milly knew that he was saying he wanted to talk to her when he got the chance, and she had said all right. Milly felt better, and then she felt worse.

Milly walked slowly back to the Browne cottage from the beach. She was glad she lived a quarter of a mile away. It gave her a little time to think. She felt perfectly helpless. In the old days she would have told Hank exactly what she thought of his playing around with Florence Fleming. She'd have told him he was making a fool of himself. They had always been brutally frank with each other, while hotly defending each other to everybody else. She could tell Hank what she thought of a girl he'd fallen for then. She hadn't been in love with him. Or, if she had, she hadn't known it. He had never kissed her. He had never even held her hand. Other people didn't know that—didn't suspect it.

BUT now it was different. It was a different game with different rules. It was different because he had kissed her, and she had wanted him to. She could remember still the fright with which she had walked along this same path with Hank the night before she'd gone down to the city, a month earlier. That was what she had felt—fright. She knew he was going to kiss her, and yet she didn't know. And she had seen that Hank—Hank, of all people—was frightened, too.

She had driven to town the next morning with her uncle and aunt. She'd had to stay a week. She could remember still the warm, quiet, happy feeling she'd had all that week. Hank hadn't written, and she hadn't written. They wouldn't write when they had so much to say to each other.

And when she got back she saw Hank with Florence Fleming.

Milly knew what she'd say of any other girl who'd had the same sort of experience. She'd say the girl and the man understood each other. They'd helped each other out of scrapes when they were kids. They'd always confided in each other. She had helped him escape from a succession of girls he'd wanted to get away from, and he had guarded her. Each could always count on the other. And so it wasn't love. It was just a beautiful friendship.

Milly remembered that when Hank had kissed her she had run away. She had run away into the house like a child. Of course, Hank had had to kiss her. He had had to prove to himself that it wouldn't work—that he wouldn't get any kick out of it, that they would always be friends.

Ethel was right, of course. She hated to admit that Ethel could be right about anything. She hated the words in which Ethel had put it. But that was the whole trouble—if she had any sex appeal for Hank she didn't know how to use it. She'd acted like a child.

Milly took a deep breath, and went into the house smiling. She didn't want the family to know her heart was broken.

She knew, dressing for the dance after dinner, what any other girl would do. Any other girl would pick over her wardrobe and try this and try that, looking anxiously for the thing in which she looked her best, and spend an hour on her make-up and do her hair three times. Milly wouldn't. It was too silly. It couldn't do any good. She wore an old rag of a dress. It wasn't until she was dancing that she remembered it was the dress she had worn the night Hank had kissed her.

Milly thought how surprised all these people who were watching her and feeling sorry for her would be if they knew that Hank had kissed her just once. They wouldn't believe it.

HANK didn't appear until the dance was half over. He came in with Florence Fleming and danced three dances straight with her. Milly noted out of the corner of her eye that they danced without speaking. When she danced with Hank they both talked steadily—every minute. They had so much to say—so many things to report to each other.

Milly waited patiently for Hank to keep the date he had made with a gesture. But when he came she still didn't know what she was going to do or say. How could she be seductive to Hank? She couldn't. She might as well not try. But she loved to dance with him. They danced together so easily, so effortlessly. And he was so big. Men who were shorter than she was were conscious of it when they danced with her. Most of them couldn't stand her being taller. And that made her feel taller than ever. She didn't like feeling taller.

Hank led her out on the verandah as the music ceased. They walked along the path towards the point, out of sight of the people on the verandah. They came to a bench. They sat down. It was Hank who broke the silence that fell on them.

"Milly," Hank said, "you aren't so awfully clubby. What's the matter?"

She couldn't say nothing was the matter—not to Hank. They had always been too frank. And now she couldn't tell him the truth. She was too proud, and, besides, it wouldn't work. Milly reflected on the irony of it. When you were just friends with a man you could tell him the truth. But when you were in love with him you couldn't. Your only chance was to tell a lie, and tell it well and stick to it.

"Well?" Hank said.

"We're still good friends, I hope," Milly said. "But, of course, people do grow apart as they grow older—don't you think? I mean they may like the same things when they're kids, and not when they're grown up."

"We've always liked the same things pretty much," Hank said, "and seen things the same way. What's different now?"

"You used to be a careless, happy-go-lucky boy," Milly said. "We laughed a lot together. But you've got more and more serious. You've been positively solemn this summer."

"Of course, I'm more serious than I was," Hank said. "I've got to earn a living."

"I know you have, Hank. You've got to be more serious than you were while you were in college. I'd think you were silly not to be. But, just the same—"

"You're more serious, too," Hank said.

"Oh," Milly said, "I hope not."

"You are, though," Hank said. "What else is different?"

Milly knitted her brows. She knew now what she was going to tell him when he had pressed her hard enough. She knew, like a flash, what would bring Hank up short. But it wasn't time to tell him yet. "Oh," she said, "it's hard to say what is different—to put it into words. You must know that we've been slowly growing apart. When I read a book I liked I knew you'd like it—nine to one. Now—"

"I haven't read a book all summer," Hank said.

Please turn to Page 44

A Complete Short Story

SPRING!

I felt it this morning, 'twas there in the park,
When the swan song of winter rang out from a lark,
In the sweet, thrilling tones, as he only can sing—
"Oh, listen, poor mortals, I'm singing of spring."

And the swallows are nesting up there in the eaves,
And the sparrow is building a home 'midst the leaves,
Where the soft zephyr's breath makes them quiver and swing,
In their new dress of green—the bright green of spring.

There's a magical something—it's here, and it's there,
And you feel you're not walking, just treading on air,
And your eyes seem to shine, and your heart seems to sing,
"Oh, it's spring, can't you feel it? I tell you it's spring."

And you want to be friends with the whole of the earth,
Want the folks in the street to join in your mirth,
And you laugh at the sorrows the day used to bring—
Oh, I'm glad that we're young—and I'm glad that it's spring.

—VERA WILSON.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602614

The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Tait, sketched by Petrov

COTTON FROCKS .... *for All* OCCASIONS

Smart, Cool and Inexpensive, they are Ideal for the Summer Wardrobe

HOW pleased we should be that the day has come when we can have an entire summer wardrobe made of cotton, for there is nothing so cool, so fresh looking, so practical or inexpensive as cotton day and evening frocks, stitched pique hats, striped cotton and canvas sandals, pique or fabric gloves.

YOUR beach dress, "tailleur," evening coat, and your bags will all be of cotton this season.

There are plain and fancy linens, piques, seersuckers, plain, striped, checked, and plaid cottons, organdies, cotton net, cotton lace, Indian madras, dimities, gingham, Terry towelling, balls of cotton for knitting sweaters and scarves.

The greatest advantage is that all these materials will wash. The good printed cottons should wash quite well. If in doubt about it, it is advisable to test a corner of the material first. If the color runs try a little vinegar or acetic acid in the water.

You can start the day by wearing morning frocks of striped or checked seersucker, gingham, or linen. There are many new linens that do not crush very much. They come in delightfully cool shades—butter yellow, pale blue, Patou pink, lily-of-the-valley green. These morning frocks should be plainly made with pockets and belt and buttons.

There are smart "tailleurs" of pique and linen, generally in pastel colors or white, with bright blouses of striped seersucker, pique, or knitted cotton.

For golf there are linen skirts with plaid seersucker blouses or plaid linen skirts with woven cotton sweaters. For tennis one finds heavy white cottons that are non-transparent and non-crushable. Loose cootie coats in white, yellow, or blue, to be worn over tennis dresses, are made of a coarse, loosely-woven material that looks like tweed but is in reality cotton.

For Afternoon Wear

FOR afternoon there are floral cotton crepes, plain and dotted linens, and clearly-printed handkerchief linens. Black linen is very smart, with touches of white and worn with a large black hat. Dotted linens and piques come in all shades, either with pastel backgrounds and dark dots, or navy, black, red, or deep blue grounds with white dots. These dresses look attractive if worn with a little linen or pique jacket of the same color as the spot.

Yellow is the new color for summer cottons; white is the coolest looking and the smartest. Blue in every shade comes next, then pale green and Patou pink. Avoid warm colors such as red, orange, heavy brown; they look hot.

THERE are dozens of attractive cotton materials that look adorable when made up into summer evening frocks. Plain or flowered or striped organdies make youthful "fluffy" dresses, but don't wear them unless you are slim. They look best over taffeta slips that have pleated ruffles at the hem.

Cotton net, especially in black, is always cool. In Paris some houses put colored crepe slips underneath black net, pale pink, and pale green, and then a matching sash.

Cotton lace is very new; the patterns are generally heavy, and it is cool as well as uncrushable.

LINEN and pique make smart tailored evening frocks. A plain white pique makes a dress not unlike a beach frock—low, square neck in front, with two-inch shoulder straps reaching to the waist in back, the skirt fits tightly with a seam back and front; with this goes an emerald green pique waist-length jacket.

Another dress has a high white pique skirt, and the low-cut bodice is green and white striped seersucker, tying in a bow centre front; the little swagger jacket is striped, too.

There is a linen dress sketched here. The black linen skirt has a striped linen top in white, black, and bright coral. The three-quarter coat matches. Dresses of plain black linen are very chic, fitted tightly with square decolletc and worn with varying sashes—bright green or bright yellow, white with black dots, or a sash of boldly striped crepe or taffeta. All linen or pique evening frocks should be made as plainly as possible, with bright sashes or linen flowers or contrasting yokes and jackets as their only ornamentation.

For the Beach

COTTON again comes into its own for beach clothes. For shorts, shirts, trousers, skirts, and beach dresses, seersucker, linen, and Terry towelling are used. Towelling comes in all colors this year, and is ideal for beach wraps, skirts, capes, and even frocks; it is uncrushable and absorbs the water. Seersucker and linen—either plain, floral, striped, or dotted—make wrap-on skirts, shorts, and shirts, backless sun-frocks, and beach pyjamas.

- *DEEP violet and pale mauve sheer linen makes a one-piece dress with a bias cut top and wrapover skirt. The sash, gloves and hat are seersucker, striped raspberry and blue.*
- *HANDKERCHIEF linen printed with blue, red, yellow and green flowers makes a morning dress which has an unusual neckline and elbow length sleeves.*
- *BLUE and white seersucker is used for a trim little suit. The blouse is also of seersucker in wine red and Patou pink stripes. Wine red linen hat.*
- *A PIQUE evening dress and coat. The dress is white with blue spots and the short coat blue with white spots. There is an emerald green taffeta sash and ragged cotton flowers.*
- *HOW SMART linen can be! Here blue linen makes the skirt and white linen striped with blue and salmon for the yoke and three-quarter loose coat.*

OUR PARIS SNAPSHOTS

THE most frequent print seen has a navy or black background, and a pattern of falling flowers, stem attached.

o o o

WORTH'S new bathing costumes are very daring, with the upper part a mere draped band tied in the back and the trunks open in half-moons on the hips.

o o o

THE season's colorings give first place to blue, and you can pick your own shade, navy, midnight, sapphire, slate, pastel, turquoise, or ice-blue. There is a new bright apple green and some cerise and lots of grey.

o o o

HATS with very wide brims, either lowered all round or raised behind, or lowered in front with a gracious sweep.

STIFFLY starched plaid cotton sashes tied in enormous butterfly bows at the left side of the front lend simple one-piece street frocks an unusual chic.

o o o

SCHIAPARELLI shows a beach hat like a Mexican sombrero, trimmed with ribbon fringes, and tied on under the chin.

o o o

JACKETS and capes are the gay, bold members of the spring ensemble. They come in light or bright colors over sober frocks or in plaids, checks, or flowered silks. Sometimes they are made of white or pastel linens and cottons.

o o o

LELONG'S ruffled tulle frocks, sprinkled with natural mica sequins, offer the most summery version of popular paillette embroidery.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602615

CUP-WEEK FASHIONS

ON this page are pictured well-known women who courteously consented to be photographed for The Australian Women's Weekly in frocks they will wear at race meetings of the week.

POSIES OF FIELD FLOWERS are sprinkled on Miss Valerie Purves' dainty frock of organza veined with gold thread. Curved frills billow round the hemline and on the little cape, and the sash is bright green taffeta. —Lafayette.

THE ENSEMBLE worn by Miss Athalie Cumming, of Adelaide, is in the new Patou pink. A straight kilted frill trims the frock below the wide revers at the neckline, and beige fox fur edges the coat collar. Her hat is of beige straw with pink camellias tucked under the brim. —Lafayette.

MISS FALKINER'S deep pink crepe frock is made with softly-draped sleeves, and the brim of her hat tips up at the back to reveal hand-made flowers. Her handbag and gloves are soft brown. —Lafayette.

MISS Hersey Brookes is the personification of summer in a white frock of fine lace with sleeves and ruffles at the wrists and the necklines of white net. —Lafayette.

THERE is a French simplicity about the black frock worn by Miss Mary Langtree, of Sydney. The cuffs and collars are frills of white hand-made lace. —Lafayette.

MISS MIRIAM IFOULD (Adelaide) favors coats and skirts. She is shown here in a white suit and a white hat, and a note of color is provided by the embroidered hunting scene, in red, that is worked on her bag. —Rey-Nal.

MISS JOAN FALKINER'S toilette is in the two Patou blues worn with one of the new square-brimmed hats, and accessories to match. —Lafayette.

MISS MOLLIE WALDER (Sydney) in a taffeta suit of fine grey check with matching hat and a cravat of flame taffeta. —Lafayette.

Look Your Best

Experience the flower-like freshness of the world's finest Eau de Cologne 2/9, 4/9, etc.

LIPSTICKS *in five shades*

GILT CASE 3/9

Small Size Perfumes 5/-

All the finest Coty classics obtainable in this size.

Use the Best!

COTY

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602616

An Editorial

NOVEMBER 10, 1934.

WHY NOT CAMPAIGN FOR PEACE?

SIXTEEN years ago, Armistice Day brought to a close the carnage of the world war. Brought war to a permanent close so those who lived through those war years then believed. To-day, how many of us feel free of the fear of another war?

There can be no doubt that the horrors of the next war will be immeasurably greater than the horrors of the last. Aircraft and poison-gases will see to that. In less civilised times, to put to the sword defenceless inhabitants was held to be the last dreadful resort of barbarism. The next war will show it to be the first product of "progress." There will be no such thing, then, as being out of the firing-line. All the world will be a No Man's Land.

In America, a movement which calls itself "World Peaceways," has been started with the object of creating a public demand for peace. Its founders, shrewd business men, know the value of publicity; and magazines, newspapers, and radio are granting free space to their peace propaganda. Dozens of advertisements depicting the horrors and futilities of war and the blessings of peace are now appearing in the American Press.

When a business man wishes to market a good product, he advertises it. "World Peaceways" believes peace is a good product and is attempting to create a public demand for it.

It cannot be denied that war gets plenty of limelight. War-mongers and war-millionaires are well aware of the publicity value of slogans coined to arouse fear and enlist the forces of destruction.

If, as an auxiliary to its ordinary official work, the League of Nations organised a Publicity Department, run on similar lines to "World Peaceways" with its appeal addressed to the average citizen, it would surely prove a very powerful instrument for creating a worldwide demand for peace.

Hundreds of thousands of lives were lost in the last war. Must every generation have its own war and its own Armistice Day?—THE EDITOR.

Lyric of Life

ODE

I sought to climb some spiritual Matterhorn
And find my soul's emancipation there . . . .
I only saw the clover-whitened grass,
I only found a fragrance in the air.
I sought Olympian heights of chastity
Where spirit is supreme beyond man's laws . . . .
I found my feet were chained upon the earth
Because my heart . . . . my heart was one with yours.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

POINTS OF VIEW

Conducted by ALICE JACKSON.

Scotland Yard Scores

INSTRUCTIONS for preparing for future Royal visits will probably include the order, "Take at least two of everything!" Who would have thought, for example, that a souvenir-hunter could have snatched the Royal Standard from Prince Henry's car and got away unobserved by the chauffeur or the posse of police and detectives on the job?

Inspector Reilly, of Scotland Yard, who had brought along a duplicate flag in case of emergency, must have congratulated himself on his forethought. Fortunately, the flag-hunter found himself embarrassed by his success, so has returned the flag by post with the rather thin explanation that he didn't know its value when he took it.

It will be recalled that when the ribbon figuring in the ceremony of the opening of Sydney Harbor Bridge was unofficially cut in a big way, no duplicate was on hand, and the already slashed ribbon had to be used again by officialdom. Had Inspector Reilly been on the job, doubtless there'd have been a bright and shining duplicate available. Scotland Yard can still show us some points.—J.N.

"Chief" Was Ruffled

RATHER intriguing, isn't it, this trouble at Canberra over the question of precedence at the Duke's table? Last week the Federal Cabinet gave a banquet at which the Duke of Gloucester was present, and one of those invited was Sir Frank Duffy, Chief Justice of the High Court and incidentally, a member of His Majesty's Privy Council.

You'd have thought they'd have offered him a seat at the main table, but they didn't. And when the Chief discovered that he was expected to dine at a respectful distance from the Royal guest and the political nabobs, he got up and left.

Amusing in one way, but can you blame Sir Frank Duffy? A table of precedence that places the Chief of the High Court and member of the Governing Council of the Empire behind every Federal Minister and acting-State Governor isn't much of a table. It's more like an advertisement for the vanity of the politicians who drew it up.—A.J.B.

Vilifying the Public

WILL someone tell me, please, who exactly is "The Public," which figures so prominently in the columns of the daily Press, and why does its character fluctuate so alarmingly?

Sometimes, for example, "We can rely on the good sense of the public," or "We can trust the public's sense of justice not to tolerate such evils." But, sometimes, the public is a mean hound compared to whom the lowest of individual criminals is a lily-white Galahad.

As a very mild instance, consider the case of the re-union of the Bradmans at Dover. Many persons gathered at Dover in the hope of seeing the couple. Don is a universal favorite, and the anxiety of his admirers to catch a glimpse of him is easily enough understood. On this occasion he didn't want to be seen, and took precautions to avoid publicity.

Well and good. That's Don's business. But why must a morning newspaper head the story, "The Bradmans Escape Prying Public?" If Don had chosen to show himself the heading probably would have read, "Warm-hearted Public Cheers Cricket Idol!"

There you are, you never know how "the public" is going to change in character at a moment's notice. It's all very puzzling, isn't it?

A Premier's Dilemma

ARE men, as our American cousins phrase it, "fashion conscious?" Of course they are, and far fussier than women over the conventions of dress.

Consider the recent dilemma of Mr. Ogilvie, Premier of Tasmania. Having accepted an invitation of the Governor-General to attend a dinner given by His Excellency to members of the Loan Council, he saw to it, before leaving Hobart, that his luggage was complete with full dress suit. On arrival in Canberra, he discovered that all the other delegates to the Loan Council intended wearing only dinner suits. Feeling he would be over conspicuous as the only man in "tails," Mr. Ogilvie very sensibly stayed away from the dinner.

But what woman would forgo attendance at a ceremonial function because she felt she was overdressed for the occasion? No, in similar circumstances, a woman would say to herself, "Well, His Excellency is the King's representative and the occasion is a formal affair. So I'm right!" Then, serene in the consciousness that she was the best-dressed woman in the room, she'd proceed to enjoy herself to the utmost.

MR. SYD NICHOLLS, celebrated Australian black and white artist, and creator of "Fatty Finn," at work on a lifesize study of the inimitable "Fatty." Mr. Nicholls is the inspiring force behind Fatty Finn's Weekly, the popular twopenny Children's Comic now being produced by The Australian Women's Weekly. Mr. Nicholls has had wide experience as an artist specialising in creative comic work for children, and has studied both in Australia and America.

A Changed Hawaii

SIR CHARLES KINGSFORD SMITH is largely responsible for an extraordinary change which is coming over Hawaii. Libraries there report that the taste of the reading public now runs to books on engines, radio, navigation, electricity, and kindred subjects. Fiction is not in anything like the same demand.

No longer is Hawaii merely the millionaires' playground and a land of enchantment for tourists. The crooning of the surf, the fragrance of the leis, the enticements of the hula-hula, and the allure of the native beauties, all these are now taking a place of secondary importance; for Honolulu is a coming airport, and "Smithy" and his fellows are opening up a future for it, which is already changing the outlook of the islanders.

So, in the wake of the wings piloted by a dauntless Australian prince of airmen and his fellows, strange changes are coming over the face of the earth.

Eating of Sugar Was Once Terribly Wicked!

By F. W. L. ESCH

Are you an Antisaccharite by any chance? If so, you should round up other members of this ancient sect and make a move to establish yourselves while everyone in Australia is vexed at the unfair price of sugar. It is just about 300 years since the Antisaccharites launched their first attack against the use of sugar. The present situation provides an admirable opportunity for a tercentenary.

IF you are not an Antisaccharite and happen to be one of those poor, sweet-toothed, weak people who pay fourpence a pound for sugar and help swell the coffers of the C.S.R., then listen to this almost unknown story of your noble ancestors who tried to save you from your present plight.

In the 16th century sugar was so unknown and expensive that it was only used for medicinal purposes, such as love philtres and poison potions, and as a luxury for the very wealthy. But when enterprising colonists started cultivating sugar cane in the West Indies, England was soon glutted with cheap sugar.

The use of it spread like a plague. These were the days of the Puritans to whom all pleasure was an evil, and when they observed the use of this extraordinary new substance, called sugar, growing, by leaps and bounds, they condemned it and formed the sect known as the Antisaccharites.

In Locked Box

HARDLY anything was known of the chemistry of nutrition, at that time, so that even the people who were not Antisaccharites did not realise that sugar was a food. They looked upon it as palate tickler, something very nice but definitely sinful, and they kept their sugar in locked boxes and only used it on very special occasions.

By a coincidence England was being ravaged by tuberculosis and scurvy at the time cheap sugar became available to the public. The Antisaccharites put two and two together and quite incorrectly condemned the use of sugar as the cause of these diseases.

Among them were many very eminent physicians, which did not help the cause of sugar. For example, Dr. Theophilus Garencieres wrote in 1647: "It is clearer than light that sugar is not a nourishment, but an evil; not a preservative, but a destroyer." He was one of many leading authorities of the day who condemned the new sweetness.

The public, however, always anxious to try anything that is bad for them, continued to lap up sugar, more and more. The fact that it was sinful to eat sugar was all that was needed, apparently, to ensure its rapid attainment of general use.

Sugar was classed with such evil substances as wine, nutmeg, and tobacco, according to one historical account. In 1630 a play appeared, in which some of the main characters were "Wine," "Beere," "Ale," "Sugar," "Nutmegge," and "Tobacco."

They represented the vanities which served man's baser pleasures. "Nutmegge" was very naughty, but sugar was worse.

The Tide Turns

SO it went on. Parents kept the sugar boxes locked away from their children and ate it, guiltily, when the family had been put to bed. Parsons condemned it in the pulpit and ate it in the sacristy. Strong men kept it hidden in cupboards, as an exercise for the will, like they do now with the whisky bottle.

The younger generation openly flaunted the older people and ate their sugar in public. Old ladies held up their hands in horror at the modern girl of 1634, and her sugar eating. The girls replied with the following rhyme:

**"That which preserves apples and plums
Will also preserve life and lungs."**

BUT it was not till 1715 that the tide began to turn. Great advances had been made in the knowledge of nutrition. It had been discovered that sugar existed, in some form, in most foods.

One London doctor tried it out as a tonic on his grandfather and the old man lived to be 102 and grew a new set of teeth at the age of 99. The experiment has since been discounted by scientists but, nevertheless, it had its effect at the time.

The final blow was dealt the Antisaccharites by Liebig, about the middle of the 19th century, when he proved that sugar was a food and served as "fuel" for the body.

And now it is used so much by everyone that small grocers have to sell it, by the ton, even though they do not make a penny profit.

FROM SUE TO LOU — A Bright Girl's Letters

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602617

The *Three-Walled* HOUSE

COMPLETE SHORT STORY

By MARGARET WESTON

Illustrated by FISCHER

"She also tells me she is engaged to be married to you."

"COME with me," said David John, pausing at Elsa's gleaming little corner, with a warm, red fire blazing in a shining grate, "and have something to eat when we close at Pascasti's."

"No," said Elsa stonily, and didn't as much as look up from placing the delightful dinner mats she had in her hands on to the polished table.

"Yes," said David John, and went on.

Elsa looked up then briefly at the back of his head and his shabby, though well-cut suit, and caught a glimpse of his profile with that obstinate, hard, self-willed chin of his—and sighed! Then swiftly she checked the sigh, and smiled her own particularly radiant, charming smile as a possible customer loomed in the offing.

Elsa's corner was delightful. It was a little house with one wall cut away so that the customers in Harding's, that vast, magnificent store that sold everything from a Rolls Royce to a pin, could see what was going on in its charmingly furnished rooms.

Everything, of course, was quite perfect! If you were a customer of Harding's, you saw the most charmingly furnished house in the world. It wasn't large, and it wasn't outrageously expensive. But everything was delightful. You'd have liked to go and live in that little house just as it was, if only someone would stick the fourth wall on. That was how a lot of people felt. . . .

And Elsa, with that delicious look of hers of having stepped straight out of a fragrant bath and into the crisp gingham frocks she wore in the mornings and the charming frocks—with a pinny over them—that she wore in the afternoons, was its presiding genius.

She dusted and vacuumed industriously in the morning, made the bed that had not been slept in, and busied herself at the spotless sink with cups and saucers and dishes that had never been used. She dried them on spotless cloths and rearranged them in the cupboard with its glass shelves. She was the very epitome of a busy, happy housewife in her shining little house that never got dirty—and she had the knack, as people watched her, of turning to them so naturally and drawing them into conversation.

"You can buy a service just like this, madam, down in our china department," she would explain with her delightful smile. "It's rather sweet, isn't it? And not at all expensive——"

Oh, decidedly the little house with its fourth wall missing was a "draw" to Harding's, and they had put the right girl in it, there was no mistaking that! You couldn't imagine anything more earnestly domestic than Elsa as she bent her glossy head over the oven of the shining green and white electric stove.

There's something in all people, young and old, that loves the game of make-believe, and Elsa's was such a wholly delightful sort of game. She had everything in the world that a housewife could want in that little house. It was no wonder that Harding's found it profitable to keep her in it, for she had had one or two really good sales and a host of minor ones.

David John came back, and passed The House with a brief smile for Elsa. In his train came Hammond, who paused by Elsa's corner.

Phillip Hammond was buyer for the whole floor—a handsome, self-assured man with an undeniable charm and polish. They called him "The Bachelor Gay" in the department, and laid bets as to which of the firm's prettiest girls would be seen beside him in the rakish little two-seater that he parked round at the back with the more massive Bentleys and Austins of the senior members of Harding's.

But just lately Elsa Winscombe had been so often the one that public opinion was beginning to credit her with having "caught" the Bachelor Gay, and as he stopped now beside the little three-walled house several heads turned cautiously to watch him.

"Let's go and dance somewhere," he suggested casually, and the department saw Elsa's color rise as she shook her head.

"Can't be done—sorry," she said. She could have kicked herself. But it was said then, and she naturally couldn't withdraw the refusal when, with a nod and a shrug of his well-tailored shoulders he turned away.

"Another time, perhaps?" he asked in a negligent tone.

"Love to," Elsa said brightly.

Yes, she could have kicked herself, and to tell the truth she wasn't in the very sweetest of moods as she jammed her cap down on her head, turned up her coat collar against the driving wind and rain and went to Harding's "staff" entrance.

DAVID JOHN was waiting for her there. He had his collar turned up, too, and a fresh spasm of anger went through her at the sight of him.

He had worn that coat most of last summer. It was too thin for this icy, bitter, driving wind and the rain that was coming down in gusts. As he took her arm and drew her towards the kerb her pent-up irritation flowed over.

"You are absurd!" she exclaimed breathlessly.

"Why so, particularly?" He had a nice voice, had David John, and there was a whimsical note of humor in it now.

"Oh, you just are!" Elsa said. "And so am I! I had a chance to go out to-night and I refused—just because of you. I'm furious with you, David John."

"Are you?" His voice had lost its whimsical note now. It was rather grim. But neither of them spoke again until they were within the warm, odorous doors of Pascasti's, the little Italian restaurant where the food was good and cheap, and the bitter east wind was only a memory—a thing to be faced again when one was fed and strengthened.

David John hung up his hat, got out of the thin overcoat, and came back to the table with its clean, coarse, white cloth, and gave a brief nod to the dark-eyed waiter who hovered near.

"Celebration to-night," he said. "We'll have veal and spaghetti and——" His voice dropped to a lower note as he put his hand into his pocket and gave the man some money. They had to send out for drinks at Pascasti's.

"Recklessness!" said Elsa. But she was still unfriendly. Across the table her eyes met David's, and she made a little face at him.

"No," he said, "I'm celebrating, or, rather, we are, Elsa. Old Harding called me in this afternoon and gave me a rise. Hence this giddy dissipation. Now why are you angry with me?"

"Congratulations, of course," she said rather wearily, and looked again at his thin, strong face, with the latent humor that showed in eyes and mouth. "Oh, what's the good of arguing all over again, David? You know why I'm angry."

"No," he said slowly. "I never really know. I don't understand in the least. Oh, I know what you've told me, that you're not going to marry a poor man—ever—and that I'm wasting my time. But that doesn't cut any ice with me. I know you, you see——"

"That's just it," she went on, with that spot of hectic color in her cheeks. "People have to fight nowadays. You don't get anything without. I've got to fight my own way, David, and it's not yours. I am not going to settle down to be a domestic drudge—even if I loved you, which I don't!"

"That," said David John quite cheerfully, "sounds very final and isn't. You'll begin to love me one of these days, and I shan't want you to be a domestic drudge, although you look very charming in that little house of yours——"

Elsa looked across at him. She could see the dreams deep down in his eyes, and as well the purpose of that square, determined chin. She liked him. There were a hundred and one things that she liked—the breadth of his well-formed forehead, and the lurking touch of humor about his eyes and his mouth. The clean-cut look of him and the—the something that was absurdly boyish and young and that always roused an aching sense of tenderness within her.

But she saw, too, the shabby, thin overcoat hanging behind the door, and David John's careful, meticulous linen and his well-brushed, worn suit, and a spasm of anger against herself and against him shook her.

The sting of tears was not far behind that anger, and her voice was accordingly almost hard when she spoke again.

"I don't think I'm coming with you again, David John, until you've decided you and I can just be—friends!"

He looked at her queerly.

"Is that what you've decided?" he asked.

"THAT was dear of you," David John said, but Elsa looked almost fierce.

"It wasn't anything of the sort. It was ridiculous," she retorted. "All my life I've been like that. I've missed everything I wanted through being weak and silly and soft. I'm not going to do it any more. It's no good, David—second best isn't good enough for me any more. And it isn't as though I loved you. I'm just not going to marry and live in two rooms on three pounds a week and struggle and do without things for the rest of my life. You're awfully nice, and I like you, but after to-night——"

"But," said David John, "I'm not going to live on three pounds a week, either. I'm going to get on. I'm going eventually to manage Harding's when old Harding retires. I've told you that before."

"Yes, and I still don't believe it," said Elsa wearily. "The old man has got a son somewhere up at Oxford, I believe, and of course he'll put him in when he does retire."

"The old man's got a dashed sight too much sense to put in an untrained man," David John said obstinately. "I've suggested all sorts of things to him—I had another go at him to-day, when he saw me. Why, dash it all, Elsa, you must admit it's something to be called in to see him!"

"You don't know how hard he is. He hasn't made Harding's what it is without a terrific fight."

"I know that," David John said.

BUT, strangely enough, he seemed to take her at her word. He hardly came near the three-walled house during the next few days, and although the department was no busier than usual, David seemed to be in some way. He appeared to be engrossed in something—rapt and remote—and he would pass Elsa in her shining little house with only a brief smile and a word or two.

At first she was relieved. Then with her relief there came a little sense of loss. Of course, it left her free to do as she liked without that curious sense of obligation that she always had. But it was no use saying she didn't miss David John, because she missed him horribly.

She shouldn't have done really, for Phillip Hammond filled the breach nobly. Hardly an evening passed on which she did not seat herself beside him in the rakish little two-seater and snort out in the wake of the Bentleys and Austins.

And not to Pascasti's and its like did Phillip Hammond take her! His well-shaped nose would have wrinkled in disgust. Elsa felt sure, at the steamy, odorous little place and the coarse table linen and thick plates.

Please turn to Page 46

A House of Romance

By a Girl of 17

How Shall We Bury a Poor Dead Sailor?

How shall we bury a poor dead sailor?
Poor dead sailor home from the sea,
Six feet deep in a clover meadow,
Five feet under a blue-gum tree?

Landsman! Never entomb a sailor
Five feet under a blue-gum tree;
Nor in a field, but still unconfined,
Fling him back to the waiting sea.

—Yvonne Webb.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602618

NO SOAP—
NO FROTH—
JUST
PURE PHOSPHATES

I NEVER THOUGHT MY TEETH COULD BE SO WHITE

So much of your
LOVELINESS
depends on your tooth paste

Because of its merit — the quick beautifying results it brings — *Listerine* Tooth Paste has won the favour of 10,000,000 men and women. There is no soap, no froth, nothing to irritate the gums, but just the finest cleansing and polishing agents scientifically balanced to form the ideal paste.

As you brush your teeth the paste SEEMS to melt away, but actually it is forming ALKALI SOLUTION, which counteracts food fermentation — the most common cause of tooth decay. Even at double the price, you cannot get a better tooth paste. *Large Tube Price 1/3*

Made in Australia by the Lambert Pharmacal Co. (Aust). Ltd.

IT MAKES MY MOUTH FEEL SO CLEAN- MY BREATH SO SWEET

Copyright T.P. 10

DANDRUFF! Use Listerine Antiseptic once a week and Dandruff will never trouble you. Applied freely and rubbed well into the scalp it clears away Dandruff and keeps it away. At all chemists 1/6, 3/- and 5/9 a bottle.

SOOTHING FOR BABY'S SKIN

Its creamy lather contains the purest Italian Olive Oil. And so, while it cleanses, Castile No. 4 Soap also keeps baby's skin smooth and supple and heals chafing or rawness. Mother, too, will find Castile No. 4 the ideal toilet soap. Medically recommended and cheaper than ever.

CASTILE No. 4 The genuine all-olive-oil soap

Obtainable at any pharmacy or general store.

TPL 5

CARLISTA
MINERAL SPRING
SALTS

2/3 LARGE JAR Postage extra

You cannot visit the famous Mineral Springs of Europe, but you can derive all the curative advantages of a round tour of them by the regular use of Carlista Mineral Spring Salts, which contain all the active principles of the famous European Mineral Springs.

For the treatment of
Constipation
Sluggish Liver
Rheumatism
Gout
Lumbago
Neuritis
Uric Acid
Indigestion
Flatulence
Acidity
Sallowness
Bad Skin
Eczema
Boils, Pimples
Obesity, etc.

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES — AND FROM
WASHINGTON H. SOUL, PATTINSON & Co LTD

NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY JEAN WILLIAMSON

Life in Australia ... as Portrayed in Three Novels

Novelists are beginning to recognise and appreciate the tremendous wealth of material Australia offers to those that have eyes to see and a mind to understand.

An increasing number of good stories, with Australia as a background, are being published every month, and the good old "wayback" type of novel, which at one time was considered the typical literary fare of this country, has been replaced by those of a broader vision and a wider interest.

THREE novels received within recent weeks show this trend in Australian literature. They are diverse in style, in technique, and poles apart in the aspects of Australian life that they depict.

In "Thirsty Earth" (F. Rhodes Farmer) we have one of the best pictures of life on a big sheep station that has yet been written. It is a true picture, and the author has made no concessions to popular taste by investing it with a fictitious glamor.

He recreates for those who have lived through a long period of drought the horrors, desolation and terrors of the times. For those who have not known such things he paints a vivid picture that cannot fail to reach their understanding. He tells of the dogged persistence, the faith, the courage and the endurance of those people who live their lives in lonely places, of their quiet humor, and quaint philosophy.

He deals with the battle of man against the forces of nature, and writes of men, driven to the verge of madness by weeks of strain in a dust-laden parched country, where even the scrubs were "scrawny wraiths, like a sketch pencilled in, awaiting the brush."

If this were all, the novel would be too depressing for ordinary fare, and have merit solely on its picturesque descriptiveness.

But the writer has gone deeper than this.

He has revealed the inexplicable allure and fascination that the land holds for those who have been born and bred on it, its power to hold, against tremendous odds, those people who toil year after year, sometimes conquerors, and often losers, in the great backwaters of the continent.

The novel is remarkable for the fact that a woman, rather than a man, is the central figure in this great drama of outback life.

A Story of the City

IN direct contrast is Stewart Howard's "Forty-six," a story of sophisticated people, with Sydney as its setting. It is a book that typifies a phase of life common to any big capital city.

Primitive emotional forces, rather than those of primitive nature, are at war in this story.

The background is one of bright lights, music, the roar of traffic, the buzz of conversation, and deals with men and women satiated with the pleasures that modern city life provides for their daily fare.

It is the story of a disappointed man thwarted in the fulfilment of his youthful ambitions and desires, first by force of circumstances, and eventually by laziness of mind.

Dick Westring is 46 years of age, attractive, popular, and with sufficient money to enable him to give up his post in a bank and escape a monotony of routine that was galling. He drifted aimlessly, drank hard, had love affairs, and foregathered with those who hit the "high spots."

But there was nothing vicious about Dick Westring. He was not one of the lounge lizards of society, nor an empty-headed philanderer. He was ever conscious of things he had missed from life, without being articulate. Restless longings, a sense of wasted opportunities, of hopes and plans gone awry, forever beset his spirit.

And so he drifted aimlessly through days of sordid mental decay until from an unexpected quarter came the inspiration that sets him free—free to aim for all those things he had hoped to be and do before the tentacles of a sophisticated world enmeshed him and sucked him under.

"Forty-six" is a graphic picture of humanity and contains several interesting and well-drawn character studies, among the best of them perhaps being Lewis, the inebriated poet and Elizabethan scholar.

The Pearling Industry

MR. ROBERT WALDRON has chosen the north-west of Australia as the setting of his story, "Pearl Shell." This book shows a great advance on his first novel, "The Flying Doctor," published a few months ago. It is more finished in style, and the interest in the plot is better sustained.

It is a story of the pearling industry in Broome, West Australia, and the efforts of naval officers, directed from the naval base, Singapore, to outwit and capture a mysterious, piratical syndicate which aims to create a monopoly.

The scene changes rapidly from Singapore to Broome, depicting the home and social life of both these places, as well as of those engaged in the fight upon the high seas.

But it is not entirely a story of intrigue, treachery and adventure.

There is a pleasing love interest provided by Lieut. Bruce Kerwick, R.N., the hero, and Joan Williams. There are, too, numerous well-drawn characters, such as Lotus Lian, a half-caste girl, Lieut. Timothy O'Flynn, Randolph Harris, manager of the Oriental Pearl Co., Wong Fo, a wealthy Chinese merchant, Commander Taubman and others.

"Thirsty Earth." F. Rhodes Farmer. (Longmans, Green and Co. Our copy, Swains).

"Forty-six." Stewart Howard (Endeavour Press).

"Pearl Shell." Robert Waldron. (N.S.W. Bookstall).

THE film version of Hans Fallada's famous novel, "Little Man What Now," has been showing at London theatres. The same author's new novel, "Who Once Eats of the Tin Bowl," was published by Putnam last month.

SHORT REVIEWS

"THE END OF A CHILDHOOD." Henry Handel Richardson. One turns with keen anticipation to any new book by this outstanding Australian author, and in her latest we find a collection of short stories that are finished products of artistic writing. The story from which the book gets its title concerns further incidents in the life of Cuffy Mahony, widow of Richard, and bears the imprint of tragic suffering, even as did the writer's trilogy. (Heinemann. Our copy, Swains.)

OFFICIAL HISTORY. The Victorian Centenary celebrations have revived interest in the early history of the State. Numerous books have already been published on the subject, but the official volume of the Centenary Council, "Victoria, the First Century," is the most outstanding. Messrs. C. Daley, A. W. Greig, A. S. Kenyon, and C. R. Long were responsible for its compilation in association with a special sub-committee. The seventy-two illustrations are of particular interest. (Robertson and Mullens. 12/6).

FOR THE CHILDREN. In readiness for Christmas comes a pleasing number of books for children, some of them among the best that have yet been written by Australians.

Miss Dorothy Wall has written and illustrated delightful stories in "Bridget and the Bees," and "Blinky Bill Grows Up," as well as illustrated "The Amazing Adventures of Billy Penguin," by Mr. Brooke Nicholls, author of "Jacko, the Broadcasting Kookaburra."

"The Other Side of Nowhere" is another delightful book, being a collection of Australian bush fairy tales by Tarella Quin Daskein, author of "Gum Tree Brownie" and "Before the Lamps are Lit." It has been illustrated by Ida Rentoul Outhwaite in her inimitable style.

"Mary Poppins," by P. L. Travers, is a book that older people will be tempted to take a peep at, for the characters and incidents of the story are made vivid by the skilful drawings of Mary Shepard, daughter of E. H. Shepard, who illustrated the Christopher Robin books.

"Bridget and the Bees" (Methuen), "Blinky Bill Grows Up" (Angus and Robertson), "Amazing Adventures of Billy Penguin" (Angus and Robertson), "Other Side of Nowhere" (Robertson and Mullens), "Mary Poppins" (Gerald Howe).

"AUSTRALIAN GARDENER." Leslie H. Brunning. The 23rd edition of this informative book is just to hand, revised and considerably enlarged, and presenting a fund of knowledge on flower, vegetable and fruit culture. Every phase of gardening is dealt with and a collection of time-planting and seed-sowing tables is included. (Robertson and Mullens, 7/6.)

PICK-ME-UP
SAUCE
"Makes all the difference"

Make Refreshing Summer FRUIT DRINKS whenever you need them with

P.M.U. EXTRACTS

These extracts contain highly-concentrated fruit juices and ensure refreshing fruit beverages that will appeal to thirsty palates. One 6oz. bottle makes half-gallon fruit cordial—enough for 50 large glasses.

Made in the following flavours—
Orange, Lemon, Raspberry, Strawberry, Pineapple.

Stocked by all good grocers.

Cerebos Salt

The dainty salt for the dainty table

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602619

MANY CLOTHES Make a *FINER* MAN!

Come up and see My Wardrobe Sometime Invites
L. W. LOWER

A Suit a Day makes me feel Gay says this Modern Beau Brummel

"NOW, what did my valet do with that pink evening suit?"

One thing these Royal visits have done for Australia is to make us clothes conscious.

The spectacle of the Prince appearing as an admiral in the morning, suddenly becoming a field-marshal in the afternoon, and winding up as a Boy Scout in the evening is calculated to impress anyone.

I HAVE always believed in dressing to suit the occasion. Supposing, now, that you have to go to see the Income Tax Commissioner about an extension. You get your old gardening trousers and the coat you go fishing in (tear a few holes in the coat), and a much-mended shirt with paper-fasteners for cuff links, and there you are.

Perhaps you have to consult a specialist about some ailment. You've got to be very careful with them, they've got eyes like hawks. First of all carefully wash the neck, then put on a collar, clean, but slightly frayed at the edges. Carefully clean and press your oldest and worst-looking suit. If possible, wear a bowler hat. Fumble with your hat when in the presence of the doctor and say "Sir" when addressing him. It makes all the difference between a hundred and fifty guineas and fifteen.

When seeking a loan the procedure is reversed. Shine forth in your best. Wear gold watch chains. Don't ask the man for a loan; just suggest casually that it might be a good thing for him if he handed over a bunch of notes, not that you're really short of money, but it's nice to have about the place. Say that you'd have asked Sir Macpherson Robertson for it, but he's so busy with these air races and things.

Of course, that comes under the heading of tactics more than clothing, but you may find it of use at some time.

OH, by the way! I had no idea when, the other week, I offered my free gorgeous 98-page pamphlet on "How to Surf by Ear," the free paddling chart and bottle of sea water, that there would be such an overwhelming demand for them.

There will be many heavy hearts and sorrowing homes when I break the news that the Paddling Chart Operators' Union has gone on strike and thrown the whole organisation out of gear, so that it will be impossible to supply these valuable presents for some time to come.

I have a special message for the person who sent me 10/6 worth of used tram tickets for the full course. However, this being a ladylike paper, I must content myself with the words, "I'll see you drown first."

ABOUT appropriate clothing. Very few of us know how to dress for a bath. The correct thing is rubber boots, sou'wester, mackintosh, and umbrella. In wet weather, two umbrellas.

For changing the sand in the bottom of the canary's cage, a beige pullover with a toning beret and pleated shorts are de rigeur, whatever that is. Sandshoes, of course.

They DO know how to dress appropriately in the navy. You must have noticed the wide, bell-bottomed trousers which can be hastily pulled over the head in case of fire or storm. Also the circular hats which can be put on back to front if desired, and the altogether necessary idea of having the sailor's address printed on the hat band.

All the sailor has to do after a night ashore is to take off his hat, read it, and say, "Ah, H.M.A.S. Canberra!" and straight away he knows where he lives.

Also you may have noticed the swallow-tail coat with the split down the back for riding bicycles.

And hip pockets in pyjama trousers for people who sleep on their faces.

And men's suits with eleven pockets in them and nothing to put in them. Ah! That reminds me! I spy a victim. I shall get my lunch money out of him if I have to rip his shirt to pieces.

Adieu! I must away ere he escapes.

CULBERTSON *on* CONTRACT

When Second Hand Plays Low

By...
ELY CULBERTSON
World's Champion Player and Greatest Card Analyst

IN the game of whist they used to say that Second Hand should always play low, and Third Hand should play high. In contract you will hear this ancient adage quoted without a full understanding of what it means or should mean.

As a matter of fact, this is another instance of the many cases where the word "always" does not apply at the contract bridge table. There are frequent occasions when a defending player should play not low, but high. Second Hand, but in doing so he must, as in all other phases of the game, have a sound and sufficient reason.

Generally, the sound reason for Second Hand's playing high against declarer's lead from either his own hand or dummy, is a desire to conserve his partner's entry card so that it may be used after the defending side's long suit has been established.

It was a misapprehension of this wise variation of the rule of Second Hand high that brought disaster in a duplicate game to the East and West pair on the hand below:

South, Dealer.
Neither Side Vulnerable.

	S: J 9 8 H: Q 9 4 D: K 9 8 6 C: K J	
S: K 7 2 H: A 3 2 D: Q 10 C: Q 10 8 7 5	N / W E / S	S: Q 6 5 3 H: K J 10 D: A J C: 9 6 4 2
	S: 10 4 H: 8 7 6 5 D: 7 5 4 3 2 C: A 3	

The Bidding (figure after bid refers to numbered explanatory paragraph):

South	West	North	East
Pass	Pass	1 spade	Pass
1 N.T. (1)	Pass	Pass	Pass

(1) A bad bid with an almost worthless hand. South should have passed.

The hand itself is of little interest. It is just another one of those seemingly pointless collections of cards which are neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring, but it is a hand of the type which produces in duplicate bridge much greater swings than do those which justify the bidding of slams. The part-score hands in games scored on the match point basis are, contrary to general belief, the "swing" hands, and it was the East and West defence which produced a tremendous swing for North and South here.

West's opening lead was the club 7, which was won in Dummy with the jack. When the declarer surveyed his meagre holdings he saw that he must be fortunate indeed if he was to fulfill his contract. His own hand contained but a single entry, the club ace, and his hope of fulfilling his contract hung by the slenderest of threads.

Every good bridge player knows that when you cannot achieve anything by your own efforts, strive as you will, you still have one chance remaining, and that is that opponents may make mistakes. South, in this instance, decided to bank on that one slender possibility.

FROM Dummy he led the eight of diamonds, on which to his pleasure, as well it might be said, as to his surprise, East immediately played the ace. A club was returned, which South won perforce, and now led a small diamond, upon which West played the queen and North the king, and again the declarer was delighted to see the jack drop.

Now three more rounds of diamonds were taken, South having conserved the seven as a possible entry by the lead of the eight to the second trick. Upon this diamond West discarded one club and the three and two of hearts. East discarded one club, one spade, and the heart ten. South now decided to become greedy, and led the spade 10, which East won with the queen. East returned his last club, and West cashed three club tricks, but at the end was forced to lead a spade, on which Dummy's jack was played, permitting the declarer not only to fulfill his contract, but to make an overtrick. It is, perhaps, needless to add that the post-mortem which followed when East and West scanned the score was heated and hardly polite.

NEXT WEEK'S HAND

South, Dealer.
Neither Side Vulnerable.

	S: 10 5 H: A Q 7 5 D: Q 7 3 C: K 8 7 4	
S: K J 9 6 3 H: 10 4 D: J 5 C: J 10 9 2	N / W E / S	S: Q 4 2 H: 9 8 6 3 D: K 8 6 4 C: Q 5
	S: A 8 7 H: K J 2 D: A 10 9 2 C: A 6 3	

The hand will be discussed in next week's article.

(Copyright)

HOST Holbrook says: "The Holbrook Queen Olives are the most popular. They are always so tasty and crisp."

STEELO
IS EASIEST FOR ALUMINIUM!
Light rubbing with Steelo gets everything off . . . cleans and polishes in one operation. Buy a 6d. packet . . . 5 pads and special soap . . . enough for 5 weeks.

Be Popular
Beloved—Magnetic!

You can MAKE people like you. You can be Popular with the Opposite Sex! You can attract Love, Friendship, and Success into your life! You can dispel FEAR, nervousness, and "inferiority complex," overcome shyness and blushing, and cultivate a strong, fascinating, MAGNETIC personality—if you read "Personal Magnetism," the amazing book of personality secrets now offered FREE to readers of this paper.

Truly, this is a "strange" book! It seems to cast a mysterious spell over the reader; and gradually, as you read it, you become aware of a wonderful feeling of confidence and power, as the magnetic forces within you are awakened, and subordinated to your Will. You MUST see this amazing book—read it—learn its great secrets—FREE! Just send a 2d. stamp towards postage, etc. This unique volume (latest illustrated edition) will be forwarded, absolutely FREE, by return mail.
HENRY GALVEN, Publisher, Dept. W, George St., Sydney. (Box 160, G.P.O.).

In Co-operation With Industry

For 117 years the producers, manufacturers and traders of Australia have been able to rely on helpful co-operation from the Bank of New South Wales.

Since its establishment, the Bank has safeguarded the people's savings and made its resources available to develop the country, to stimulate production and to finance Australia's internal and external trade.

The Bank has ample funds for those who can profitably use finance to extend their activities, to increase production and expand employment. Advances against usual banking securities are being made at the lowest interest charges on record.

At over 720 branches of the Bank, experienced officers are ready to advise and assist on all problems of finance.

Bank of New South Wales
(Established 1817)
With which the Western Australian Bank and The Australian Bank of Commerce Ltd. (1850) are amalgamated.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602620

EARLY Marriage

A modern son and modern mother quarrel over a girl. One is wrong and finds it out... But how?... And which one?...

...By...
Teresa Hyde PHILLIPS

PAULINE STAVELY changed from one of the bright wool sports-frocks she wore around Forest Heights in the morning, to the black she liked when she drove in to New York for luncheon or tea. She discarded walking oxfords for suede pumps, and faint stockings that made her ankles look fragile, beautiful, and a solace to the eye.

Her own eyes were on them, wondering about the theory that ankles show breeding. Pauline, usually helpless before theories, could not subscribe to this one. "Another of those generalisations that get one exactly nowhere," she reflected idly, retouching her delicate make-up. "Elinor Dryant, for instance—a pedigree like the Plantagenets, and ankles that are a disaster on land or sea."

It was a little frightening to think about Elinor's anatomy, for Pauline felt it had more than a little to do with Jackson Dryant's leaving Elinor. With the divorce. It was so unreal, so unconvincing, and yet so alarming, that a man could be jarred to such acute indignation by his wife's ankle-bones, by her doglike devotion, and by her using so many words without saying anything, that after twenty years he could take up his marriage in his hands and break it and leave her.

And now she, Pauline Stavely, was to marry Jackson Dryant. And glad of it. Safe and comfortable and pleased, and not lonely any more. A solid, enduring kind of union it would be. One builded on compatibility and liking and respect, and the benefits, material and immaterial, that one derived from the other. Not carried away by that first mad attraction of youth for youth on which so many marriages were based and which, heart-breakingly, didn't endure.

Before the glass she placed an advanced hat on her head, at the new, mad angle. Raised her brows sceptically at the sight, then dismissed it from her mind—her face, fortunately, being one of those that can withstand hats. She picked up a pair of irreproachable gloves, her antelope bag, made sure she had money, keys of the car, her operator's license.

The telephone rang again. "Not at home," she told the upstairs maid happily.

"The gentleman's called three times. I can't get his name—he says it's very important—"

"To him," said Pauline. These newspapers! Her engagement to Dryant had been announced yesterday and it appeared that she was to be hounded from now on. "Don't be cross," she coaxed Marie, a privileged character, who was now making small, aggrieved noises in her throat. "I simply can't talk to everybody." Pauline edged to the door, making for freedom. "I'm lunching at Carlo's, with Mr. Ted, and I don't want to be late." This was mendacious; there was no chance of her being late, for she always left plenty of margin. But Ted was the sun of Marie's narrow world, and Pauline could always use him as an excuse for anything. "He'll be here for dinner," she added. "Tell Nora to have clear green turtle soup. Mr. Ted loves it."

SHE flew down the hall. Life was all right; there was Dryant; and Ted, her son, in his senior year at New Haven; and her feet on the ground at last. It had taken a long time for her feet to reach that desirable position, nearly forty years. Forty—she, Pauline, nearly forty! Like all persons of forty, she couldn't make that seem real to herself. But here she was, meeting her boy for luncheon, her agreeable fiance for tea; and the years, past and to come, could take care of themselves.

Marie caught up with her at the head of the stairs. "Your flowers," she snapped, outraged by such careless indifference; "you forgot them?"

"Oh, I'm sorry!" Pauline was meek. She could do nothing to please Marie this morning. Before those accusing eyes she opened the box. Gardenias, of course. Dryant knew she was no orchid type.

Marie stalked off with the shiny empty box; and Pauline, going down the stairs, absently, accustomedly pinned the gardenias to her breast.

Beneath the silver fox, on her left side, over her heart.

She reached the lower floor, pulling on her gloves, pleased with their smooth fit, thinking of nothing in particular. Just a woman, not yet old, but certainly not young, fitting into her background, contented with her lot. She could hear Marie puttering softly upstairs, and the familiar chime of the grandfather's clock in the corner, and somewhere, the cook talking pettishly to the vegetable man.

Everything was quite as usual; yet was Pauline Stavely lost, for a moment, to grace.

For she looked down to make sure that she had pinned the gardenias tight. And suddenly their perilous fragrance reached up like two hands framing her face, and she was looking back across twenty-two years into the eyes of Bill Serrand. Standing there in the hallway of the home Ted Stavely had built for her, she was smelling the first gardenias she had ever worn, the flowers Bill Serrand had chosen as hers in the days when men usually sent violets with a pink rose in the centre. And Pauline Stavely couldn't move. She stood on the last step, where the dark rail curved up around the white stairs, and she was back in that time when Bill had loved her. And she had loved him. For a second, all those twenty-two years of quiet living were blotted out as though they had never been, and nothing seemed to matter but the fact that once she had been in love.

Suddenly she shook her head as though she were coming out from under water. In love. What a silly phrase, and what a silly thing! But her eyes were still a little blind and lost, there with her feet on her own grey rug. For she could not immediately return from a time many years ago when the world had come to an end because she had quarrelled with Bill Serrand, and she had married Ted Stavely since it did not matter what happened to its last and obstinate survivor.

IN that second the memory of Bill's kiss as he had pinned on the gardenias, invaded her. Behind it there came a drift of kisses. . . . And then, while yet her mind clutched backward at past rapture, she was restored to the world of common sense. To the world she knew, all that was nonsense—was moonlight and roses and honeysuckle, and a ghost that must be laid.

She thought about it all. About the years with big Ted, which, she saw now, had been good, but which had seemed to her to the very end barren of anything but placid tolerance and their mutual devotion to their boy. How absurd she had been, stupid! That was how things should be. That was how it was to be with Dryant and herself. Romantic illusion had no dealings with real life, with making a home, and standing by your husband and bringing up your child and keeping things together. Those were the absolutes; and the child who had kissed Bill Serrand was not herself, and the feelings she had had belonged in unresponsive distances of youth when the mind wanders.

She walked quickly across the polished floor and threw open the fireproof door that led to the garage. Quite herself again, on the way to meet her son, looking ahead. Ted and his quick, flashing talents, the career he was going to make for himself—those were the things that occupied her. And the sense that she had brought him up well, and the certainty that some day he, too, would marry sensibly and thoughtfully, and make of his life an ordered pattern.

Backing into the driveway, she went over his telegram in her mind! "Darling, we are lunching together, Carlo's, Saturday." It was not unusual that he should run down for the week-end; yet as the Shore Road unwound under her wheels, she felt an obscure sense of dismay. She had no reason for it. Ted was a marvellous son; nothing he did ever caused her the slightest worry. Still that sense of portent pursued her through Pelham, the Bronx, down Park Avenue. "Silly," she told herself, sliding to a stop before Carlo's; "just asking for trouble."

The doorman took charge of her car, smiling. It was reassuring to look at his pleasant face; it was always reassuring to see him. He whirled her through the revolving door into the foyer, and there her confidence was entirely restored. Ted was leaning against a table swinging his foot, and you could see at once that there was nothing wrong.

"A new lid," he greeted her, "and very, very smooth!" Standing straight and tall, he grinned down at her. "As usual, you look like a million."

Pierre brought the specials, placing them before the Stavelys with the reverence due the masterpiece of the house. Young Ted lifted his thin-stemmed cocktail glass and looked into it a minute as if it were a symbol, were life itself. Sparkling and gay, clear, condensed and valuable. He looked very handsome, very sure, completely competent. Pauline gazed at him proudly—this boy of hers, this baby, who only last night—well, then, the night before—had been brought in to say good-night to her in his woolly sleepingsuit, fresh from his bath.

"Big doings," he said, keeping his voice casual, as though it did not matter enormously. "We're drinking, Pauline, to the second most lovely woman in the world. To the future—not so distant future—Mrs. Theodore Dearborn Stavely!" There the two glasses were, touching each other. There they were, she, Pauline Stavely and her son. And the words he said were impossible. Strange to be sitting still beside your own boy, and feel that the earth had opened under your feet. But her tact was sufficient to conceal her excessive shock. She even smiled. "You are thinking of marrying?" She raised her brows, looked at him speculatively. "Is that really—"

"No foolin'!" No sentiment, no slopping over. But under the table he gathered her hand into his and drew it over his knee. It was his great moment; he was sharing it with her. He refused to appear emotional, but in his eyes was something pleading and almost awed, too, that shook her. He was frightfully in love; she could see that. And she tried to think which of the innumerable girls he knew could bring that look into his face, could do this thing to her Ted.

Pauline put down her glass carefully and twirled it on the tablecloth. She said generously: "Of course, she's lovely. Do I know her?"

"It's Mary Lois Pell." So sure she must remember.

Mary Lois Pell. Her boy was planning to marry a girl named Mary Lois Pell; and though the name roused echoes she couldn't for the life of her put a face to the name. But at twenty-one, Ted, the only thing that had permitted Pauline Stavely to live, to go on living, was marrying, was bestowing all his hopes and his illusions and his dreams, on a girl whose face his mother could not even remember.

Please turn to Page 49

As smart as the day you bought it —*after months of wear!*

WHAT fun it is to receive praise for your "New Jantzen" when you know it was bought before the season started and has been worn daily ever since! It's a compliment to your swimming suit and to your own wisdom in buying—for Jantzen alone has that quality of material and tailoring which ensures such wear and service.

Jantzen stands alone for smartness too! Like famous labels inside your clothes, the Red Diving Girl on your swim suit means a leader of fashion. Jantzens are known on the beaches of the Continent and America as most charming and chic, and they are the favourites of swimmers everywhere for comfort and fit.

The girl above has chosen the Jantzen Formal for all-round wear. See it in the new colors. See the other Jantzen models, too! You will find your favourite among them — you'll find its price surprisingly low!

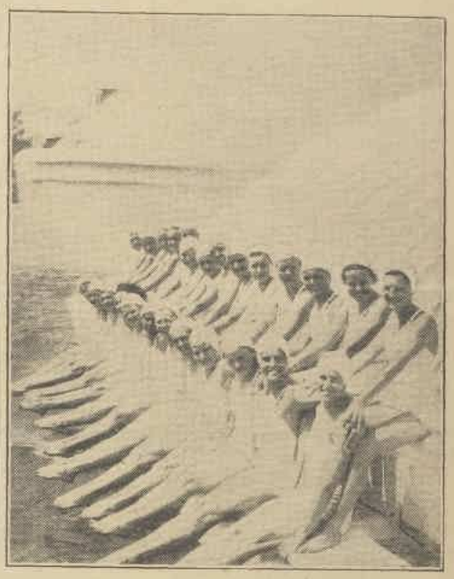
Jantzen
The World's Favourite Swimming Suit.
Made in Australia.

ON THE BEACH YOUR ONE GARMENT MUST BE PERFECT, SO GET A JANTZEN

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602621

The Thinkers : Water Ballet : Hat Keepers

"THE THINKERS": Feminine mode. But what are they thinking about? Even the photographers couldn't tell us that. What does a girl think about when she gets that dreamy, set expression in her eyes and stares into space? The girl in the white jumper is a Melbourne girl. Park-Williams studio is responsible for this study of "The Thinker." The other "thinker" is a Sydney girl, the photo from the studios of Montgomery Dunn. The Melbourne girl looks as though she may be thinking about the Centenary, and the Sydney girl about her exams.



HERE IS A BALLET which swims instead of dances. The girls are shown in training for their water ballet at the recent World Fair in Chicago. All dressed in white, all picked for their perfect figures and swimming prowess, the team made one of the most striking features of the fair.

MR. AND MRS. BURNS, of Harrow, England, who have been custodians of the Harrow School's famous straw hats for 30 years. The couple are shown busy on the final trimming of the Harrow hats in readiness for the recommencement of the school term. They have renovated no fewer than 45,000 hats.

DR. KOLMER, an American Professor of Medicine, who is credited with the discovery of a vaccine that it is believed will produce immunity from infantile paralysis.

HERE IS WOMAN'S latest attack on men's jobs. Miss Gloria Lercey, of Boston, America, claims to be the world's first girl wrestling referee. Clad in shorts and sandshoes, she spends an active time on the mat keeping wrestlers in order. There is no chance of them turning on her, as is the habit of wrestlers.

THIS PICTURESQUE country scene is of Winsford, Exmoor, where a big sheep sale has been in progress. Photo shows sheep passing through Winsford, which is claimed to be the prettiest village in England. What a different scene to that of the Australian countryside.

EVERYONE IN AUSTRALIA has heard of the Cafe-de-Fairfax, in Sydney, and the famous horse that eats hot dogs in the early hours of the morning. Old age has crept on this faithful animal, and the proprietor of the transportable cafe has found it necessary to get a younger horse, but he has not forgotten his old friend, and has arranged to have it pensioned into a rich, green field for the rest of its life, at the rate of 2/6 a week.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602622

'Who will fill the Story Sections?'

2000 Stories Wanted each Year in Australia!

STOTT'S can teach you how to write Certain-to-sell Stories.

STOTT'S Correspondence College, 106 Russell St., Melbourne, 70 Pitt St., Sydney, 290 Adelaide St., Brisbane.

- - - CUT HERE - - -

MAIL THIS FOR FREE LITERARY PROSPECTUS.

My Name .....

Address .....A.W.W.1234.

STANLEY JUDSON ... *of the* RUSSIAN BALLET

2GB Talk for Women's Weekly

Stanley Judson, premier danseur at Sadler's Wells and the Old Vic Theatres, London, is at present delighting Sydney audiences as the second principal male dancer in the Russian ballet company.

STANLEY has preserved his English name, and at the same time has acquired the fame that is more readily accorded to a foreigner. Although in his early years he was not actually associated with the Russian Ballet he has studied under the masters who inspired it—Cecchetti, Volinine, Morosoff, and Nicholas Legat.

The London Coliseum and Alhambra Theatres saw him as premier danseur in that famous ballet, "The Rosebud and the Bee," and then came an opportunity to dance before Pavlova. His dancing impressed her so much that she engaged him for a Covent Garden season, and later he toured Europe with her.

Stanley Judson possesses a smile of rare beauty which enhances the magic of his dancing. Listeners to The Australian Women's Weekly session from 2GB will have the opportunity of hearing him next Tuesday afternoon, November 13, at 3.30 p.m., when Dorothea Vautier will interview him at the microphone. With his wide experience of dance personalities and famous theatres, Mr. Judson will have many attractive stories to tell.

STANLEY JUDSON

The Australian Women's Weekly gives to its readers a weekly service of news and music which is entirely free from advertising. Every Saturday and Sunday night at 9.15 from 2GB there are celebrity recordings and splendid transcription broadcasts which make these sessions among the finest being broadcast in Australia to-day. During the week Dorothea Vautier presents two sessions daily, at 11.45 a.m. and 3.30 p.m., these programmes enabling The Australian Women's Weekly readers to keep in touch with the outstanding news and events of the day.

In addition to this service of news items and personalities there are featured talks on topical subjects every Friday morning and Wednesday afternoon.

"Life in Japan"

ON Wednesday, November 14, at 3.30, "Life in Modern Japan," a diverting and interesting subject, will be introduced.

In their efficiency, tirelessness, and thriftiness the Japanese may be likened to the Scots, but when they do escape from their work they are as light-hearted as children. At the Festival of Cherry Blossom city dignitaries fly their kites with the same excitement as their toddling grandchildren.

Some of the stories related by this traveller, who for some time lived in Tokyo, will be re-told by Dorothea Vautier during this talk on "Life in Modern Japan" on Wednesday, at 3.30.

On Saturday, November 10, at 9.15 p.m., The Australian Women's Weekly celebrity recital will feature a programme of popular ballads, introducing such delightful old numbers as "Songs My Mother Taught Me," "Good Company," and a medley of Wilfred Sanderson's songs, while on Sunday at the same hour will find listeners again tuned in to those popular radio artists, Jones and Hare, in another fine transcription broadcast.

N.S.W. State Symphony Orchestra's 1st Concert

LAST week at the Sydney Town Hall, the newly-formed N.S.W. State Symphony Orchestra gave its first concert, under the baton of Dr. Edgar L. Bainton. The event was the most important in the musical life of the State since M. Henri Verbruggen quitted Australia, leaving behind him, to fall into something very near to chaos, an orchestra of which any city might have been proud.

Dr. Bainton's achievement, as evidenced in this, the first performance of the new State Orchestra, must have been surprising to the most optimistic of his admirers. Even at this early stage, the orchestra is better disciplined than any of its predecessors since the Verbruggen regime; the improvement in wood-wind and brass, both weak under previous conductors, is as noticeable as it is gratifying; there is a unity that has been sadly lacking up to date. The State Symphony Orchestra is not a collection of sixty to seventy individuals, it is an artistic whole controlled by one man—the conductor.

For years we have heard complaints in musical circles and in the Press of the lack of a properly-trained State Orchestra, something apart from the student organisation, leavened by a few professionals, with which we have had to be satisfied. Dr. Bainton has proved his ability to organise and conduct such a body; the first concert has shown that the material is there for the moulding. The success or failure of the venture will depend entirely on whether the public realises what is being offered and gives enthusiastic support, or whether it paves the way for a further period of self-pitying complaints by neglecting to foster an undertaking which has already shown to what heights it might be developed.—S.H.

In the Hands of a Nation

Australia's competent hands make Australia's own matches. Thereby hangs a tale of widespread employment and activity.

In three States — Victoria, New South Wales and Western Australia — the Bryant & May and associated factories employ over a thousand workers, under conditions unexcelled in any part of the world for health, safety and comfort.

Thousands of other workers handle enormous quantities of All-Australian raw material for this huge industry — over a million super feet of Australian hoop pine logs a year, 500 tons of Australian stearine, 1100 tons of Australian board and paper, 50 tons of Queensland cotton, and other items too numerous to mention, *all employing Australian labour, all fostering prosperity within our own shores.*

BRYANT & MAY'S MATCHES

FAR ABOVE THE PRICE IN QUALITY

Speedo

The Lowest-Priced QUALITY SWIM SUITS

S.S.1.

INVISIBLE MENDING

Damaged Garments Re-woven, Torn, Burnt, Moth-eaten Suits, Costumes, Carpets, etc., INVISIBLY Re-woven.

SYDNEY WEAVING CO.

90 PITT ST. Phone: BW6952.

MAGIC PAIN RELIEF!

"Presto," which is made to a new improved A.P.C. Formula, gives amazingly rapid relief from all kinds of pain. Headaches, Neuralgia, Influenza, Sciatica, Rheumatism are quickly banished by this amazing new remedy. "Presto" is safe to take—it will not affect the heart or cause indigestion—yet it acts with a speed that is *like magic.*

1/6 for 12 Powders or 25 Tablets

PRESTO HEADACHE POWDERS & TABLETS

At All Chemists and Stores

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602623

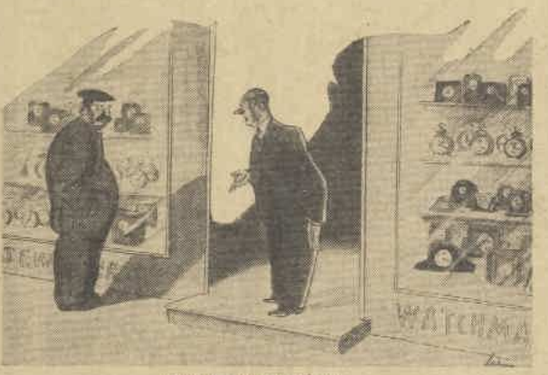
Some NEW LAUGHS

Conducted by
L. W. LOWER

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."

BEACH INSPECTOR (at dance): I'll have to ask you to replace your shoulder straps.

LADY: Aren't you ashamed to ask for money?
HARD-UP: I got six months for taking it without asking.



"Say! What's the time?"

MARY: Why do you keep all that man's letters?
MARIE: Some day they're going to keep me.

"You know—I'd share my last crust with you."
"Why don't you then?"
"I ain't come to it, yet!"

WEIGHT
goes with Appetite

If you want your child to eat more, to gain and grow strong, begin this very night with the famous "Califig" treatment. A sluggish appetite means a sluggish colon. Correct this condition called stasis, and see how quickly a listless, drooping boy or girl begins to eat — and gain. The only "medicine" such children need is pure, wholesome "California Syrup of Figs."

Why Doctors say:
Use a LIQUID LAXATIVE
for children

Hospitals and doctors prefer to use liquid laxatives. For children, they insist on laxatives in liquid form. Do you know why? A properly prepared liquid laxative brings a perfect movement because its action can be controlled, because the dose can be regulated to a drop. Consequently it does not weaken a child's bowels. It does not form a laxative habit.

Why not rely on "California Syrup of Figs" to keep your children's bowels regular and comfortable? The pleasant taste of California figs, combined with cassia and mint in this delightful preparation, make it the ideal laxative for any child.

IMPORTANT. *"California Syrup of Figs" is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 — or 2½ times the quantity for 2/10. Say "California" and do not accept any bottle which does not say "Califig."*

Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

JOHNNY: What is a philosopher, father?
Father: A man with a good constitution, position, and bank account.

SWAIN: I—er—that is, I—er would like to—I mean—I have, well, sir, I've been going about with your daughter for five years now.
Father: I know. What do you want—a pension?

OLD MAID: Has the canary had his bath yet?
Servant: Yes, ma'am. You can come in now.

MISTRESS: I've asked Mr. and Mrs. Smith to dinner at seven, Mary, but I think we'll give them a quarter of an hour's grace.
Mary: Well, ma'am, I'm religious myself, but I think that's rather overdoing it.

"I WANT a present for an old gentleman."
"How about a tie, Madam?"
"No; he has a beard."
"Well, a fancy waistcoat?"
"He has a long beard."
Assistant (in desperation): Well, carpet slippers?

WIFE: George, it's not our baby—you've taken the wrong pram.
George: Well, it's a much better pram.

PAT (to Mick): Can you tell me what a phrenologist is?
Mick: A phrenologist is a person who can tell you what kind of a man you are by feeling the bumps in your head.
Pat: Begorra, then if he felt the bumps in my head he would have a good idea what sort of a woman my wife is.

THREE
EXTRA SPECIAL
GIFT CASKETS

EVENING
IN
PARIS

Gifts that radiate the gaiety, brilliance, and glamour of an "Evening in Paris" . . . What could be more fascinating and irresistible in their appeal?

S.4 23/6 S.2 31/6
N.31 12/6

Also many others to select from.
All Stores and Chemists

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602624

MARCUS CLARK'S "THE BIG STORE" CENTRAL SQUARE

Second Annual Shopping Carnival!

Begins Friday, 9th November! Goods are not available until this date!

SUMMER'S MOST EXCITING FASHION CLEARANCE! SAVE!

Frocks & coats clear!

Remarkable savings for the perfect qualities offered! Order now!

FROCKS FOR O.S. FIGURES

Georgette Frock, specially designed for larger figures. Silk foundation. Two rows of latticed Georgette, also the cuffs. Pintucking trim. Black only. S.O.S., O.S., X.O.S., X.X.O.S. Usually 63/-.
CARNIVAL PRICE 47/11

Another Georgette Frock also on silk foundation. Soft scarf tie and fine pleating. Beige/brown, navy/white, lido/white, white/black. Sizes, S.O.S., O.S., X.O.S., X.X.O.S. Usually 49/11.
CARNIVAL PRICE 34/6

SWAGGERS ARE HERE

Swagger Ensemble of Marocain. Coat has new ¾-length sleeve. Printed Frock with collar, jabot and vest to tone; pleated frill on shoulders. Grounds are black, navy, lido, brown and green, with contrasting diagonal stripes and designs. S.S.W., S.W., W., O.S. Usually 49/11.
CARNIVAL PRICE 29/11
X.O.S. CARNIVAL PRICE 35/6

Coat of a very good quality Marocain in a new style. Note the new cape sleeves. Black, navy, lido, dark biege, brown. S.S.W., S.W., W. Us., 15/11.
CARNIVAL PRICE 9/11

Linen and 'Cesarine were used; made with pleat on side front and back. A table of them to clear! Newest of styles and colours. S.S.W., S.W., W.

Voile is cool for summer! Blouse above shows a Peter Pan collar. Usually 4/11.
CARNIVAL PRICE 2/11

WE'VE ALSO A RANGE OF NEW SATIN BLOUSES, FROM 2/11

Blouse Department, 2nd Floor.

MAROCAIN FROCK BELOW COST . . . .

The best value in town to-day . . . a frock of Marocain, 6/11. Cleverly designed bodice and skirt. Black, navy, cherry, fawn, brown, and lido. S.S.W., S.W., W. Usually 12/11.
CARNIVAL PRICE 6/11

Carnival Activities!

Special Three Course Luncheon 1/6

SOUP:
Tomato Puree, Beef Tea.
FISH:
Fried Fillet Bream, Tartar Sauce.
Salmon Pie, Egg Mayonnaise.

JOINTS (Hot):
Roast Leg Pork, Apple Sauce.
Roast Beef.
Roast Lamb, Mint Sauce.
VEGETABLES:
Potatoes, Green Peas, Spinach.

JOINTS (Cold):
Pressed Ox Tongue and Salad.
York Ham and Potato Salad.
Pressed Beef and Salad.
Roast Lamb and Salad.

SWEETS:
Apple Pie, Banana Jelly, Lemon Meringue Tart, Baked Custard and Peaches.

Abdy's Famous Animal Circus

A truly amazing and unique entertainment provided for customers during our Carnival Activities, featuring Trained and Educated Animals, Performing Pigeons, Educated Cats, Trained Dogs, Dancing Cockatoos, "Bella," the Cockatoo Mathematical Marvel. Don't miss this wonderful attraction.

Held every morning on the following dates: November 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 19th, 20th.

FREE ADMISSION TO ALL.

"Meeting the Duke," gay revue!

A Musical Revue—gayest in the history of retail stores—is planned by Marcus Clark's in honour of coming festivities. A sparkling revue in two acts—"Meeting the Duke"—commences November 9th to November 23rd. Two performances daily at 11 a.m. and 3 p.m. Tickets obtainable on ground floor—Adults 1/-; Children 6d. On presentation of ticket, goods to full value of money will be given.

Free Balloons for all Children

Sale! HATS FOR SUMMER OF SAVINGS!

PRICES FROM 1/11

Wide-brimmed Hat of Swiss Crin and Pedaline. Many individual hats with floral trimming! Shades are the very newest and include black and white. Usually 12/11.
CARNIVAL 8/11

A delightfully shaped stitched Silk Hat with a new roll back. It is trimmed with Petersham band and bow. All the shades you could want. Usually 9/11.
CARNIVAL 5/11

An Extraordinary Price! Snow-white Panamas with wide brims, each smartly trimmed with ribbon. There's not a better value in the city anywhere! NO MAIL OR 'PHONE ORDERS. Us., 3/11.
CARNIVAL 1/11

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602625

Letters sent to "So They Say" should be short and to the point. A heading, describing the subject, should be written at the head of each item. £1 is paid for one letter, and 5/- for all others. Letters must be endorsed "So They Say."

New writers: "So They Say" contributors who have not yet had letters published should endorse their letters "New Writer."

MOTHERS' HOUR

THE mischief of a mother getting tired is that it affects the children. We must be serene and cheerful if we are to transact any sort of business well, and the nervous mother makes the children nervous. That is why they always make the most noise when she has a headache. They do not understand why they are so uncommonly bad, and she thinks that they are possessed with devils. But the reason is that she has poisoned the domestic atmosphere, and they breathe it.

What is needed is a "Mothers' Hour," 60 secluded minutes; door shut and locked; children outside in care of somebody else, or of each other; mother inaccessible except in special circumstances.

Then the weary mother could collect her scattered wits, mend her frayed nerves, read a book, take a nap, or just sit still.

Yes, the hour may be hard to manage. But it is worth while.

£1 for this letter to Mrs. B. E. Blythe, Big Hill, Marulan, N.S.W.

✣ ✣ ✣

NOT GREAT LOVERS

I DO not think there is any need for a visiting celebrity to envy Australian women their men, whom she depicts as "great lovers," and if perchance the men are tempted to throw out their chests, I enter a protest. I refuse to think of them as "great lovers."

They are far too casual and matter-of-fact. Granted they are fine fellows, so big, so virile, real men, but as lovers, I am sorry to say—washouts.

In case I should be overwhelmed by an avalanche of abuse, I hasten to add that I am married to one.

Mrs. T. Goldie, Wickham Rd., Moorabbin, S20, Vic.

✣ ✣ ✣

PRIGGISH GIRLS

MANY modern girls are shy about introducing their mothers to their friends. If their mothers are not up-to-date like themselves, for instance, do not smoke or drink, or wear smart clothes and use make-up, they will not accompany them in public. Every girl is not like that, but what about the majority?

Constance Aroney, Kumbia, via Kingaroy, Qld.

✣ ✣ ✣

EVENING GOWNS

IT seems a pity that long skirts and trains have come into fashion once more for dancing. How the debutantes of a few years ago, in the days of knee-high skirts, laughed when their mothers told them of a time when they had loops attached to their trains in order that they could hold them up with one finger while dancing.

Was it not, however, a more sensible idea, and the effect more graceful, than to lift them up in a bunch as is done now by young women who have not learned to manipulate trains and trailing draperies?

Mrs. E. L. Ainslie, Benandarah, Milton, N.S.W.

✣ ✣ ✣

DANGEROUS PRACTICE

DO parents and school teachers realise the serious consequences of "boxing" a child's ears?

On the last public holiday, as I was walking through the National Park, I saw a woman soundly smack a little boy over th ear. Countless people have to go through life deaf, or partially so, because of this way of punishing children.

Mrs. F. J. Barnes, Blackwood, S.A.

✣ ✣ ✣

SOUVENIR HUNTERS

WITH the advent of our Royal visitor, souveniring will most assuredly become the order of the day. People who would be positively horrified at the mere idea of stealing even a penn'orth of anything consider souveniring quite a legitimate practice.

To my mind, there should be less blame attached to those unfortunates who take food or clothing out of sheer necessity than to these souvenir-hunters, who actually take what does not belong to them under the mere stimulus of excitement.

C. McEwen, Tullera, Lismore, N.S.W.

For Many Reasons Gardening is a Man's Job!

RE Olga MacSkimming's letter of 20/10/'34 concerning girl gardeners. Her appeal raises a point which has been glaringly evident to me for twenty years. Myself, passionately fond of gardening, I wanted, two decades ago, to make that my career. My father (wise man) would not allow it, and these were his arguments—the strenuous digging it involved, out in all weathers, and the equal pay made the employer want a man's return.

That women do in most vocations give that man's return I admit, but constant gardening is rather back-breaking. And, in spite of women being more artistic in planning and outlook, this is still one job which the civilised universe considers man's exclusive sphere—when it comes to paying. It was Adam's job, not Eve's.

Mrs. Ebeth Gordon, 119 Addison Rd., Marrickville, N.S.W.

Custom is Stumbling-block

MISS OLGA MACSKIMMING (20/10/'34) asks why girls are not given a chance in the gardening trade as men are. It seems that the majority of employers are so used to men doing this type of work that they are loath to give a girl a chance, no matter what recommendations she has.

I agree that girls, on the whole, have more artistic views in the way of setting out gardens than most men, and I certainly agree that girls should be given a chance to prove their mettle in such matters as this.

P. Morris, 78 Henry St., West Croydon, S.A.

Intended to be Chivalrous

I THINK one reason why girl gardeners find it difficult to obtain employment is the survival in male hearts, despite all we hear to the contrary, of a spark of that Old-World chivalry. The majority of prospective employers of gardeners are men.

Doubtless there are many men who could view calmly the picture of a woman—whether wife or other representative of the fair sex—mowing or digging; but there are many more to whom the same picture would cause acute discomfort, and who would not rest until the mower or spade had changed hands.

Gardening has its pleasant side, but it also entails a lot of hard, physical labor, and it is this aspect of it, I think, which would make distasteful to many men the thought of employing a woman.

Miss M. Harvey, 6 Carisbrooke Flats, Wentworth St., Manly, N.S.W.

Women Should Study the Inside of the Home

IN reply to Mrs. Gillespie's letter dealing with the subject of women building houses, I should like to say she is rather hard put to it for something to do when she desires to build a house.

We know that the female of the feathered tribe often builds her own home, but if the modern flapper of to-day climbed a ladder and set to with hammer and saw, it would be a picnic.

I think husbands should put a ban on ideas of that kind. What would it mean? Just think of it! Every time hubby wanted to go off for a nice game of bowls or to the races he would be told to go and put a few fancy boards here and there, so that the sparrows could settle on them.

Look after the inside, not the outside, is my advice to these modern would-be house-builders.

A. J. Smith, Widgee Crossing, Gympie, Qld.

Surely We Could Consider the Deaf!

AT the London Hippodrome Theatre, a number of seats are being equipped with aural appliances for assisting the deaf to hear the plays. Almost every London cinema is fitted with similar apparatus and the Hippodrome is the first legitimate theatre to have them.

Yet in Sydney not one of the important theatres has any provision for assisting the deaf. Surely something of this nature ought to be done to help them.

F. A. Bardsley, 29 Forsythe St., Willoughby, Sydney.

Women the Competent Judges

WOMAN has proved herself capable at many trades previously a man's own, and it is surprising that she hasn't ventured more into the architectural sphere. I quite agree with Mrs. L.C.G. (20/10/'34) re this subject. A house is a woman's home, and I think she has a little more knowledge than a man regarding the manner in which it should be built. At one place where I heard this subject discussed, the minister had the last word. "Now, just take a look at the sink," he said, "would any woman be silly enough as to build it into that dark corner? No, indeed, architects should be women."

Gale Nelson, Herbert St., Brisbane.

Children Can Be Trained to Like Good Books

I DON'T quite agree with Mrs. McK. (20/10/'34). I don't think such literature injures the mind of the average healthy-minded boy or girl. Of course, a delicate child may be affected; but it is a mother's duty and pleasure to train her children's literary tastes so that as they grow older they develop the power to choose rightly.

Give them adventure stories by good authors; read aloud to them at times. Stories of the "Cristy's Old Organ" and "Wide, Wide World" type are quite out of date now. My children thought Ellen Montgomery very "funny" because she was always weeping. My family are grown-up now, and have quite a good taste in literature.

Mrs. Oakes, Boronia, Maroubra Bay Rd., Pagewood, Maroubra, Sydney.

Films Even More Harmful

IN reply to Mrs. J. McKenzie (Oct. 20), may I add to her criticism of the undesirable children's literature flooding the market to-day, my urge for a ban on certain so-called children's pictures of the animal cartoon series. Last week I took my daughter, aged nine, to a matinee show, and I was disgusted with the vulgarity, verging on indecency, of some of the scenes.

All parents know, from the experiences of their own youth, that there comes a time of hero worship when the inexperienced mind of youth chooses for its idol some fictitious character or film star. To ape the habits of the idol is only the natural sequence and, whether the idol be good or evil, the strong influence will sway the worshipping mind.

The parent of to-day is faced with a very serious problem as regards the children's tastes for literature and pleasure. Only by weeding out the bad, gradually and assiduously, can the child mind be led into channels of thought for higher and cleaner food for the mind.

Mrs. M. Walsh, 27 Blenheim St., St. Kilda, Melbourne.

Boys Go Through Phases

LET the boys read anything and everything that comes their way. If they have any intellect and natural sense of humor and decency they will weed out the good from the bad as they grow older. With a good home training and fair education, and with no nagging or bullying from parents, they should eventually come to appreciate only the better class of literature.

I see no good reason why we should follow the course set out by your correspondent and "shed floods of tears" over some exaggerated pathos, the type of bilge that was set down as ideal reading for the young people of twenty or thirty years ago. A good, wholesome comedy in book or picture form is a great tonic.

But boys go through all phases of literature from comics to "Deadwood Dicks," from schoolroom impossibilities to the classics. They must read them all to make comparisons.

Miss Phyllis Coutts, 48 Dumbleton Rd., Hurstville, Sydney.

Won't Affect a Normal Child

RE Mrs. J. McKenzie's letter (20/10/34) concerning "Reading Matter for Boys." I think that if the strength of the child's mind is normal, the nerves of the child will not be affected, and it will not make juvenile criminals of the children.

George Bourchier, Glen Leigh, Narromine, N.S.W.

Give Them Good Literature

I QUITE agree with Mrs. J. McKenzie (20/10/'34). Children should not be allowed to cultivate a mania for exciting novels and cheap literature, because it gives them a distorted outlook on life. They should be encouraged to take a liking to reading of a deeper nature, to reading some well-known English authors.

This will be a real benefit to them in their later life. It will help to give them a better command of English, such as no cheap reading can give them. It will teach them to know and appreciate well-written and beautiful English when they see it.

I think this unhealthy type of boys' literature which deluges Australia should be kept in check, and should not be allowed to drown the decency of Australia's boyhood.

Cecil H. Klein, 48 Richmond St., Maryborough, Qld.

Screen Oddities By CAPTAIN FAWCETT

SCHOOLS OF COURTSHIP

RE Schools of Courtship (The Australian Women's Weekly, page 10, 6/10/'34). Despite the drawbacks of our present methods of courtship and marriage, it would surely take more than the suggested "schools" to bring happiness between people of differing mental status. Is it not extremely likely that the majority of unhappy marriages are so because of this very difference, not always apparent at the time of marriage?

Statistics show that the percentage of defectives is not only increasing among those of low-grade intelligence, but also among the more intellectual classes.

Where parents are loving and harmonious, whatever their mental grade, there will be found a moral environment suitable for the rearing of happy and useful citizens. Where a good moral force is dominant, will not the mental develop, even if slowly, through succeeding generations?

Mrs. E. P. Dickens, 39 Town Hall Ave., Preston, N18, Melbourne.

ETIQUETTE

REMOVING fruit stones with the fingers is not considered bad manners.

PROTECT OUR BIRDS

IT is a common sight just now to see boys of all ages scouring the bushland and searching every tree and shrub in the open. Not only are our beautiful birds' nests destroyed and eggs confiscated, but the patient little builders themselves often fall victims to stones and well-aimed catapults. One young pilferer I know returned after a two-hours' ramble to exhibit twenty-six dainty trophies of the hunt.

Is it not time that some stronger force than the "Gould League of Bird Lovers," to which only a conscientious few respond, and the continual efforts of our school teachers to protect the feathered glory of Australia was brought into play?

Mrs. B. Dowling, Bega, N.S.W.

✣ ✣ ✣

ARE CHILDREN MIMICS?

CHILDREN are rather what we make them. I complimented a friend upon her model children. She said, "I'm glad you think they are well-mannered. I made up my mind long ago to treat my children as guests. They were invited to come, you know. It puts one on one's mettle to feel one is playing hostess. Children are such mimics. They pick up a cue so quickly." Certainly in this case the children did play the game. Being treated as guests, they behaved as little guests.

In another family nearby (alas!) the unruly children are treated as little pests. I don't know whether it is suggestion, reciprocity, heredity, or just cussedness, but, believe me, they are little pests.

F. C. Murphy, 139 Somerville Street, Bendigo, Vic.

✣ ✣ ✣

NATURAL BOREDOM

I WONDER am I queer, or are there others like me? I tire of people so quickly. After a few weeks, more or less, of anyone's society, except that of my children, husband, and mother, I simply detest their being in the house.

I like them at first, but gradually they simply get on my nerves, and I have to exercise great patience to act the part of a courteous hostess. They seem to bore me with their conversations, and their personal affairs don't interest me at all.

I love books, while the prattle of little children interests me far more than the wearisome tongue-wagging of grown-ups.

Alma McLucas, Box 16, Wondai, Qld.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602626

FILMING of "CLEOPATRA"

HENRY WILCOXON, as Marc Antony, and Claudette Colbert, as the young Egyptian queen, Cleopatra, in the Cecil B. DeMille production to be released presently.

C. AUBREY SMITH, as the rugged soldier, Enobarbus, an officer of Caesar's army, in "Cleopatra."

WARREN WILLIAM takes the part of Julius Caesar, who comes on a conquering mission to Egypt, in "Cleopatra."

Tremendous Detail!

From Our Hollywood Correspondent

AS far as the public is aware, Cecil B. DeMille occupied only three months to produce his latest Paramount road-show, "Cleopatra," which will presently be seen in Australia.

Actually, those three months of production form merely the climax of more than a year of hard work.

IN a room of Cleopatra's palace at Alexandria, Julius Caesar was portrayed seated in an Egyptian chair, toying with models of instruments of war, and dictating terms to Egyptian officials. Around him stood his Roman guards and officers of the army of Egypt. A supposed merchant brings him a present of a rare rug which, on being unrolled, disclosed Cleopatra herself, who was wrapped in the folds.

Many people have heard of this famous incident, but in order to bring it to life on the screen there were many details to be thought of.

What sort of a room was it, and how was it furnished? How did Caesar and Cleopatra dress? What were the details of the soldiers' uniforms? Who were the dignitaries he was dictating to, and what were the terms and the reasons behind them? How did Caesar have his hair cut?

Libraries Searched

SOME of the largest libraries and museums in the world, including the famous repository of Egyptian lore at Cairo, were called on for help. For eight months, Cecil B. DeMille and his staff burned midnight oil in order to make themselves acquainted with the historical background.

When every member of the staff had steeped himself thoroughly in the general atmosphere, they then went their individual ways.

Jeanie Macpherson, Waldemar Young, and Vincent Lawrence, all of whom worked on the script, then concentrated on incidents and happenings.

Hans Dreir and his art staff went into minute detail on architecture, interior decorating and allied subjects.

David MacDonald, one of DeMille's assistant directors, concentrated on props—on articles ranging from water clocks to Cleopatra's hairpins.

DeMille himself and his first assistant, Cullen Tate, had the task of learning all of these things thoroughly.

The players were by no means left out of it. Claudette Colbert spent all of her spare time reading every available book on Cleopatra. Henry Wilcoxon, whom DeMille brought over from England to play Marc Antony, did the same for his character, while Warren William had to study the traits of Julius Caesar.

Careful Reproduction

CLAUDETTE had her hair hennaed in exactly the shade the Egyptian Queen was known to have used. Her finger nails and even toe nails were painted red—another idiosyncrasy of the Siren of the Nile.

Caesar's motives in coming to Egypt, what he discussed with Pothinos and Achilles, the men who had grasped the power of Egypt from Cleopatra in favor of her young brother, Ptolemy, had to be ascertained correctly.

DeMille and his scenarists were able to build up dialogue with Caesar's demands for money and shiploads of corn to be sent to Rome all based on the facts of this incident.

It is claimed that when Warren William turned his head to look out of the window of the set, his eye met an exact reproduction of the view of Alexandria on which Julius Caesar had gazed nearly 2000 years ago.

The immense amount of jewellery and metal work worn by both men and women of that time was made entirely in the studio. For months, jewellers worked with metal and semi-precious stones making rings, bracelets, brooches, amulets and belts.

In the foundry they forged swords and spears, and cast armor and helmets. They stamped out intricate designs on breast plates and helmet visors.

Cleopatra's Barge

WHEN the banquet scene on Cleopatra's barge appears on the screen, the audience is bound to murmur: "Ah! Cecil B. DeMille up to his old lavish tricks."

Actually the accounts in history of this incident show that the scene was sufficiently resplendent for the most extravagant imagination to cope with.

The barge itself, as described by a writer contemporary with Cleopatra, was enough to make anyone gasp. Its purple sails and silver oars, worked to the rhythm of constantly playing flutes and hautboys, its inlaid gold work and the huge screen of ostrich feathers which surrounded the queen's couch, were enough to give DeMille and his staff enough material for detailed work to last them for months.

Nor were the baths at Rome something just to be glossed over. The main bath was reconstructed on the back lot at Paramount, using a tank 100ft. by 150ft. In it, according to the custom then prevalent, men and women bathed together.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM
★★★ *Three stars—excellent.*
★★ *Two stars—good films.*
★ *One star—average films.*
No stars ..... no good.

★★ LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?

Margaret Sullavan, Douglass Montgomery. (Universal.)

ADAPTED from Hans Fallada's novel of post-war depression in Germany, this film should have a wide appeal beyond its author's country. Its hero and heroine in a sense typify the youth of the civilised world struggling against the distresses that they have been born to but did not cause. A pair of babes in the wood they seem, beset by terrors and uncertainties when they enter upon married life with such slender resources. But they have each other, and a day's holiday in the woods together is enough for happiness. Through the tribulations that come soon young love sustains them; the little wife (Margaret Sullavan) encourages her husband (Douglass Montgomery), and on the birth of their child fortune changes.

It is a simple and moving story, bearing the impress of truth. We share the anxiety of Montgomery, being polite to the corn chandler's unattractive daughter in order to keep his job, and his despair at losing it. Then when they come to live with his stepmother (Catherine Doucet) in Berlin we watch their painful realisation of that questionable household, and his failure to satisfy another tyrannical employer, and wonder how they will fare.

The acting all round is good. The ogreish Kleinholz, the stepmother, and the genial scamp, Jachmann, are all real people. What is not sufficiently explained is the reason for the hysterical outburst in the stepmother's apartment. But the direction with its exact detail and faithful reproduction of the German atmosphere merits high praise.—Liberty.

★★ NANA

Anna Sten, Phillips Holmes, Lionel Atwill. (Samuel Goldwyn; U.A.)

IT is apparent from the beginning that no trouble or expense has been spared over this very interesting production, which recreates with marvellous fidelity the Parisian background of Zola's novel, set in 1870. Also the much-heralded Russian importation, Anna Sten, who plays the title role, is an actress of unusual beauty. From some aspects the lovely rounded face with its widely-set eyes and soft mouth is ravishing. But whether Goldwyn, for all his care, has chosen the best method to show off his discovery we are not at all so sure. One has a feeling that she has been sedulously schooled in every movement. We should like to see her given freer play.

The story, a little slow in getting under way, opens with Nana and her two friends in one of the cafes that they haunt. It moves steadily forward through her triumphant music hall debut, her frustrated love for the young lieutenant (Phillips Holmes), and her submission to his self-deceiving brother (Lionel Atwill) to a rather abrupt climax. Good work is done by Richard Bennett as the impresario, and by Holmes and Atwill who, between them, tear the poor butterfly to pieces.—Regent.

★★ SHE LOVES ME NOT

Bing Crosby, Miriam Hopkins. (Paramount.)

IF it were not for Miriam Hopkins this would be an average musical film dealing with scatter-brained undergraduates. However, Miss Hopkins, one of the most adroit actresses on the screen, supplies zest and originality with her characterisation of a cabaret dancer whose one idea is to avoid being held by the police as a witness, when a gangster murder is perpetrated just near her during her solo turn. Whether her fears about the treatment she would receive from the Philadelphia police are well founded, we cannot say. But the impact of this scared child of the underworld upon the innocent and well-meaning Crosby and his tap-dancing friend, who risk expulsion from Princeton by hiding her in their rooms disguised as a boy, is very amusing.

Miss Hopkins' entry into films and her reaction to Press publicity on that account also provide excellent passages. In fact, all the part about picture production is treasurable. Here and in the Press stunting the production is on firmer ground than in the college sequences, though Henry Stephenson has the right manner for a college dean.—Prince Edward.

★ LOOKING FOR TROUBLE

Spencer Tracy, Jack Oakie, Constance Cummings. (20th Century; U.A.)

ANYONE who wants to see how telephone wire-tapping is done will find a demonstration of it in this quick-action drama, concerning repair linesmen and their sweethearts on the switchboard. Spencer Tracy, however, as a man who refuses promotion to an office foreman's job because he prefers the thrills of a "trouble-shooter's" work, and Jack Oakie, as his practical-joking mate, together restore confidence in the telephone system by tracing the wire-tapping gang and checking their scoundrelly operations.

So far, so good. These are a very satisfactory pair, and the romantic interest is supplied in a natural manner by Constance Cummings and her friend. The episode of the exhaustive and exhausting telephoning to get on the track of the wanted person is also reasonable as well as amusing. But we thought the melodrama of the close rather excessive. To throw in an earthquake on top of fire and murder is to give the audience too much for the money.—Regent.

★ HAVE A HEART

Jean Parker, James Dunn. (M.-G.-M.)

SINCERITY of feeling is the keynote of Jean Parker's acting. Here she is a poor girl who is crippled by an accident on the eve of her wedding, which is consequently broken off. The story of how happiness comes to her later through a better man, and how all other things are added unto her besides is in the vein of homely romance, with a nondescript pet dog causing some of the complications of the plot.

James Dunn is well suited by his part of energetic ice cream salesman, popular with all the children on his beat, who consoles the heroine after the usual misunderstandings, while Una Merkel, who runs a little beauty parlor, and spends a lot of time in scoffing at Stuart Erwin's get-rich-quick notions, puts in deft comedy touches. But what we enjoyed most was Erwin's late transformation from an incipient and unsuccessful crook into a confident, bowler-hatted cigar-smoking detective.—St. James.

★ DOUBLE DOOR

Mary Morris, Evelyn Venable, Kent Taylor. (Paramount.)

HERE is a forceful study of warped psychology, carried through with quiet consistency. Into the proud mansion of the immensely wealthy Van Bretts on Fifth Avenue, a mausoleum-like house keeping within its shutters relics of the past, comes a fresh young bride (Evelyn Venable), in comparison humbly born. Of her husband's middle-aged step-sisters the elder, Victoria (Mary Morris), is relentlessly hostile. She stops at nothing in her determination to get rid of the hated upstart and resume her long-held sway.

One can imagine, after seeing her Medea, with what demonaic power Sybil Thorndike endowed the part of the malignant Victoria in the London stage production. Miss Morris can fairly make your flesh creep, too. As good in its way is the presentation of the other sister, Caroline, reduced to neurosis by Victoria's tyranny. But Kent Taylor is too robust a physical type for the weak-willed young half-brother. Colin Tapley, the New Zealander, who recently won a contract with Paramount, makes a pleasant impression as the husband's doctor friend.—Civic.

★ MIDNIGHT ALIBI

Richard Barthelmess, Ann Dvorak, Helen Lowell. (Warner Bros.)

RICHARD BARTHELMESS, the gangster of the main story, is remarkably like Richard Barthelmess, the junior clerk of 45 years before, in spite of different clothes and haircut, and though that was quite another person. So we were not surprised when the rich old lady (Helen Lowell), who had sat in her fine old house in New York all those years mourning her humble lover who was killed, felt she recognised him when he dropped in seeking refuge from a rival gang. On the other hand it seemed to us that the sweet old spinster did not herself much resemble the girl she had been years ago, as played by Helen Chandler. Still, 45 years do make odd changes in people's appearances. And the house, remaining all the time exactly as before, provides a charming setting for its aged owner's gentle dignity.

How the gangster is reconciled to his girl (Ann Dvorak) through old Abigail's tender interest makes a pleasantly sentimental romance. By her delicate juggling with truth she also saves him from the clutches of the law. Which goes to prove the authority wielded by a spotless reputation.—Capitol.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602627

REXONA relieves stinging heat

The soothing, healing properties of Rexona Ointment take all the sting and heat out of sunburn the instant you apply it. Rexona leaves the skin cool and healthy, and prevents painful blistering.

Always use Rexona Ointment and Soap for . . .

Chafing, abrasions, ulcers, skin blemishes, dandruff, rashes, piles, eczema, all skin complaints.

Rexona
the rapid healer
OINTMENT & SOAP

REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

CENTENARY AIR RACE RESULTS
£1000 COMPETITION

See the Melbourne "Sun" last Saturday, Nov. 3rd, The Sydney "Telegraph," the Adelaide "Advertiser," last Monday, November 5th; and the Brisbane "Courier-Mail," Friday, November 9th, for results of Air Race Competition. Cheques will be posted during the next few days to all prize winners, and printed results are being sent to all competitors.

Watch for new "Popular Lines" Competition.

MUSIC OF THE WEEK

MUSIC COMES to *Life* in *Russian* BALLET

Ballet has been defined as a perfect union of movement and music. In the repertoire of our present visitors there is much which charms ear as well as eye, ballets with lovely music including Carnaval, Les Sylphides, Lac Des Cygnes, Coppelia, The Magic Flute, and Raymonda.

FOR some of us, shadows of Diaghileff, Nijinsky, and Pavlova pirouette and pose among the dancers who have brought back Russian ballet to Australia after an interval of five years.

The first real attempt to found a school of dancing was made in 1735 by the Tsarina Anna Ivanovna at the request of Christian Wellman, teacher of gymnastics at the Imperial Cadet School. He was permitted to take twelve poor boys and girls and train them as professionals.

Results so pleased the Tsarina that she paid all the expenses of educating and maintaining these students, and lent them one of her palaces. The first director was Landet, a French ballet-master, and the children were supervised by the widow of a Court coachman.

THIS was the humble beginning of the Imperial School of Dancing, whence graduated Olga Spessiva, prima ballerina of the company now in Australia.

The father of Russian ballet is generally considered to be Carl Ludwig Didelot, a Frenchman, who emphasised the importance of systematic training, and of the precept: "A true dancer must be also a good actor and a poet at heart."

Thanks to his strictness and understanding, the school flourished, holding a prominent place in Russian art until the revolution. The exclusiveness of the institute, and its close contact with the Court, gave it a kind of halo. As the Corps des Pages, pupils of the school were part of the Imperial household.

Each pupil received eight years' instruction by the best masters. The school was run with military discipline, never slackened. A rigorous physical examination by doctors and ballet-masters decided which children could be accepted for a two years' probation.

When a child "made good," parents virtually relinquished all rights, and the pupil was formally adopted by the Tsar.

To this superb school in 1900 came Vaslav Nijinsky, shy and timid, but destined to leave a lasting mark on Russian ballet.

NIJINSKY made his break with the Imperial Ballet, in which he had danced with great distinction, over a trivial matter of costume. It was then that Sergei de Diaghileff formed a permanent touring organisation in which his own artistic dreams and those of Nijinsky could be freely realised.

Russian Ballet Changes

THE Russian Ballet, which is having a successful season at the Theatre Royal, changes its programme every Saturday.

Thursday and Friday will be the last nights of "The Magic Flute," "Sylphides," and "Promenade."

On Saturday a new programme, including "Visions" and "Carnaval," will commence.

Nijinsky felt that the real liberation of ballet had not yet taken place. His first radical step was to eject the whole classical technique, eliminating the floating, sinuous gestures and every unnecessary move. He allowed only definitely rhythmic and essential steps.

In Victor Dandre's company the name of Vaslav Nijinsky is revered, though his technique is not practised to the exclusion of older ones.

Our visitors agree that Nijinsky conserved in his dancing the highest perfections of the genuine Russian style, seeming to focus in his own person that

Music Events see Page 22

wonderful adaptability which has kept Russian ballet a vehicle for the most vital forms of artistic expression throughout two centuries.

THE Russian repertoire includes important works, music for which has been written by ultra-modern composers of other nations. A special ballet development, in which the music is more important than the story, are the ballets of the extreme French ultra-modernists which reflect the life, thought, and art movements of the times in pantomime dance. In such music the bizarre, discordant, and synthetic "jazz" predominates.

"Le Train Bleu" (Darius Milhaud, 1925) used jazz in a highbrow way to picture society life at Deauville. Musically important ballets by modern American composers include Henry Gilbert's "The Dance in Place Congo," John Alden Carpenter's "The Birthday of the Infanta," in which the childish ridicule of a little Spanish princess drives a misshapen Court dwarf to kill himself, and Emerson Whithorne's "Sooner or Later," which offers a ballet picture of American life in a coming crystal age of geometric living.

Irene Vera Young . . . As "Salome"

OSCAR WILDE'S tragedy, "Salome," was given a new interpretation at the King's Hall, Hunter St., on Monday and Wednesday, when Dr. Raoul Cardamatis, producer for The Impressionist Theatre Club, presented this play as a setting for a beautiful solo dance by Irene Vera Young, who played the name part.

With Miss Young's exquisite dancing and Dr. Cardamatis' genius at stage effects and production, the performance was bound to be a success anywhere.

Wilfred Blacket took the part of Herod at the last moment in the place of John Gould, who was ill, and so splendid was his acting that it was not till after the performance that anyone knew he had had only six hours to learn his lines. Ewart Collings, a new man to the Sydney repertory stage, was a very impressive John the Baptist. Frederick Hyde as Tigellinus did amazing things with a part that only had a few lines.

The star of the performance, however, was Irene Vera Young. She proved herself to be not only a dancer of genius, which is already well known, but an actress of marked ability. Ramsay Pennicuick composed the delightful music to which she danced.

The performance will be repeated on Saturday night.

Time will tell

The real test of an investment is its capacity to stand in the time of crisis.

The last four years have shown how unsound apparently safe and remunerative investments really were — as many thousands of people know to their bitter cost.

Amid all the crash of cherished hopes — the loss of hard-earned savings — the failure of glowing financial prospects — one investment stands secure.

ASSETS
£277,000,000

Prudential Assurance is the best investment

Pos

PRUDENTIAL
ASSURANCE COMPANY LTD.
HERALD BUILDING PITT ST.
SYDNEY

INCORPORATED IN ENGLAND

To England

The Whole Ship is Yours!

BAY Boat travel has been devised to adequately meet the needs of those who wish to travel economically whilst enjoying a high standard of comfort and service.

Cabins are spacious, well-furnished and well-ventilated. Excellent and pleasingly-varied meals are provided and an atmosphere of homely comfort and friendliness enhances your enjoyment of the voyage. Broad decks for happy hours of sport, dancing and cinema shows; a special playroom delights the children.

ABERDEEN & COMMONWEALTH LINE

Write for Free Illustrated Booklet—Fares, etc., to:

DALGETY & CO. LTD.
2 O'Connell Street
Sydney

or

ABERDEEN & COMMONWEALTH LINE
17 O'Connell Street
Sydney

ONE CLASS
BAY BOATS

R.B.11

Hello Everybody!

CENOVIS YEAST PTY. LTD.

broadcasting three essentials for health, happiness, and enjoyment. Listen to our sessions about them from

3KZ Melbourne at 8.30 and from 3UZ Melbourne at 9.15 every Monday evening

First, we have the wonderfully health-giving vitaminised

Cenovis Irradiated Medicinal Yeast

which is irradiated with the ultra violet ray and which is a real health-giver, invaluable in all cases of constipation, gastric and digestive troubles, rheumatism and neuritis and all nervous complaints. A necessity for giving children and adults a full vitamin ration. Protects against all infectious diseases. **EXCELLENT ALSO FOR BAKING.**

CENOVIS Fe-P-Y Irradiated, Ironised, Phosphorised & Peptonised Yeast Tablets

Invaluable for women as a wonderful tonic and digestive. Clears the complexion and fills you with pep and energy. Sold by chemists only (or direct if your chemist cannot supply) at 1/6 for 25, 2/6 for 50, 4/6 for 100, plus postage 3d. Medicinal yeast by chemists only at 2/9, 5/- and 8/- for 4oz., 8oz., and 16oz.

Fe-P-Y Sparkling Lager

makes 4 gallons, or 2 doz bottles of excellent non-intoxicating real lager for only 5/-. Contains genuine ingredients, no chemicals or flavoring. Easy to brew and entirely satisfactory in every way. Ask your storekeeper to get it for you from his wholesale house and save postage. A wonderful drink for young and old, healthgiving and thirst-quenching.

CENOVIS YEAST PTY. LTD., Elizabeth St., Melbourne. Phone: C7599.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602628

LUCKY FRED AGAIN

Another Record

3rd and 4th PRIZES FRIDAY!

FRIDAY'S lottery again brought Lucky Fred well into the limelight when with another of his superlative strokes of luck he won both the THIRD and FOURTH prizes of £500 and £300 for his syndicates.

This is the FIRST TIME that any Syndicate has won TWO major prizes in the one Lottery—another record for Lucky Fred. Now is the time to follow Fred—share in his next First Prize.

NEW SHARES

In response to the request of hundreds of his clients Lucky Fred now offers SEVENTH SHARES in his Syndicates as well as his Lucky FIFTH shares.

A seventh share from Fred only costs you 1/-, and can win £715 or one-seventh of any other prize in the lottery. Send NOW while Fred's on the crest of this winning wave!

BRANCH AT 14 BARRACK STREET
Call in for either a FIFTH or SEVENTH share from Lucky Fred at his branch in Barrack Street.
ONE MINUTE SERVICE!

GOOD LUCK COUPON
How to Send in—

FOR A FIFTH SHARE	1/6
FOR A SEVENTH SHARE	1/-
A FIFTH AND SEVENTH SHARE (in different Tickets)	2/6

Or
SPECIAL OFFER.
FOUR 1-5th SHARES IN DIFFERENT TICKETS FOR 5/-.

Simply Buy your Postal Note, attach this coupon, and be sure to send a stamped envelope bearing your own name and address. Your shares will be sent by return mail in the very next State Lottery to be drawn. If to-day's your lucky day, then £1000 or £715 is yours next week. You know the address—

LUCKY FRED "W.W."
BOX 3908TT, G.P.O., SYDNEY

HORSE RACING *No Longer* the *Sport* of KINGS!

Women Owners in Cup Carnival

By JOCELYN, The Women's Weekly Turf Writer

Horseracing has always been known as the "sport of Kings," but into the exclusive circle formerly preserved for the nobility women have gradually worked their way.

Three of the starters in Melbourne's Centenary Cup ran in the names of women owners.

In England and America to-day many women not only own strings of racehorses, but are famous as breeders of bloodstock.

UP to a year or two ago the woman racehorse owner in Australia was rather a rarity. But a change has come over the scene, even in one year.

Looking through the entries for the various events of the Melbourne Cup carnival we find that in some of the races half a dozen women owners are represented, many of them women who have recently come into the racing game.

The Melbourne Cup field of twenty-five horses contained three stayers nominated by women owners—Miramond, Sylvandale, and Gladswood—and several other women withdrew their horses when the final acceptances were declared.

Mrs. M. Gearin, of Sydney, figured as the owner of Miramond, a New Zealand-bred horse.

"Miss Lorna Doone," who owns Sylvandale, the runner-up in the Derby, is Mrs. Leslie Utz, the wife of Dr. Leslie Utz, a well-known Macquarie St. specialist.

Mrs. John Spencer Brunton, the owner of Gladswood, ran her colt in both the Derby and the Melbourne Cup. Mrs. Spencer Brunton won the A.J.C. Metropolitan some years ago with a mare called Jocelyn, which died in New Zealand only recently. Mrs. Brunton is, of course, in Melbourne at present watching the efforts of her favorite three-year-old.

MISS GWEN DUGGAN, an enthusiastic young horse owner, is seen here on her favorite pony. She is one of the few women racehorse owners who take a personal interest in their preparation for a race.

Gladswood, a beautiful stamp of thoroughbred, has been unlucky up to date in his racing career. He was a birthday present to Mrs. Spencer Brunton from her husband, and may yet turn out a champion.

Has Won £20,000

MRS. L. R. BUXTON, Melbourne's most successful woman racehorse owner, won a race on Thursday last with Heros, which was also engaged in the Yan Yean Stakes on Melbourne Cup day. Mrs. Buxton is the leading woman of the turf in Australia, having won a Caulfield Cup with High Syce, and numerous sprint races with Queensland-bred horses. In the past six years Mrs. Buxton has won over £20,000 in prize money alone with her horses. She is the proud possessor of six gold cups, and has never owned a horse that has not won a race.

Another prominent woman of the Turf is Mrs. E. A. Widdis, whose horse, Star Lover, ran in the Yan Yean Stakes. Mrs. Widdis is the wife of a wealthy New South Wales squatter, and has already won a Melbourne Cup with Patrobas.

Also in the Yan Yean Stakes was Curious Lady, owned by Miss Mary Taylor, a well-known Melbourne girl, who has just returned from a world tour. This is Miss Taylor's first year as a racehorse owner, and her successes have not been outstanding up to the present.

ON the third day of the meeting 11 women owners have horses engaged, perhaps the best known of whom is Miss M. R. Baillieu, owner of Windsor Park. Miss Baillieu is a daughter of Mr. Clive Baillieu, and a sister of Mrs. Sam Hordern.

Mrs. C. Ralph has Demella engaged in the Maiden Plate, while Dr. Jean Rountree will run Lillirine, and Mrs. W. S. Robinson, who will run Avenue Road, is the wife of a prominent Melbourne financial magnate.

In the Oaks Stakes for fillies seven women have nominated their charges. Miss Joan W. Andrew has Forest Dell, Mrs. J. Prentice King Graculus, Mrs. A. K. Smith Amada, Mrs. G. I. McQueen Torbund, Mrs. H. D. Wood Deep Lead, Mrs. J. R. Warren Orada, and Mrs. P. H. Osborne (of Sydney) Yule Log.

In the Cup Steeplechase Mrs. Ross Grey Smith, one of the outstanding figures at Melbourne race meetings, has Drake entered. Mrs. Smith, who was formerly Betty Fairbairn, the airwoman, in addition to her Turf interests is a keen squash racquet player of considerable skill.

AT Randwick recently I had an interesting talk with Miss Gwen Duggan, owner of Semmak. Miss Duggan is one of the youngest and most enthusiastic racehorse owners in the game to-day. Racing is in the blood of this young Australian girl whose father won two Derbies and a Caulfield Cup with Amberite many years ago, and also all the weight-for-age races of the year.

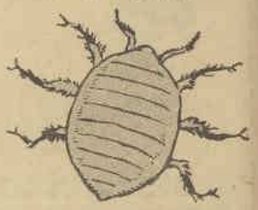
MISS MARY BAILLIEU, a Melbourne society girl who recently joined the ranks of racehorse owners.

Miss Duggan is one of the few women owners who take a personal interest in their horses, and regard breakfast and afternoon tea as the small things of life when they clash with trial gallops. She thinks nothing of missing a meal when there is an opportunity of slipping over to Randwick to see her horses in action prior to a race meeting.

It costs about £3/10/- a week to keep each racehorse in food and training, so that it is easily understandable that being the proud owner of a thoroughbred is a privilege reserved for people of some means and leisure. In addition to the £3/10/- a week there has to be added the cost of shoeing, jockey fees, and nomination and acceptances fees.

LIFE-SIZE DOLL
UNBREAKABLE. Only 2/6
About 27 inches High.
Reproduction of a French creation in fine, fast colours on cloth that won't tear. Intended to be stuffed. Grandma's Model Doll never fails to please. Will outlast a dozen expensive Dolls. Price only 2/6 posted, and for the next 30 days one Baby Doll given Free.
Anglo-American Publishing Coy., 82 Pitt St., Box 1162BH, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

• BUGS •



These dangerous, disease-carrying vermin are bred in filth. Unfortunately they are so easily picked up in public places that they are often introduced by the cleanest people to the cleanest homes. So far the only satisfactory method of eradicating them has been fumigating with cyanide gas which, on account of its danger, must be carried out by experts. Ordinary powders have proved ineffective as they repel the insects. Modern science has evolved Murdirbug which is so composed that it lures all insects to certain death.

Ants, bugs, cockroaches and silverfish all die for Murdirbug

The price of Murdirbug is only 2/-, packed in special nozzle tins with full directions. Obtainable Now at Anthony Hordern & Sons Ltd., Grace Bros. Ltd., and Nock & Kirby's, or ask your Chemist or Storekeeper to procure for you from

JOHN WYATT,
212 CLARENCE STREET, SYDNEY.
Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand.
Telephone: MA2604.

Just ONE PAIR of EYES ☆

FOR the past 600 years the practice of OPTOMETRY—the measurement of visual errors and their correction with the aid of lenses—has been steadily advancing, until, to-day the modern OPTOMETRIST (Consulting Optician) is able to render invaluable public service and relieve afflictions in a manner never dreamed possible.
Specialising in eyesight aid, he is also equipped for the detection of conditions requiring medical or surgical treatment, and whenever such cases are met with they are referred for appropriate medical treatment. When you feel the need of Optical attention take the obvious course and consult your skilled SIGHT TESTER—Your OPTOMETRIST—who practises under Government license by Act of Parliament.
Inserted by the Eyesight Preservation Council of Australia.

☆ Consult an Optometrist FIRST

Three quarter-pint tins of . . .
QUICK GENERAL PURPOSE ENAMEL
are all you need, plus a little spare time—and you have a new breakfast-room set for about *half the original cost of one chair.*
"QUICK" Enamel flows out evenly without brush marks; dries in a few hours and gives a lasting glossy surface. Made in 33 fascinating shades—all intermixable.
SOLD EVERYWHERE
Also "QUICK" Stain, "QUICK" Clear and "QUICK" Silver

FREE!

A GLORIOUS SUMMER CRUISE FOR TWO

For the best sentence about British Chief Dress Fabric, not exceeding 12 words, a holiday sea trip for two persons will be awarded. Each entry must be accompanied by a docket showing the purchase of either British Chief or Murralta Dress Material. The closing date is November 24th, 1934. Results will appear in leading city papers on December 15th, 1934.

2nd PRIZE—£3.
20 Consolation Prizes—£1 each.

British Chief is cool and smart . . . a serviceable, all-British summer fabric for sports and house frocks, school uniforms, children's clothing, etc., sold everywhere at 1/11 per yard, 36 ins. wide. Guaranteed fadeless in full range of latest colors.

Post all entries to D. & W. Murray Ltd., Box 5208, G.P.O., Sydney

British Chief
The all-purpose summer fabric

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602629

ICE CHESTS

Both doors Front opening

from 67/6 CASH Galvanised, 1 shelf

also the 'SIBERIA'

CORK PACKED. TWO SHELVES

METROPOLITAN EASY TERMS

FROM 5/- DEPOSIT 2/6 WEEKLY

This is our Standard Quality Ice Chest, well known for 25 years for its reliability and economy in ice consumption. Splendidly finished Oak Case. Galvanised from 85/-, and One Piece seamless Porcelain Enamelled linings from £5/10/-.

A size for every home. Carries our usual Full Guarantee. All our Ice Chests have both doors "Front Opening"—NOT the old style "Lift-lid."

Are you discussing furnishing?

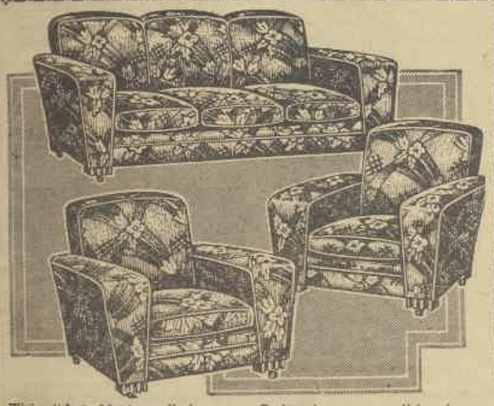
W·W·CAMPBELLS'

will give you

2 YEARS TO PAY!

NOVEMBER SPECIAL. Furnish on the "50 Pay Way" (50 Fortnightly payments). This remarkable plan for completely furnishing the home is available in the Metropolitan Area during NOVEMBER.

LOWEST DEPOSITS IN SYDNEY. You can also make smaller, or any purchases on W. W. Campbells' Warehouse Easy Terms—the easiest in Sydney, too.



This "Art Moderne" Lounge Suite has reversible, inner spring, Loose Cushion Seats of latest design. The suite is upholstered in attractive English material and is splendid value at This Week's Cash Price, £17/17/-.

IMMEDIATE METROPOLITAN DELIVERY ON

17/6 DEPOSIT 4/6 WEEKLY

New design 4ft. 6in. Oak Breakfast Room Cabinet, fully fitted. Colored leadlight doors are particularly attractive. This Week's Cash Price, 79/6.

Trousseau Chest, in Polished Walnut, has full-length sliding trays, etc., and is a beautiful article at the Special Cash Price, 65/-.

Oak Loughboy has sliding trays, trouser rails, and adjustable mirror. This Week's Cash Price, 59/6.

Full panel Oak Bedstead has strong adjustable wire mattress. This Week's Cash Price, 31/6. (Kapok Mattress, pure Japara, is 26/9 extra.)

OPEN ON FRIDAY NIGHT

EXTRAORDINARY RADIO VALUE

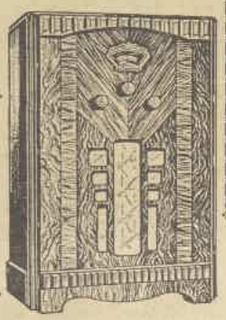
Further Release of Limited Number of 5-Valve Superhets at

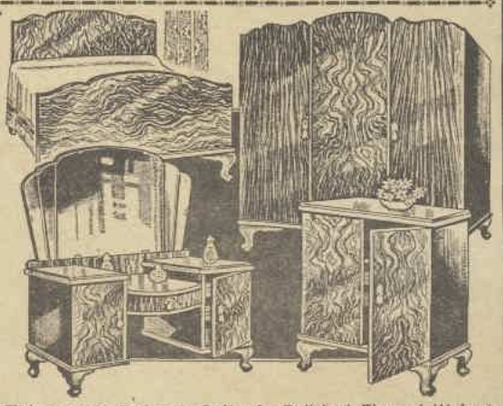
Reduced Cash Price £12/19/6

This Model, The "Clarence," can be secured on

15/- DEPOSIT 3/6 WEEKLY

Free Delivery,
Free Service,
Free Installation.
Guaranteed 12 Months.
Immediate Metropolitan Delivery of this Model, as illustrated, on Cash or Terms as above.





This artistic Bedroom Suite, in Polished Figured Walnut Veneer, is a notable example of Warehouse value. 4ft. 8in. Wardrobe and Double Loughboy are both fully fitted with sliding trays, etc. 3ft. 6in. Drop-centre Knee-hole Dressing Table has bow-front centre drawer, sliding trays, and extra large five-piece frameless mirror. This handsome suite is wonderful quality at This Week's Cash Price, £17/17/-. (Bedstead extra).

METROPOLITAN DELIVERY ON

17/6 DEPOSIT 4/6 WEEKLY

GENUINE LINOLEUM

TWO YARDS WIDE

5/3, 5/11, 7/6 PER YARD

IMITATION LINOLEUM

TWO YARDS WIDE

3/3, 4/3, 4/11 PER YARD

WONDERFUL REDUCTIONS BRITISH AXMINSTER CARPETS

	9ft. x 7ft. 6in.	9ft. x 9ft.	10ft. 6in. x 9ft.	12ft. x 9ft.
Usual Value:	£5/19/6	£6/19/6	£7/19/6	£8/19/6
NOW AT—	£4/10/-	£5/10/-	£6/5/-	£7/5/-

AT 249 Clarence St. One Door from Market St.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602630

'Simply delightful'

K 79/12/34

KRAFT CHEESE

MADE FROM FINEST AUSTRALIAN CHEDDAR

"THE AGE" BROADCASTING SERVICE.

3HA HAMILTON 297 metres.

WOMEN'S SESSION by JANET GAY

MON.-FRI., 1.45 P.M. to 4.30 P.M.

CHILDREN'S SUNSHINE CLUB, 5.45-6.30 p.m.

ENTERTAINMENT—SPORTING—NEWS—TEST CRICKET.

LOUISE MACK ADVISES

On matters of everyday concern to women!

Avoid the Commonplace... Hidden Riches in Silence

To be commonplace is a very different thing from having common sense.

In fact, it is difficult to understand how people with common sense can endure to hear themselves talking commonplaces for any considerable time.

COMMON sense ought to point out to these offenders that the giving utterance to commonplace conversation is a waste of time, a waste of energy, and a sheer futility. They are using their petrol without getting anywhere.

You get into a tram, and a banal woman steps in after you. Oh, how you hope she won't sit next to you. But she will—she will. They always sit next to you, the banal ones, always, just as if they dare not miss the chance of a victim.

The tram clatters; the doors creak and jar; the stoppages make fiendish noises; the passengers crowd in to suffocation, and still the banal one holds forth in your aching ear, reducing you to "Yes" and "No" as she tells you how she hates the cold, she loves the heat—oh, she loves the hot weather, but she simply can't bear the cold. "Some people like the cold better than the heat; my sister likes the cold, but I like the heat. I'm glad when the hot weather comes. I always say that I don't like the cold weather. I always say that I love the heat, it seems to suit me, but it doesn't suit my husband as well as it suits me; it seems to make me feel so well. To-day is very cold, isn't it? Don't you think to-day is very cold?"

That is pretty trying. But still it won't hurt you, really. It is simple, unaffected, homely banality, and you can simply say "Yes" and "No" at the pauses, and not listen to the filled-up parts.

Ah, but the banality that tries not to be banal is what does the worst mental damage.

The woman, for instance, who will try and tell you the untellable plot of the book she's been reading.

It needn't be a woman, either, only that men, let us grant them this, don't get up heart-to-heart conversations in trams, even the most banal ones (men, not trams!).

THIS smartly-tailored "Speedo" costume should be popular this season. It is carried out in patriotic colors, with a white top and blue trunks. The plaited girdle and neck trimming are red, white, and blue, while the cute, embroidered anchor on the bodice is in keeping with the present nautical vogue.

"HUSBAND" writes: "My wife gets furious with me because I walk away while she is talking. She calls me a boor. She never understands that her talk wearies me physically to the point of exhaustion because it is all about nothing that matters."

Is there anything worse than banality, we sometimes cry despairingly? and the answer is, "Yes, there is the banality that tries not to be banal. That is the worst of all."

Why, I often ask myself, do people bother to waste their breath over commonplaces when there are such nice things to talk about; such lovely, interesting things.

Now the trouble could be easily eradicated if only banal people wouldn't talk. But they will.

THE other day a truly great man, Admiral Byrd, emerged from his amazing experiment of spending a season alone down by the South Pole, and what was the message the Admiral gave the world after his long months of utter solitude, and never a banal word anywhere?

"I was enriched."

That was what happened to the admiral.

In utter silence and utter aloneness he found himself enriched.

Love bade me welcome; yet my soul drew back,
Guilty of dust and sin.
But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack,
From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning
If I lack'd anything.

—George Herbert.

SAUNDERS

Christmas Star Bargain Carnival

Wonderful Savings can be made on Xmas Gifts by making your selections NOW. Amazing "Star Bargains" in every Department. WATCH THIS SPACE EVERY WEEK! Why not make a Lay-By?

Blue White Diamond Rings

"STAR BARGAIN"
This very Pretty Diamond Ring, with nine Blue-White Diamonds, Platinum set 18ct. Gold, reduced by £2/10/-.
~~£15~~ £12/10/-

See the Latest Single and Two-Diamond Rings in colored pages of "Star Bargain" Catalogue.

Adjusted to Split-Second Accuracy. Make a Xmas Lay-by.

~~85/-~~ Star Bargain 75/-
Ladies' Solid 9ct. Gold Watch, on Mesh Band, lovely shape. 15 Jewel high quality movement. Guaranteed 15 years. Save 10/-

Mail Orders Post Free. Arrival Guaranteed. Clip Illustration, and send with Order.

~~85/-~~ Star Bargain 58/6
Men's Gold-filled Watch, on Mesh Band, with accurate 15 Jewel lever movement. Luminous dial. Guaranteed 10 years. Popular shape, fits snugly to the wrist. Save 7/6.

Xmas "Star Bargain" Catalogue
Sent Post Free on request. Bargains on every page. See the lovely colored pages of New Xmas Giftware. Write for one NOW!
Mention "Women's Weekly"

Fruit Compott All Quality, Silver-Plated. 15/-

Cut Glass Salad Bowl, with Silver-plated Mounts and Servers. Wonderful Value.
CARNIVAL PRICE 21/6

Tune-in 2GB, 7.15 nightly, for "Musical Jewels."

Men's Shaving Compact, in Tort., Xylonite. Usually 18/6. NOW 15/-

Men's Tortoiseshell Xylonite Hair and Cloth Brushes in a handsome Presentation Case. Good long-wearing bristles.
CARNIVAL PRICE 25/-

SAUNDERS
805-13 GEORGE ST., RAILWAY SQUARE.
385 PITT ST. (Opp. Snow's), SYDNEY

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602631

Intimate Jottings

Did You Know That—

Mollie Williamson, of Collarenebri, is the guest of Mrs. B. S. Haley, at Double Bay, and will stay in town for the festivities at the end of November?

A dance will be held during the visit of the Duke of Gloucester at the Royal Sydney Golf Club?

A unique specimen of wool half grey and half white with a clearly defined line between the colors is of interest to the Agricultural Department? The fleece comes from Mr. Ernest Merriman's station at Yass.

Mrs. Cliff Kitchen has booked her passage for a trip to England in February?

Fiji Visitors

IN a remarkably short space of time Australian sunshine brings roses to the cheeks of children who have spent the greater part of their lives in the tropics. Mrs. Howard Ellis, of Fiji, arrived with her children early in the week and is glad that they will have the opportunity of a summer's surfing and open-air life before returning to their distant home.

Mrs. Ellis is staying with her mother, Mrs. Alec Joske, who has just returned to her home at Vaucluse after a bout of sickness in St. Vincent's hospital.

The Melbourne Derby

SYDNEY visitors to Melbourne were notably more inclined to be summer-minded in their frocking than their Melbourne hostesses at the Derby.

The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress (Alderman and Mrs. A. L. Parker) held small receptions wherever they went on the course. Mrs. Parker chose a tailored suit of air force blue ribbed silk in which to celebrate a family win at 50 to 1.

The Southern Cross in diamonds and sapphires adorned the navy costume worn by Lady Kingsford Smith.

Other New South Wales visitors at the races were Mr. and Mrs. Matt Sawyer, Sir Allen and Lady Taylor, Mrs. Oliver Osborne, Mrs. Henry Charles Osborne, Miss Margaret Allen, Mrs. John Brunton, and Mrs. Pat Levy.

Country Engagement

AN engagement of interest has just been announced in Albury between Miss Evelyn Arnold, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Arnold, of Wodonga, and Mr. Stanley Jacklin, solicitor, of Albury.

The prospective bridegroom is an accomplished debater, and this talent, allied to legal knowledge, should make things difficult in family circles if the occasion for verbal bandinage should ever occur.

Wedding Invitations

INVITATIONS will be sent out this week for the wedding of Miss Marjory Mair, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Mair, of Woollahra, to Mr. John See. Miss Mair is one of Sydney's prettiest girls and should look an arresting figure in her wedding array, details of which are being kept strictly secret. The ceremony will take place at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, on November 28.

Australian Club Party

WOMEN will have one of their much prized and rare glimpses of the interior of the Australian Club during the visit of the Duke of Gloucester to Sydney. Commanding as it does a superb view of the route of progress in the vicinity of Government House, the club is the most ideal spot from which to view the Royal procession.

Further facilities to onlookers are afforded by the wide and low windows and small balconies overlooking Macquarie St. The president and members of the club will hold a reception on November 22 to which a limited number of lady guests will be invited.

Swimming Made Easy

VERY novel is the picture post card sent by Mr. Wynne Davies, well-known artist, whose work is so familiar to readers of this paper, to Sydney friends. The scene depicted is a view of the Great Salt Lake, Utah, and to the end of the card a tiny bag of salt is firmly attached.

Interesting facts, including the information that this great dead sea is the largest in the world and covers an area of 2140 square miles and has no known outlet other than evaporation are printed on the plain side.

Also this lake is a joy to the not-so-brilliant swimmers as it is so heavy with salt that it is impossible to sink.

No Spare Time

SO many interesting engagements were made by Mr. and Mrs. Jim Simpson during their last weeks in England that their last few days before embarking for home were extremely busy ones. With a sister and her English husband, Mr. and Mrs. Simpson enjoyed a flying trip to Cornwall, and her only regret on leaving is that she had so little time left for shopping.

Mrs. John Blaxland, of Byron Hall, will be highly delighted to welcome the travellers back to Sydney, as Mrs. Simpson is her much-missed daughter.

Country Deb.

LEETA LAWRENCE, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Lawrence, of Yass, is most thrilled at the prospect of her debut on November 27 at the Country Women's Association ball in honor of the Duke of Gloucester.

If truth be told, Leeta has not quite finished with her schooldays, and after the big event is over will return to her studies for another six months or so.

It is the country that appeals most to this young debutante, and she will be delighted to return to the bush and her dogs and horses. Riding is her favorite sport, and she regrets the lack of opportunities for indulging in this exercise while in town.

"Somerset" or "Sam"

THE imposing name of Somerset is seldom given to Beverley Shepherd's newly-imported golden retriever. Sam is the name that he hears most when his master calls at the Quarantine to take him for a run and generally make a fuss of his pet.

While Beverley was in England he was able to see Titania's Palace in its proper setting at Windsor Castle. This lucky traveller was privileged to spend a week-end at Windsor, where he was the guest of one of his many English cousins who is attached to the Royal household.

In fact the Gibbes family in England, of which Beverley is a member, are as numerous as Smiths in most other countries, and one and all did their utmost to entertain their attractive Australian cousin.

Conservatorium Professor

A CHARMING personality is possessed by Madame Weidele, the newly-appointed professor of singing at the Conservatorium of Music, Sydney.

Madame was born near Lake Geneva, and remembers being fascinated by its beauty at a very early age. From there a move was made to Zurich where many years were spent, and her musical studies superintended by Professor Stockhausen, a teacher of European fame.

During a visit of the Kaiser to Switzerland he lunched with Oberst Fehr, a friend of Madame, whose home was established in a beautiful old convent. While the Kaiser admired the ancient chapel, Madame Weidele sang "Nederlandisches Dank Gebet," the Kaiser's favorite song, a compliment which was much appreciated.

During the war years a concert party was organised by Madame with resulting visits to French soldiers who were prisoners in Germany, to whom French songs were sung, and to German prisoners who were regaled with the lieder of their own country.

School Sports

BRILLIANT sunshine added to the gaiety of the school sports held on the oval at Tudor House, Moss Vale, last Saturday.

The numbers of fond parents that motored from Sydney for the occasion made the event a very social affair. Mr. and Mrs. Noel Eddy and Mr. and Mrs. John Charley motored from Yass, and Jock Charley rewarded his parents for their attention by winning several races.

Mr. and Mrs. Cliff Minter, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Hardie, Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Broughton, and Mr. and Mrs. Ted Sandy were among the gathering.

Distinguished Visitors

LADY WILSON, wife of the Governor of Queensland, and her daughter, Miss Marjorie Wilson, are due in Sydney this Thursday by the Orontes after a holiday trip abroad. They will continue their journey aboard ship to Brisbane. Also bound for Brisbane are Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Garrett. Mrs. Garrett is a Scottish International golf player, and when not occupied in practising her "short" game takes a keen interest in the Girl Guide movement. She is the Country Commissioner for the Guides in Essex. Other distinguished visitors arriving are Mrs. Napier, widow of Admiral Napier and sister of Lord Allenby, Sir Howard d'Egville, and Dr. David, Bishop of Liverpool, who have all been attracted by the Centenary celebrations.

Have You Noticed—

That Mr. Bill Crossing has a persistent curl in his hair which will not be quite flattened out by vigorous brushing?

That "The Stockbroker's Clerk," by William Roberts, hanging in the contemporary British art exhibition of pictures at the National Gallery is the most gloomy painting on the walls?

That Frank Crago, who is frequently to be seen in amateur theatrical circles, bears a striking resemblance to Jack Hulbert of talkie fame?

The superb string of carved amber being worn by Mrs. Toby Brown, who has travelled extensively in the East and found her treasure on one of her trips?

In and Out of Society :: By WEP

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602632

It's Here!

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602633

THE WONDER COMIC FOR EVERY BOY AND GIRL

Boys and Girls

You can buy it for 2d. at your newsagent to-day. The splendid new "Fatty Finn." Twelve wonderful pages crammed with comics and stories of adventure. Read about Brick Bradford in "The City Beneath the Sea"... about "The Phantom Galleon"... "The Fourth Form of St. David's" ... and "The Girls of Clefton Hall."

See what Fatty himself is doing ... See the models you can build, the fun you can have... The Bicycles... The cameras ... The tennis racquets... The cricket bats you can win! Boys and girls, here's the greatest comic you've ever seen!

Parents

"Fatty Finn" is a weekly children's paper to which you can give your complete approval. Its stories, pictures, competitions, and model plans are not only entertaining, but are wholesome and healthy for the child mind, and are designed to stimulate the mental growth of children of all ages. Let your children buy it every Tuesday... it costs only 2d.

ON SALE TO-DAY!

Fatty Finn 2d

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602634

TRADE IN YOUR OLD GAS STOVE

for Your fuel or electric stove

Here is a wonderful opportunity to trade-in your fuel or electric stove, or your old gas stove, as part payment for one of the very latest gas cookers. We will allow 25/- on fuel stoves; at least 25/- on old gas stoves, and a special trade-in price for electric stoves. In addition we will remove your old stove and connect up the new gas cooker for a special concession charge.

Here is that long-waited-for opportunity to modernise your kitchen. . . to make your cooking better, simpler and cheaper . . . to have greater kitchen convenience and smaller cooking bills. Trade-in your fuel or electric stove—or your old gas stove—for a modern gas cooker and know what perfect cooking really means.

Deposits from 10/-. Instalments from 5/- a month.

At your service always

THE AUSTRALIAN GAS LIGHT COMPANY

Show and Demonstration Rooms:

Cnr. Pitt and Barlow Streets (near Central Station) - - 'Phone MG503.

ONLY A HA'PENNY PER PERSON PER DAY

COOK BY GAS

Things That Happen

TOLD BY READERS

EXCITING or humorous incidents brought to your knowledge may be of interest to others. Tell them in The Australian Women's Weekly and mark your envelope "Things That Happen." Items must be true, and must not have been published before, or submitted to other journals. Payment for every item used in this section will be posted to contributors immediately after publication.

Novel Identification Disc

IN the days of big runs and large tracts of forest land in New South Wales, it was easy for racehorses to be stolen and hidden in the hills until the search for them was given up. I have seen a stable in the bush that was used for such a purpose.

One horse-breeder lost some fillies which he expected to be very fast. They were dyed, taken to South Australia, and raced there. In order to be able to identify his own horses with absolute certainty in the future, the breeder inserted a threepenny-bit under the skin of the foals, beneath the manes where the marks were soon invisible.

In at least one case he was able to prove his claim to a racer beyond the possibility of doubt by this cunning ruse. —M.H.

❖ ❖ ❖

Old Township Is Deserted

SPEAKING of old towns, perhaps few have had so remarkable an existence as the town of my birth, Minmi. It was one of the largest inland towns in New South Wales at one time. It boasted nine hotels, a police force, and some of the finest businesses then to be found outside the coastal cities, and also required seventeen schoolteachers to cope with the pupils attending the school.

It was also served by practically every denomination of the Church, with resident ministers. Now there are only visiting administrators of two or three Churches. The population is served by one hotel, one grocer's shop, one paper-shop, one schoolteacher and an assistant, and no police station.

The former daily train service to Hexham has been replaced by the mail car.—E.J.T.

❖ ❖ ❖

Gave Himself Away

WHEN my brother was transferred to Melbourne his fellow employees presented him with a gold watch. His last week-end at home prior to his departure south was spent on a fishing expedition with several mates. On going to bed at night he discovered his watch was missing. He concluded that he had dropped it in the lake while fishing.

Not wishing to disappoint the donors, he resolved to say nothing about its disappearance. Twelve months later, while holidaying in Sydney, he bumped into one of the chaps who had accompanied him on the fishing trip. "Did you ever find that gold watch you lost on the fishing trip?" asked the chap.

My brother was staggered, of course, but guessed the solution of the mystery. "No, I didn't," he said aggressively, "but you did." Sure enough, after a few threats the watch was returned to my brother.—B.T.

Took the Fence Well

RE P.G's amusing par (28/7/34). I was recently told a similar true story. A teamster driving a waggon-load of wheat to a distant town halted at a wayside inn for the night. As the waggon was too wide to enter the hotel yard, he left it on the road. Later some lads, on the look-out for a joke, unloaded the sacks from the waggon, dismantled the top from the wheels, pulled it into the yard and assembled everything together again.

In the morning the teamster, preparing to resume his journey, quietly harnessed his hefty team to the waggon and drove straight over the rickety fence leaving it down. The jokers had the pleasure of restoring it for their pains.—G.J.B.

COLIN TAPLEY, of New Zealand, who was a winner in Paramount's world "Search for Beauty" contest, and was afterwards given a five years' contract. He plays a featured role in "Double Door," showing at the Civic.

❖ ❖ ❖

Singing at Funerals

THE latest idea in America is to have singers at funerals, on the assumption that the more singers there are at the graveside the more you are thought of by your neighbors. Quite a number of men and women are making a living at these singing-funerals.

A friend of mine went to America to try her luck on the films. She was the possessor of a lovely voice, but had no hope of ever becoming a film star. She found when she arrived, however, that she could make quite a good living singing at funerals, and by this means eventually saved her fare to come home. —D.S.

❖ ❖ ❖

A False Alarm

WHILE waiting for His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester to come along Rundle St. Adelaide, a boy, high up on a building, shouted, "Here he comes!" Naturally all eyes looked in the direction of the voice. There, just above us, was a plane flying low and bearing these words, "The man they could not hang."—I.C.F.

A Book to Hear

THE first "Talking Book for the Blind" has arrived in Australia.

It was imported from America by the Royal Victorian Institute for the Blind, Melbourne, and is a combination of gramophone and radio, worked electrically, and specially designed to reproduce talking records so that blind people prevented by old age or illness from reading the embossed type, might still enjoy all kinds of literature.

As not more than one-third of the blind population in those parts of the world where embossed literature exists can read by means of the raised type, the "talking book" should be a boon to mankind.

SUNDAY *Night* MUSICALE

11th NOVEMBER, 1934, 8 p.m.

THE ARTS CLUB,

220 PITT STREET, SYDNEY.

Best Artists, Most Attractive Surroundings, Excellent Supper, 2/-.

Charity to Benefit Smith Family of Joy-Spreaders Unlimited Younger Set.

RHEUMATISM

PAIN IN THE JOINTS

Decide that you *must* and you *will* get rid of that pain in your joints and you have taken the first big step along the road to recovery.

The remainder of the way is easy. No purgative salts, no harmful drugs, no embrocations or rubbing oils. Just an inexpensive box of De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills from your chemist. Two pills taken with a drink of water at night, and then, freedom from pain.

When you think of all you have suffered you may find it hard to believe that such a simple method of treatment can accomplish so much in such a short space of time. Here is the reason.

De Witt's Pills Cleanse, Heal and Strengthen your Kidneys

and thus rid your body of the harmful uric acid that has been causing the pain in your joints. You cannot obtain results like this by any other means, and you cannot get rid of the pain in your joints whilst that harmful uric acid remains.

That is why De Witt's Pills are recommended to you. If you will give them a fair trial pain will quickly disappear and your health will improve in many ways.

The most convincing proof of the efficacy of De Witt's Pills is that afforded by the unsolicited testimonials of men and women who have actually used the remedy and by so doing have banished the joint pains which tortured them.

You, too, can be freed from your pain. Your nearest chemist sells and recommends De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills, and if only you will take them as directed you will quickly get rid of the swelling, the stiffness and the pains that make walking difficult and torture you every time you move. Your health will benefit in many ways when you get rid of the uric acid from your system.

RELIEF IN 24 HOURS

A few hours after you take the first dose of De Witt's Pills, discolouration of the urine will prove that they have commenced their good work. You will be able to *see* that the cleansing, healing and strengthening ingredients have passed through your kidneys and bladder. No other medicine furnishes proof like this, and when once you have tried De Witt's Pills, your one regret will be that you did not do so before.

Take them for *Scalding Pains, Gravel, Stone, Painful Joints, Stiffness, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Backache, Sciatica.* Give them to children subject to Bed-wetting and to aged persons afflicted by Urinary Disorders, and in every case they will give prompt relief and lasting benefit.

De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills are sold by chemists everywhere, price 3/6, or larger, more economical size, 6/6. Sold only in the blue, white and gold boxes.

Beware of imitations. Be sure you ask for, and see you obtain, the genuine De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills.

Writing from C/o. Birchup P.O., Victoria, Mrs. W. Sinclair says:—

"Owing to a very bad attack of rheumatism I had to stay in bed for over three months. During that time I completely lost the use of my limbs. I tried all sorts of remedies, without result, until I was recommended to try De Witt's Pills. Then to my surprise and joy I found I could move my limbs after taking the first bottle of pills. Continuing with the treatment I completely regained my health."

De Witt's Kidney & Bladder Pills

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602635

THE MIRROR OF SOCIETY

MY DEAR JULIET,—

I have had such a brilliant idea that I am sure will be taken up with enthusiasm by next week's crop of debutantes.

While watching the Russian ballet, last Saturday night, on the occasion of their first change of programme, I could not help being struck with the supreme grace with which one ballerina after another sank to the ground in curtsies.

Now my advice is, Juliet, that those about to bow to Royalty should go night after night to the ballet. No beauty-loving lady will object to that, and after diligent observation of technique their curtsy should be a most graceful affair.

☆ ☆ ☆

SUCH beautiful frocks were worn by Natasha Bojkovich. Her first appearance was made in "The Magic Flute," with a tiny posy of lily of the valley adorning the corsage of her frock which had lovely rose-pink satin paniers over short ballet skirts. Hardly a suitable costume for our everyday wear, but Bojkovich's gown in "Promenade" was a delightful affair of heather bell blue ninon with frills and little medallions of lace and pink rose buds at intervals around the skirt, which, if the designer is clever enough, could be used as a model for the best party dress.

☆ ☆ ☆

SPESSIVA looked too ethereal for words in "Sylphides," the moonlit ballet with ghost-like trees in the background and ballet girls in long white dresses giving the appearance of fairy balls of thistledown being blown around by a zephyr. Gold was the color note of Spessiva's final appearance in the "Dance of the Hours," and even her little slippers were gilded for the occasion.

☆ ☆ ☆

THE loveliest evening coat among the vast audience was worn by Miss Hera Roberts. It was made of silver lame which fell to the ground in graceful lines. The sleeves were loosely draped near the shouders and were drawn close-fitting at the wrist. A posy of red roses gave an interesting color note.

A floral chiffon frock with a black background was chosen by Mrs. Venn Weeche, and Mrs. Byron Wrigley featured a maize ninon finish to the corsage of her frock of delustred black satin.

Others present were Dr. and Mrs. Richmond Jeremy, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Weekes, Miss Maud Mackay, Miss Marjorie Spraggin, Mrs. Danciger, with her two daughters, Alice and Flora, and Dr. Patterson.

☆ ☆ ☆

THE Gala Premiere of "She Loves Me Not" attracted a large audience to the Prince Edward Theatre last Saturday night.

The soft crooning of Bing Crosby and the dainty charm of Miriam Hopkins were responsible for the applause of the appreciative audience.

☆ ☆ ☆

MRS. G. R. W. McDONALD was present in a tailored frock of powder blue matelasse. Mrs. F. W. Wheatley, accompanied by Dr. Wheatley, wore a frock of flat crepe in a deep magnolia shade, and Mrs. W. Hurworth chose coral pink lace. Also present were Mr. and Mrs. E. J. McMahon, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Rouse, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Elliott, and Mr. J. Wyatt.

☆ ☆ ☆

MRS. CHARLES CHAUVEL has taken her small daughter Suzanne to Melbourne while Mr. Chauvel is engaged on editing his new Australian film, "Heritage." They are ensconced in a flat at St. Kilda so that they shall be near both the beach and the studio.

☆ ☆ ☆

BOXES, sheaves, baskets, and bouquets of flowers were heaped high on either side of the stage of the Savoy Theatre for the opening night of the "Now and Then" revue produced in aid of the Free Kindergartens. Each member of the cast was overwhelmed with floral offerings from relations and friends during the interval, and also at the final curtain.

With her usual willingness to lend a helping hand, Miss Marie Bremner, who was a vice-president of the committee, did splendid work for the performance, and was warmly applauded for her song numbers.

Outstanding among the amateur performers were Miss Nuttie Mackellar, who adds grace to her nimble movements in her step dancing numbers; Miss Molly Brown, for her clever broadcasting sketch; Mrs. Dorothy Shepherd, whose solgie appearance is always a joy to gaze upon; and Miss Betty Considine, who was quite word-perfect and convincing in her part of Kiernit in "The Quern."

This play was written by Mrs. Sterling Levis and Commander C. H. Rolleston, and told a tale of early days in Ireland, with the first scene in the courtyard of Tara.

MISS MARCIA CORDEAUX, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Cordeaux, of Bowral, who is a frequent visitor to Sydney, and is at present the guest of Mrs. Keith Younger at Rose Bay. —Dayne.

TABLEAUX VIVANTS arranged by Mrs. Sterling Levis and representing china of different makes and designs, and ivories, concluded the programme.

Lady Game, who was patroness of the committee, was present, accompanied by Miss Sadie Budge. The house was filled to the doors with well-known supporters of the Free Kindergartens, which should greatly benefit by the two nights' performances.

☆ ☆ ☆

MRS. PERCY STACY, of Warromean, Singleton, with her son Creswell, and Mr. and Mrs. Abbott Stacy, will arrive at the Hotel Australia for the duration of the visit of the Duke of Gloucester. Mrs. Stacy is State vice-president of the Country Women's Association, and will be present at the Association ball in the Duke's honor.

☆ ☆ ☆

NO wonder, Juliet, Sir Philip Street was shocked at the small attendance on the opening day of the Empire Art Loan Collections Society's exhibition at the National Art Gallery. It was a fine, sunny day, and not a shred of excuse for the many art lovers who did not attend this most important function. Sir Philip said that the pictures would be on view for four weeks, so there is still plenty of time to rectify the omission of attendance last Thursday.

MISS LUCY GREAVES, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. F. Blake Greaves, of Johnstone St., Annandale, who will make her debut at the Country Women's Association Ball in honor of the Duke of Gloucester, November 27. —Dayne.

The pictures have come to Sydney under the auspices of the society that was formed in Dunedin by Mr. P. R. Sargood. Quaint legal reasons prevent loans being sent from the British National Galleries, and the present collection of masterpieces has been made possible by the generosity of owners who have parted with their treasures for the time being.

Mr. J. S. McDonald was among the admirers of "In the Studio" and "A Bloomsbury Family" by Sir William Orpen, R.A. The sun filtering through green blinds made a particularly pleasing atmospheric setting for the studio picture.

Other artists of distinction who have contributed to the collection are Frank Brangwyn, Tom Collier, R. Purves Flint, Augustus John, Dame Laura Knight, Sir William Rotherstein, and John S. Sargent.

☆ ☆ ☆

DR. GRACE CUTHBERT has arrived back at her home at Wollstonecraft after a delightful trip to Cairns. She was much impressed with the changes of scenery from the bleak and sun blistered to tropical verdure, and the varied climates she experienced.

☆ ☆ ☆

DURING the week-end Dr. and Mrs. Garnet Halloran, who are at present ensconced at The Raymond, Elizabeth Bay, welcomed a number of friends at a cocktail party. Among the novelties brought back from their recent trip abroad was the quaint cocktail set of table cloth, individual and tiny serviettes, and a capacious apron in the same design for the mixer of the cocktails.

Miss Leila Manning, who has just announced her engagement to Mr. Sam McDonald, was present with her fiance, and received many congratulations. Her solitaire diamond ring is set with unusual wheels of diamonds on either side of the central stone.

☆ ☆ ☆

MY dear, there was not a table to spare at the Royal Sydney Golf Club on the occasion of the Melbourne Cup bridge party. This has long been an annual fixture at the club, and gains in popularity each year of its existence.

It is the one occasion when bridge snobbery is forgotten, and contract players of high degree consort with auction players of little standing in the greatest harmony.

In the excitement of the moment aces were trumped and highly improbable calling took place without as much as a word of admonition from the injured party.

The Forum Club also celebrated Australia's great sporting event with a bridge party, at which 240 people were present.

☆ ☆ ☆

BEING sportingly inclined, Misses Kath and Doris Angus, of Wahroonga, are thoroughly enjoying their stay at Green Trees, Bowral. They were among the players entered for the tennis tournament inaugurated by Mrs. E. W. Fenner and, on days when the weather looks doubtful, they sling a golf bag over their shoulders and make for the links.

☆ ☆ ☆

DURING their short stay in Sydney Messrs. K. D. Parmentier and J. J. Moll, of Air Race fame, were feted by many of their own countrymen. On the night of their arrival they dined with the Consul-General for Holland and Madam Staal, after which a number of guests were asked to a reception in honor of the visitors. The principal guests were very fatigued and retired early to the Wentworth Hotel where they stayed while in town. Mr. Bakker, in his dual capacity as representative of the Royal Packet Navigation Co., and the Royal Dutch Airways, acted as host at a large cocktail party given to the visitors at the Wentworth on Friday evening.

☆ ☆ ☆

WHILE on my way to see the film debut of Anna Sten in "Nana," at the Regent Theatre I was all but dashed to the ground by a backing car in George Street. My injuries, Juliet, must have made me feel more than usually sympathetic for the tribulations of others, and the sadness of the picture found me much upset.

There was a great deal of surreptitious wiping away of tears, and after all only a small per cent could possibly have been as bruised as I.

Taking part as it does in the last century, Adrian, who designed the frocks, has marvellous scope for fascinating period frocks, and with such a divine model as the Russian star the results were something to dream of.

It is more than probable that the new actress will set a fashion for hairdressing, and the patch placed beneath her left eye will certainly revive this charming affectation of the days gone by.

☆ ☆ ☆

ANNA STEN'S hair is parted in the middle and a sparse straight fringe adorns her forehead. Sometimes a ribbon is tied with a bow on top of her head and sometimes a tiny bow is worn at the back over a cluster of curls.

Jane Anne

Don't Tamper with that Little Cough

Get the Best Treatment at once

COLDS SHOULD BE QUICKLY CLEARED AWAY

Do not neglect a Cold at its commencement. It is too often then referred to as "just a simple cold." Remember that too many serious and fatal cases of Chest Affections had their commencement with "just a simple cold," and that correct treatment in the beginning obviates not merely expense later on, but grave anxiety and serious trouble which invariably follow the neglect of colds. Attack the first sign of a cold with Hearne's Bronchitis Cure and quick relief will follow.

Hearne's Bronchitis Cure expels from the lungs disease germs, corruption and phlegm, and it heals. Sufferers from distressing cough, difficulty of breathing, pain or soreness in the chest experience delightful and rapid relief. It is most comforting in allaying irritation in the throat and giving strength to the voice.

Be sure you get "Hearne's" . . . there is nothing "just as good"

OBTAINABLE ANYWHERE

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

for COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, HOARSENESS SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS Etc.

D12

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602636

A LOVELY SKIN RADIATES TRUE BEAUTY

Enjoy the reward of a perfect complexion with these creams

Nothing you have ever tried can bring the bloom of beauty to your skin more quickly and more surely than Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream. This wonderful cream goes deep into your pores, cleanses them of all impurities, and leaves your skin as fresh and lovely as a rose petal. Start using it today and see for yourself its amazing results, as thousands of other women have done. Equally essential are Vivatone, the exhilarating skin freshener, and Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Vanishing Cream, the ideal foundation for your make-up.

Daggett & Ramsdell

Obtainable at all chemists and leading stores at REDUCED PRICES

Large tube 1/-, Jars 2/6 and 4/-

Well, Anne, Persil *has* washed your jumper beautifully

Hasn't it, Mummy! Have you always used it for Woollies?

A. No, dear. I'd always thought it was only for boiling.

Q. How did you find out it wasn't?

A. I saw a demonstration, and then tried it for myself. Now I know that Persil washes any material that can be washed.

Persil

Persil makes suds that are *active* with oxygen. The rich, cleansing oxygen-charged Persil suds not only wash more thoroughly but far more safely, too, because they make rubbing unnecessary, and they cleanse completely even in hardly-warm water. There's no need to buy any "extras"—bar soaps, washing powders or tablets. *All* you need for *everything* you wash is Persil.

THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER

PERSIL (AUST.) PTY. LTD.

31.108.16

SHE *Wanted* ROMANCE

Continued from Page 5

THE feeling increased as the days went on, and she spent part of every day with him. He took her driving in his car, and introduced her to crowds of smart people who came down from London to see him. The secret of where he was staying had somehow leaked out now to the whole world, and there was even a picture in one of the daily papers, in which Raymond was looking handsomer than ever in a bathing suit, and she was smiling up at him in shy admiration. "Raymond Clowell, the famous film star, sunning himself at Madden Bay, with his secretary and a friend," read the caption underneath.

She knew pride as she gazed at it, but she couldn't help feeling a little uneasy at the thought of what Gerald would say when he saw it. But probably he wouldn't see it. And anyhow, Gerald and their life in Lilac Villas seemed somehow to have receded very far away.

It was a perfect summer night. A night made for romance. Molly sat by Raymond Clowell's side in the big Lanchester. The car was all blue and silver, like the moonlight that shed its soft radiance over the landscape.

They weren't often alone like this together. Whenever they were in Madden Bay and its surroundings, his mousey secretary seemed to appear, as if she were his gaoler. Molly still couldn't crush down the odd feeling that the other woman resented her employer's interest in her. And then there were the car-loads of Raymond's friends and admirers who were constantly appearing.

She realised suddenly that going back would hurt. . . .

"What are we stopping for?" she asked.

"For this. . . ."

He drew her to him, and she went into his arms, too surprised to resist. She wasn't even sure that she wanted to resist. It was all part of the dream-like, unreal life that she was living, like a film that was all glamour and romance.

Raymond Clowell's arms around you, his dark eyes looking into yours, his voice whispering softly, passionately into your ear:

"Darling, I've waited so long for this moment. We were made for each other. . . ."

Glamorous, thrilling words. Familiar, somehow. . . . But there was nothing familiar about that eager rain of kisses that were falling on her cheek, her hair, her lips. Kisses that she never ought to have permitted. Kisses that made her feel hot all over with shame and disgust at herself.

She drew herself free, horrified. What was she doing? A vision of Gerald rose before her. Her husband . . . . Ordinary enough, perhaps, even dull, but still her husband. . . . Someone who loved her in his way, and trusted her. . . .

She shivered in the warm air.

"I—I think we ought to go back . . . ." she said.

HE made no demur, and they drove back in silence. It was on the way that the accident occurred. Another car suddenly appeared round a bend. Molly cried out in terror, Raymond jammed on his brakes, the Lanchester swerved—too late. There was a crash and she was flung out. . . .

It was the driver and only occupant of the other car who picked her up. He was unhurt, luckily, and so was she, she found, except for bruises and a feeling that her head didn't belong to her. Raymond, too, had had a marvellous escape, it seemed. Beyond a jagged cut on his right cheek there was nothing the matter with him.

Both cars were able to drive on, and Molly took her place beside Raymond again, still shaken. She felt so unnerved that she found herself longing all at once for Gerald. He was always so understanding and sympathetic when she was ill or upset. But the man beside her apparently didn't realise how she was feeling. He drove on in grim silence, answering her almost curtly when she ventured a remark.

She was glad when they reached the bungalow and he got out.

"You don't mind if I don't see you home?" he asked. "I've got to ring up a doctor at once. I'll get my own man down from town."

"Then you—you are hurt after all?" she returned in alarm. "Badly hurt?"

He touched the scratch on his cheek gingerly.

"I hope it isn't serious, but you never know. Anyhow, I'll get Somerton down—to-night, if possible. You'll excuse me. . . ."

Molly was standing in the lounge of The Limes. She hadn't wanted to come there; somehow she quite definitely never wanted to enter the place again. But it was only decent to inquire what the doctor had said. Raymond Clowell's manner last night seemed to indicate that he was more seriously hurt than he would own.

Miss Mimms entered, looking more faded and depressed than ever.

"I've come to ask how Mr. Clowell is," Molly said nervously. "I was so distressed——"

"You needn't be," the other broke in curtly. "He is all right, except for the scratch on his cheek. But that worries him a lot."

Something in her tone and manner aroused Molly's resentment. It showed so plainly that the woman thought her visit an intrusion.

"Could I see him?" she asked, though it was the last thing she had intended to ask.

"I'll inquire. . . ."

Miss Mimms went out. Molly heard the door of the adjoining room open—the bungalow walls were thin—and a querulous voice exclaim angrily:

"Can you keep that door shut? There's a confounded draught. . . ."

Molly went hastily on to the verandah, in case she overheard anything more, but this made her position worse. For the window of the next room was open, and Raymond Clowell's voice came to her clearly—a still querulous voice, as unlike as possible to the voice that thrilled thousands of admirers every week from the screen.

"Send her away. I won't see anyone, looking like this. And the woman's a fool. If it hadn't been for her the accident wouldn't have happened. You can tell her so."

"All right, darling," his secretary replied soothingly and surprisingly. "Don't upset yourself. You know it's bad for your voice——"

"How can I help upsetting myself?" he retorted. "This means a big loss to me—it'll be weeks before I can face the camera again. Perhaps it's spoilt my looks entirely. But you don't care. You've always been jealous of my popularity. Some women would be glad to have a famous husband——"

Molly waited to hear no more. She would have liked to flee, but that would be to give herself away too dreadfully. She was waiting in the lounge when "Miss Mimms" came back, carefully shutting the door behind her.

"I'm sorry," she began, in her prim, tight voice, "but Mr. Clowell feels too ill——"

"You're his wife!" Molly burst out recklessly before she could stop herself.

The other looked faintly surprised—only faintly. And her serenity was quite unruffled.

"Did you hear?" she returned. "The walls are rather thin. . . . Yes, we've been married nearly ten years, but Raymond doesn't want anybody to know it. It's better for his profession to be unmarried. 'The Beloved Bachelor.' . . ."

"I should think you'd hate it," Molly rushed on, still more recklessly, "having him pose as a single man all the time, and women——"

She stopped, flushing hotly. Mrs. Clowell smiled, but her eyes were not smiling.

"I get used to it, and it doesn't mean anything really. You see, I love my husband, and he needs me. And he can't help being fascinating to women. I married him because he fascinated me, so I mustn't grumble if other women feel the same about him, must I? You can't have it all ways. . . ."

She was still smiling bravely. All at once Molly understood the courage behind that smile. She pictured the other woman's life with a husband like Raymond. No wonder she looked tired and faded and distressed.

She held out her hand impulsively.

Please turn to Page 41

HOST Holbrook says: Shake the bottle, remove the stopper. Ah! My Worcestershire Sauce has such an appetising zest.

Bought Lucky Charm

Shared £5,000 Next Day

Miss Ursula Ritchie, of Sydney, N.S.W., Was among the first to receive one of the special Lucky Charms designed by Madame Zella, according to birthdays. The very day after this first charm was issued, Miss Ritchie shared in the first prize of £5000 in a big consultation. How would you like to change your luck as quickly as that?

For 1/- Madame Zella will send you one of these Lucky Charms specially designed according to YOUR own birth date. Share the luck which has brought big money to hundreds of this famous astologer's clients. Cut out this paragraph and send it now, with a postal note for 1/-, a sheet of paper showing the exact date of your birth, and a stamped envelope bearing your name and address, to Madame Zella, Dept. P.W.W.1, Box 3648, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602637

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

HOME MAKER

November 10, 1934. A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

The Home Decorator Goes Out-of-Doors

... And Turns Her attention to Necessary Jobs Around the House

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

NOW is an excellent time before the hot weather sets in (with days lengthening, enabling you to call on friend husband for a helping hand, when his work-day is over) to tackle the surprising number of necessary jobs around the house.

SUPPOSE, for instance, you have, for months and months, intended erecting an attractive lattice framework against the walls of your home—this to carry the climbing rose or the fast-growing creeper planted last season. You have stopped many a time lately along the street to gaze almost enviously upon the rambler rose, smothering with its full-blown beauty the trellis work of your friend's home ... You know just how much this neat trellis against her front wall adds to its appearance and, consequently, its value.

You have, instead, with nails and bits of rag and string made, well, unsightly progress with yours.

But, did not the builder tell you that the nails were damaging the brickwork, and that in time your antiquated method would harm the walls of your home?

Well, now, to overcome this, make a framework of wood the required height and width, and using 2 x 1 inch pieces. Upon this framework nail laths to make a square trellis with a mesh of about nine inches. If you like you can purchase this lattice-work by the foot; then you need only mount it to a strong frame.

This framework, before it is erected, should be creosoted—you can buy it by the pint or in any quantity. It costs about three shillings a gallon.

When dry, fasten firmly to the wall with iron holdfasts at fairly frequent intervals, driven into the joints of the brickwork or wood.

Now, we'll suppose you have a wireless mast. What with rain and heavy winds it seems to have acquired a dangerous lurch.

To fix this, get your husband or the handy man to buy an old barrel. Remove the top, sink it into the ground, and then set the aerial pole perfectly upright in this. Attach the three sustaining wires to pegs firmly driven in the ground.

The next step is to mix broken brick and stones with sand and cement. See that four parts of rubble, one of sand, and one of cement are mixed dry. Then wet well and mix again.

This concrete can now be put into the barrel all round the post and in twenty-four hours should set as hard as a rock.

Garden Furniture

YOU have probably, and wisely, decided to use your garden more this summer. Why not have some rustic garden furniture made?

A long seat, a couple of garden chairs, and a table (offering greater temptation for happy garden meals), could be left out in the garden permanently—stored only in a shed during the winter. A couple of coats of creosote twice a year will keep it from rotting.

If you can pick up a barrel somewhere cheaply, it may be turned into a comfortable tub chair for the garden. (Note sketch).

Here is the way to do it:

Remove the top or lid, and then cut half-way down the barrel and take one-third of the barrel away; the next step is to cut one-quarter down (note illustration), and half-way between these two cuts, cut away the wood to form arms.

Tack small slats of wood all round the inside of the tub at the level of the opening. Cut a circular piece of wood to form a seat and drop this on the slats. These will keep it firm and prevent it from moving out of position.

Or you can use the lid for the seat. To hold it, cleats should be nailed on the inside very firmly. Place these below the bottom cut.

You can paint it in any desired color. A bright cushion should be added, and it will then be as gay as it is comfortable.

With a Tin of Paint...

HERE'S a little piece of labor-saving advice. If you have bought some paint, for painting the garden furniture, the outer or the inner walls for your occasional home redecorating, stand the tin upside down until you're ready to use it. You'll find it won't take so much stirring then to get the paint well mixed up.

Painting Jobs

PERHAPS you'll feel too, with Christmas looming, you'd like to paint the front fence, the pergolas, and any existing trellis work.

If you have a privet hedge, drive in light posts at intervals and then press the hedge with a length of board. Tie this to the upright posts.

Incidentally, all outdoor woodwork that is not painted should be given a coat of creosote to preserve it. Do this at least twice a year.

The wood, however, should be perfectly dry, and plants or shrubs kept well away.

Rambler roses roving over rustic archways can be carefully freed, laid on the ground and held there with a piece of wood, while the painting or creosoting job is under way. When dry, the branches can be placed in position and tied neatly to the framework. This can be done when the first flush of the season is over.

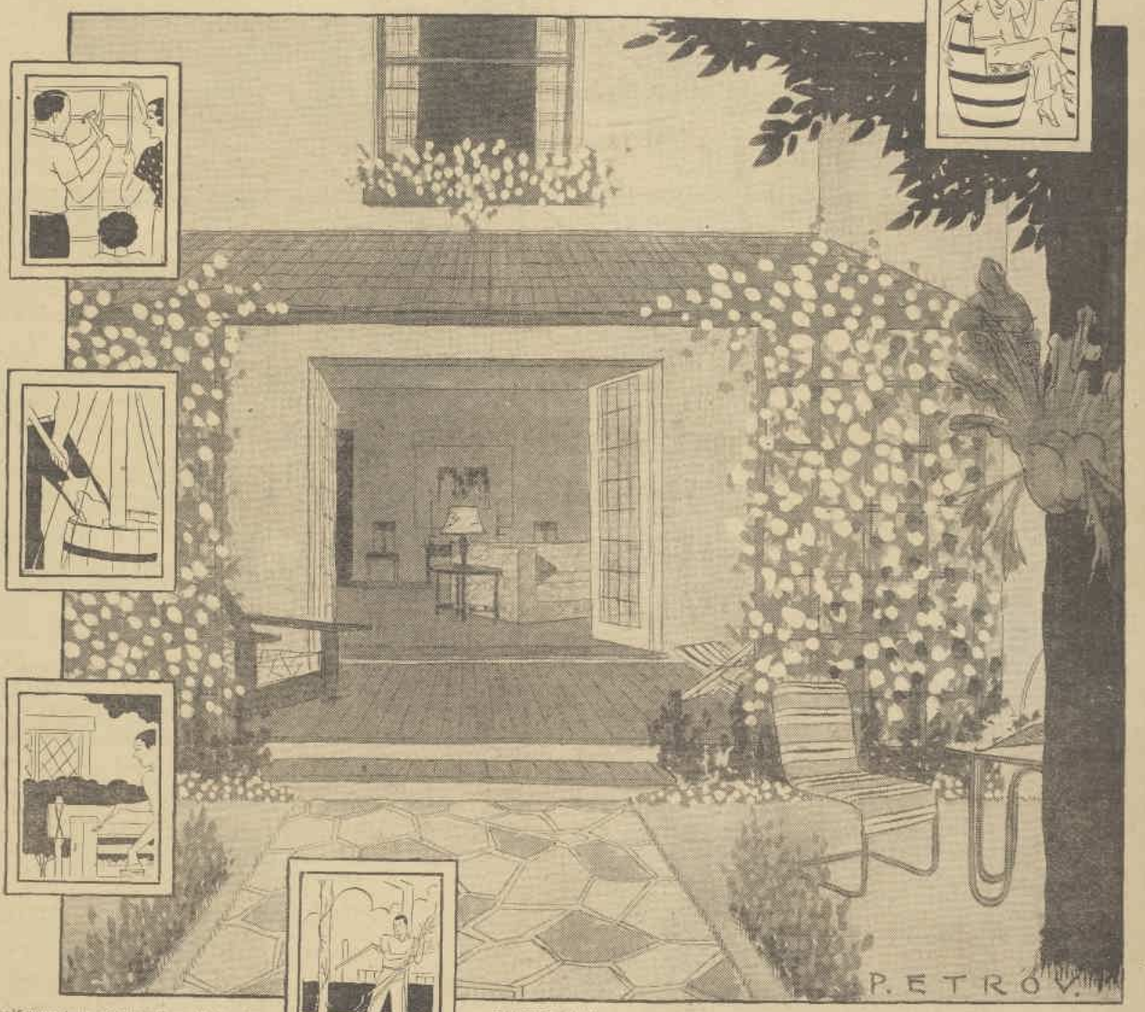
Renovating Chairs

DECK chairs, so often used out-of-doors, can be made to look like new with a fresh coat or two of paint, enamel, or lacquer.

When the paint is thoroughly dry, you can put on new canvas. This should be exactly the same length as the old canvas. If you observe carefully how the original canvas was fixed as you remove it, you will have no difficulty in replacing it so that it folds neatly over the back and rails.

When the chair is folded up, the canvas should lie quite flat, without any straining. A professional effect can be gained if brass-headed nails are used to tack the canvas into position. Never leave out at night or in the rain, however, as this rots the canvas.

If you decide to paint iron garden furniture, first be sure to rub the whole surface with sandpaper to remove any roughness.—E.E.G.



THERE ARE many little jobs a woman can do out-of-doors, and there are many she can have done if the man of the house is tactfully introduced to them! Some of them are indicated in the above sketches and the accompanying article gives practical assistance on others which hold an interest for home-lovers everywhere.

CLEVER IDEAS

IF YOUR hats slip, tack a piece of velvet two inches wide just inside the crown like a narrow headlining, and your hat will never slip in the windiest weather. I always do this, and friends I have told have found it successful.—**Mrs. E. L. Warren, Pittwater Rd., Narrabeen.**

GREEN PEAS are greatly improved by cooking in equal parts of milk and water instead of all water.—**Miss D. M. Tappenden, 55 Fort St., Maryborough, Qld.**

NARROW NECK bottles that are difficult to clean with a brush may be cleaned satisfactorily by inserting half-a-dozen grains of rice and a little water and shake vigorously.—**Gladys Smith, 206 Shaftesbury Rd., Eastwood.**

TO BRIGHTEN leather, rub it well with beaten white of egg. Afterwards polish with a clean soft cloth.—**Miss D. Boulter, Kelvin Orchard, Hastings, Vic.**

WHEN YOU wish to separate the white from the yolk of an egg break it into a funnel. The white will run through.—**"Pat," Uki, Tweed River, N.S.W.**

THE BEST way to pack a pleated skirt is to draw it through an old stocking, first cutting off the foot. It will not be the least bit crushed even though it may be packed for days.—**"Dornaday," 15 Duke St., Alberton, S.A.**

WHEN A splinter gets inside the fingernail the flesh is too tender to allow the removal of it with a needle. Put a drop of kerosene on a piece of cotton-wool and apply it to the finger. Leave on all night. By next morning the splinter will have been drawn out, and no pain will be felt.—**Mrs. J. Dunn, Patrick St., Stawell, Vic.**

WITH THE approach of summer, the flies and insects are sometimes troublesome. Put a few drops of turpentine about the shelves, also cupboards. This will also keep cockroaches and ants away. A few drops in your linen-chests and wardrobes will keep away the moths.—**Mrs. Q. Davidson, 32 Lane Cove Rd., Ryde, N.S.W.**

WHEN YOU are cooking apples, and you add the juice of one orange instead of water, you will find the taste and color of the apples improve greatly.—**Othelia Wadham, Brooklyn, N.S.W.**

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602638

LUNG TROUBLE

Bride-to-be tells her own sad story how she decided not to marry because of her affliction, and later obtained permanent relief. Now she considers the wedding need no longer be postponed.

"On the eve of my wedding.

"I contracted what I believed to be a chill. I called in the doctor and after an examination was told that he suspected I had lung trouble. Naturally I was terribly upset, and when an X-ray confirmed the diagnosis my dream of happiness was shattered. I loved my fiance too well to consent to the marriage, and so broke it off.

"I steadily became worse until a few months ago I learned by mere chance of someone who had used Membrosus, a dry inhalation treatment for lung and chest troubles. A discovery to a woman who previously was a sufferer, and proved it by treating herself and then made complete recovery. I commenced using it—and to my intense joy what a relief it brought me. Such a feeling of well being can hardly be imagined by one who had shortly before suffered intensely. The racking cough became easier. I slept well and ate well. I steadily regained strength and now, to-day, there is definite hope that my postponed marriage will take place."

CATARRH HAY FEVER and ANTRIM Trouble

(without operation)

"Like being let out of prison," says a sufferer.

"A few months ago I was a pitiable object. Practically no one would have anything to do with me. I was even shunned by my friends. My antrums and sinus were badly affected, and I had Hay Fever very badly. I suffered greatly with bad breath, bad taste in my mouth, a permanently furred tongue, and was constantly hawking and spitting in a disgusting manner. I was always catching fresh colds, sneezing, had a permanently running nose and streaming eyes and used some 10 to 12 handkerchiefs daily. Under advice I commenced using MEMBROSUS INHALATION THERAPEUTIC.

"And now, after a really short time, I wake up with a clear throat; no colds; no running nose. I sleep well and eat well and am entirely free of all those horrible symptoms.

ASTHMA and BRONCHITIS

"YESTERDAY I got up without coughing, the first time for fourteen years."

"Four months ago it took me, on an average, 25 minutes to walk from the station to my work . . . not a great distance, either, and I was always knocking up and gasping for breath. Someone, I forget who it was, told me about Membrosus, AN INHALATION REMEDY. I tried it, as I had tried a dozen other things for relief. Imagine my surprise and intense joy when, after a short time, I felt a definite relief. And when the other morning I got up without coughing for the first time in fourteen years, I began to look at life anew. Now I walk to my job comfortably in 7 minutes, puffing my pipe, and suffer no discomfort. Now there is no coughing, no tight bound-up feeling. I am able to lie down and sleep at night without the nightmare of an attack, and am able to enjoy meals without any ill effects."

For your own sake, if you are a sufferer from any of these horrible lung troubles, believe me when I tell you you are suffering needlessly. Do as I did . . . commence using

MEMBROSUS

(Regd.)

The Inhalation Treatment.

TO-DAY. It is the logical treatment for all pulmonary complaints.

POST THE COUPON RIGHT AWAY

To Mr. C. E. Muir,
Irvine Limited,
Chemists,
183 Victoria Road, DRUMMOYNE, N.S.W.
Without cost or obligation of any kind tell me how to permanently rid myself of
.....
(here state what your complaint is).
and send me copies of letters from other sufferers who have been permanently relieved.

NAME (Mr., Mrs., Miss) .....
(Please print in block letters).

ADDRESS .....

(Please enclose stamped addressed envelope for reply).

Obtainable from leading hardware merchants, or

THE CLYDE ENGINEERING CO., LTD.
GRANVILLE and SYDNEY.

Kiddies love competitions. The new Fatty Finn's Weekly, appearing this week, is featuring competitions with really valuable prizes.

DON'T . . . FORGET

The ablucale to be held at the Chelsea Book Club, November 10, in aid of the Rose Day Younger Set of the Red Cross Society. Miss Heather Nimmaig is arranging the programme and will also contribute numbers.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Doctors' Wives' Auxiliary for the Renwick Hospital for Infants, Summer Hill, will hold a card evening at the Pickwick Book Club, November 10, at 8 p.m.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Younger Set of the New South Wales Institution for Deaf and Dumb and Blind Children have organised a bridge party to take place at Grace Bros., on November 13, at 2 p.m. Grace Bros. has donated the room for the occasion.

☆ ☆ ☆

The bridge party to take place at the Carlton Hotel, November 12, at 2 p.m., in aid of the Linen Auxiliary of the Women's Hospital, Crown St.

☆ ☆ ☆

The second performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" will be presented at the Kursal Theatre, Kent St., on November 17.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Interstate and New Zealand Ball at Hordern Bros.' Ballroom on November 23, being held under the auspices of the Kindred Associations League of N.S.W.

☆ ☆ ☆

Norman Maxwell, a member of the Junior Theatre League, will present a programme of one-act plays at the Emerson Hall, on November 29.

☆ ☆ ☆

"Repression," a drama translated from the French, will be presented at Beryl Bryant's Playhouse, for a season of Wednesday night performances, commencing November 14. The cast will include Dorothy Shepherd, Beryl Bryant, Joan Hannam, Harry Harper, and Alan Toohey.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Jubilee Ball on board s.s. Kano Maru, on November 28, in aid of the Balmain and District Hospital.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and Blind Children (Darlinghurst), will benefit by the speed carnival to be held at the Marrubra Speedway, on November 24.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Soldiers' Annual Poppy Day Appeal on November 9. Over 280,000 poppies have already been distributed throughout the State.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Welcome Home Dance to the New South Wales members of the Australian Cricket XI., to take place at David Jones' on November 16.

☆ ☆ ☆

The ball on board the Orontes on November 20. The whole of the proceeds will be divided between the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, the Royal North Shore Hospital, and St. Vincent's Hospital.

☆ ☆ ☆

Marchesa Ferrante will be the guest of the president and committee of the Arts Club on November 26 at a Musicale.

Age Makes No Difference . . .

"FASHION to-day knows no barriers of price, class, or age. Mother and daughter are often indistinguishable from the fashion point of view—and even grandmother is by no means out of the picture."

This statement was made in London recently by Mr. Frank Chitham, chairman of the Summer School Committee of the Drapers' Chamber of Trade.

"Another great change is the acute fashion-consciousness of women to-day," he continued. "This has been fostered to a large extent and developed by the well-informed fashion articles in the national Press which are read by hundreds of thousands of people."

Shopping Carnival

HALF-PRICE bargains in every department of Grace Bros.' store will mark the opening of the Annual Shopping Carnival, commencing this Friday (November 9), held under the auspices of the Haymarket-Central Square-Broadway Association.

Special bargains and attractions will be offered each day of the carnival, which will be of two weeks' duration.

The store will be gaily decorated in green and yellow throughout, with special illuminations and parties at night, starting with a children's fancy dress carnival ball on Friday, November 9. The grand march will be at 8 o'clock and the judging at 8.30 p.m.

Each department will run competitions with valuable prizes and will have working demonstrations of every kind, from the manufacture of silk stockings to the blowing of glass.

Ashbury Flower Show

AT the spring flower show arranged by the Ashbury Horticultural Society last week, carnations proved the quality flowers of the display.

Mr. W. Leighton, of Annandale, gained champion ribbon with a wonderful bloom of F. J. Walters.

Mr. N. Scoble, of Strathfield, grew the champion rose, a lovely Julien Potin.

A silver cup donated by Messrs. Yates and Co. for the highest aggregate points scored for the year (three shows) was won finally by Mr. L. W. Schubert, of Hurstville.

Alderman Parry, Mayor of Canterbury, opened the show and congratulated the society and exhibitors on the fine display.—The Old Gardener.

HOGT Holbrook says. Since 1788 the House of Holbrook has brewed Pure Malt Vinegar. It is mellow and fragrant.

Amateur Snapshot Competition

THE TWO BONNY WINNERS in the amateur snapshot competition, held in conjunction with Grace Bros.' Baby Show. FIRST PRIZE (below), Patricia Peddie. Snapshot taken by Mrs. J. H. Peddie, 7 Wellington St., Croydon. SECOND PRIZE (right), David Milan. Snapshot taken by Mrs. Milan, 96 Jersey Rd., Woollahra.

Get Rid of Catarrh

THIS EASY WAY!

Stop sniffing, snuffling, hawking, and spitting. Stop coughing, sneezing, and constant nose blowing—making yourself a nuisance wherever you go! There's no need for it. You can rid yourself of it quickly and effectively, in the privacy of your own home.

Catarrh is a dangerous, as well as a nasty unpleasant complaint. Amongst the most common symptoms are headaches, "headaches," frequent colds and influenza, hoarseness, and phlegm discharges, catarrhal deafness, and general debility (run-down, tired feeling). The only way to overcome it is to drive the catarrhal impurities right out of the system; and the BASIC treatment is the only one to do this.

500 TREATMENTS FREE!

To further popularise the famous BASIC treatment, and to give readers of this paper an opportunity to test it at our expense, 500 treatments will be distributed FREE under our special new-season offer. Send no money (not even a stamp); just your name and address (including State) to Harvey L. Adams, 76 King St., Sydney. This splendid free offer will be despatched by return mail.

H. L. ADAMS, Dept. A, 76 King St., Sydney, N.S.W.

Forget the worry of skin blemishes

. . . start using The

NEW REXONA SOAP

(containing the new compound of medications, Cadyl, to clear, soothe and stimulate the skin).

Give your skin the CORRECTION, the PROTECTION it needs to keep always smooth and clear, free from PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS, ROUGHNESS, COARSE PORES.

This NEW Rexona Soap, with its remarkable new compound of medications, gives your skin a corrective and protective care that means the end of ugly blemishes. If you want to win and keep a clear, blemish-free skin, this newly medicated Rexona Soap is just what you have been waiting for. Start using it, use it regularly and faithfully, and see what a difference it makes to your skin!

THE SECRET OF THE NEW REXONA TREATMENT —THESE REVITALISING MEDICATIONS

EMOLLIENTS
—to soothe and soften and heal.
NUTRIENTS
—to nourish and revive.
ASTRINGENTS
—to refine pores and improve vital texture.
TONIC ELEMENTS
—to stimulate and strengthen vital tissues.

CLEARS BLEMISHES

Keeps them away

Skin flaws are likely to trouble anyone, and no wonder, with the unceasing attacks of dust and germs! But the new compound of medications, Cadyl, in Rexona lather, is an effective check on these blemish-causing impurities. The lather penetrates deep into the pores, right to the root of blemishes. Here the new medications do their work, purifying and soothing the pores, actually drawing away the deep-ingrained dust and germs that clog the tissues. At the same time the gentle stimulation of the medications invigorates the skin and restores the healthy, natural action of the pores, giving the skin strength to resist the dust and germs that always threaten it. So the medications make and keep your skin fresh and clear.

A VITAL ADVANCE IN SKIN CARE

When you use the New Rexona Soap you are giving your skin the benefit of a vital advance in the care of the skin. Skin specialists experimented for months on the combination of medications in this New Rexona Soap, and in producing Cadyl they have made the New Rexona Soap an outstanding help to clear, smooth skin. The New Rexona Soap can give your skin and hair this new beauty treatment.

SOOTHING PROTECTION FOR BABY

Use this New Rexona Soap always for Baby to prevent chafing, soreness, and blemishes.

8.128.15

The complete skin treatment

REXONA SOAP & OINTMENT

Pimples and blackheads quickly yield to the clearing medications in the New Rexona Soap, but more serious skin disorders usually need further treatment. For troublesome skin affections Rexona Ointment combines with Rexona Soap to make a perfect treatment—quickly healing the skin, leaving it smooth and unscarred. Keep a tin of Rexona Ointment handy always for burns, scalds, cuts and all kinds of skin affections.

Give your hair the same medicated care you give your skin — shampoo regularly with the New Rexona Soap, for hair that sparkles with the glossy radiance of health.

THE SOAP FOR ALL THE FAMILY

There's health for your skin in the medications of the New Rexona Soap—that's why it is the ideal family soap. Everyone from Baby to Father is better for its comforting protection.

THE NEW Rexona MEDICATED skin and facial SOAP

9d containing Cadyl, the new compound of medications.

PER TABLET

IN CITY AND SUBURBS.

REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602639

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

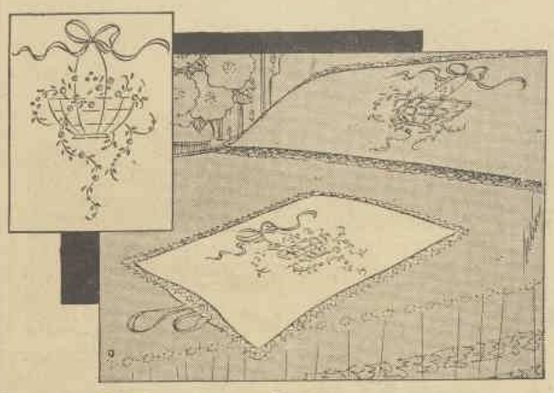
CONDUCTED BY EVE GYE

Yes, You Can Get These Most Attractive Traced Linens and Pretty Transfers!

With Christmas gift-giving in mind, readers are continually asking whether it is possible to secure various traced linen articles and transfers featured on this page in earlier issues.

So that they might not be disappointed—and believing that many others, including hundreds of new readers, would like them, too—we have secured a further, but limited, supply.

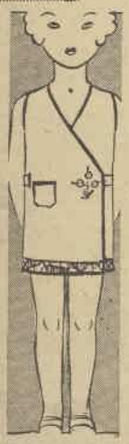
Here are a few of those available:



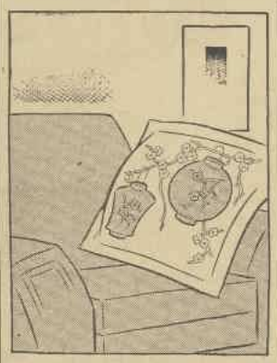
Decorate All Manner of Gifts with This Basket Transfer . . .

NIGHTDRESS and kerchief cases, cushions, tea cosies, aprons—these are just a few suggestions for utilising this dainty basket transfer. If you would like directions for making an inexpensive organdie nightgown sachet, such as you see illustrated here, send in for free directions. Please add 2d. for postage. The transfer costs **5d., post free.**

SO NICE FOR LITTLE GIRLS!



THIS little girl is wearing a neat crash overall, which ties in a bow at her back. It is piped in color and shows a fast color cretonne band at foot. The only work required is a touch of embroidery. Obtainable in sizes 18, 20, 22, and 24 inches. The price is **2/3, post free.**



The Bachelor Girl Would Love This Gay Cushion!

CHINESE lanterns in applique fast color patches decorate this hemstitched crash cushion, and all that you have to do is to embroider the charming design already traced for working.

It measures 18 x 21 inches—a generous size, and will give years of useful and attractive service. Price, **2/-, post free.**

THIS APRON MAKES A PRETTY GIFT . . . .

SUCH a useful little apron, and novel, too, with its tree in a field of "lazy daisies." You can obtain this apron in hard-wearing crash, piped with red, green, blue or orange, and traced for working in the rapid "lazy daisy" and outline stitchery—and you can have it by return of mail for **1/10, post free.**

Four Rows of This Very Useful Transfer Cost 4d.!

Use it for embroidering dainty lingerie, edges of linen supper cloths, table runners, etc.; also for giving the pretty finish to baby's clothes. Note the price, 4d. post free, for four rows.

Fascinating hand-printed motifs on children's pinafores and feeders. Fast to wash and boil—the rage overseas. No nicer gift imaginable. The feeders are printed gaily with puppies (the boys will adore these), or with a little gardening girl. Made of white Paddy cloth, piped in white, reinforced with bib underneath for extra protection.

The aprons fit the 2 to 4-year-olds, and all you have to do is to join shoulder seams, bind with the pretty green binding, and sew on buttons (also supplied). **Price, 2/-.**

WHAT about these inexpensive novelties for Christmas gift-giving?

The sketches cannot, of course, show the pretty colorings. They are all in crash and traced ready for working. No. 1 (left) is a string bag, cottage and hollyhock design. Work it in stem and satin stitch, or buttonhole stitch. Price, 1/-. No. 2, the Match Boy, quaint holder, traced, with picot edging. Can be easily and rapidly worked. Price, 1/-. No. 3, Kookaburra D'oyley Case, in brown linen (note this), traced, with picot edging. Decidedly quaint and attractive. Price, 2/-. No. 4, Christmas Bell String Bag, with greetings. All in readiness for quick stitchery. Price, 1/-. No. 5, Quaint "Pussy" Matchholder, traced, with picot edging. Price, 1/-. No. 6, "Cooee" Pot Holder, featuring magpie. Fascinating, if he is worked in black and white, with long and short stitch. Price only 1/-. No. 7, Kerchief Tidy, traced, with picot edging. Price, 1/3. No. 8, Smart Peg Apron, with "Australia" and Christmas Bell design, bound in orange, with pockets. All ready for rapid working. Price, 2/3. No. 9, Kookaburra Note Case. This should make a novel gift. It is traced, and the old laughing jackass will most certainly appeal to everybody. Price, 1/-.

Low Oven Electric Range.

Low Oven Model Electric Range with Plate Rack.

Cabinet Model Electric Range.

"I bought my electric range on easy terms — 20 per cent. deposit and 2 years for the balance. The Electricity Department paid the cost of installation, and I get electricity at a specially reduced rate.

Actually, it costs less than a penny a person a day to cook by electricity — and you'd be surprised how quick and easy it is. You just prepare the meal and turn a switch. That's all! Every dish perfectly cooked — and NO WASTE. I'd never go back to the old expensive methods.

Why don't YOU buy an electric range the same easy way? It is only a matter of seeing your electrical dealer. He will quickly make all the arrangements for you."

ELECTRIC COOKING DEMONSTRATIONS
are being held this week at
ANTHONY HORDERN & SONS LTD.
BRICKFIELD HILL. - - Continuous
YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO ATTEND

Cook by ELECTRICITY

Address this Coupon to The Electricity Department, Town Hall, Sydney, for full details of Electric Range Easy Terms Offer.

MAIL THIS COUPON
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
E.O.R.27.
WW11.10.'34.

MISS ELAINE HAMILL.

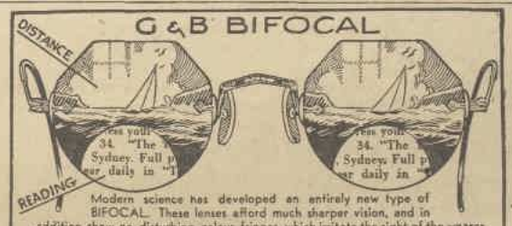
Cinesound LOOKS AHEAD

IN preparation for the many new pictures planned for 1935, the Cinesound Studios have been enlarged and modernised. Many new screen types will be needed for the extensive casts in these pictures.

Are you, too, looking ahead? If you have personality and a good speaking voice, there may be a future for you in Australian pictures. Let us give you an oral test—it is free.

THE CINEMA ACADEMY
(Under Patronage of Cinesound Productions Ltd.)
GRACE BUILDING, 77 YORK STREET, SYDNEY. MA1581.

G & B BIFOCAL



Modern science has developed an entirely new type of BIFOCAL. These lenses afford much sharper vision, and in addition show no disturbing colour fringes, which irritate the sight of the wearer and cause undue eye fatigue. G & B BIFOCAL lenses give you the eyes of youth—the power to see near and distant objects with the one pair of glasses.

GIBB & BEEMAN LTD.
OPTOMETRISTS AND OPTICIANS
C. A. GIBB, Optometrist. 6 HUNTER STREET (3 Doors from George Street).
J. W. BEEMAN, Optometrist. 378 PITT STREET (opposite Anthony Hordern).
SYDNEY, and at Newcastle.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602640

IT HAPPENED IN SYDNEY!

Fleurbaix, Peacock St.,
Seaforth.

Dear Mrs. Bennet.

With feelings of deep gratitude I would like to express my appreciation of your great skill in regard to the recent illness of my son, Douglas. After a great many doctors, connected with a well-known Sydney hospital, had failed to diagnose his complaint, and told me I could take him home to have the pleasure of his last hours, I brought him to you utterly helpless and wasted to a shadow, and you, with marvellous efficiency and perseverance, faced the task of healing him. In three months he was on his feet. In six months he was completely cured. Words are inadequate to express what we all feel—but if this testimonial is useful you may use it as you please.

(Signed), I. HARDY.

THIS IS TO REMIND YOU I AM

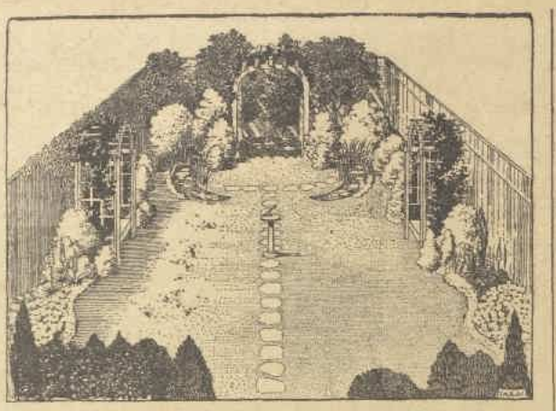
Still giving the electric VIT-O-NET treatment and massage, same as I gave this boy and thousands of others during 18¾ years at Station House.

WARNING

No person has ever been associated in partnership with me. I personally superintend every case. I have always done so for 18¾ years.

Mrs. J. BENNET

Station House, Rawson Place, Sydney. Phone MA4108



AN ATTRACTIVE PLAN for a backyard garden, limited in size, where mass planting of tall-growing perennials and shrubs serves as a screen for a high enclosing fence or undesirable view.

PREPARING ... for a Garden Competition!

By the OLD GARDENER

GARDEN competitions are definitely more interesting than flower shows. Here the expert workman is allowed full play with his imagination, and all his individual craftsmanship is shown to best advantage.

ALL over the world at various times, flower shows and garden competitions are held. Recently, in London, was staged one of the largest fruit and floral displays seen for many years. America often holds an international show; miniature gardens, farms, and orchards are laid out.

These shows give not only a beautiful and satisfying display to lovers of beauty, but they have definite instructive value. We absorb fresh ideas and see for ourselves just how flowers should be grown to best advantage.

One of the reasons why I called this morning, Miss, was to tell you about a garden competition in Sydney. The Horticultural Council of New South Wales are holding this contest in the city of Sydney and suburbs from November 21 to November 23—during the Prince's visit. I guess there will be some interesting gardens to be seen, and the judges will have a very unenviable task before them.

With this in mind, it has occurred to me that a few hints on preparing gardens for such competitions would be welcome to every home gardener—and here they are:

A natural lay-out is the first necessity. If it conforms to nature, it will catch the judge's eye. The paths should also be wide enough for two to walk along, with curves here and there.

Also, plants should be set in natural fashion. See that the position suits the various trees, shrubs, creepers. Have shady nooks and corners for those plants that require them. Frangipanni, poinsettia, poinciana, euphorbias, for example, are sun-lovers, so in your show garden they must have as much sun as possible. Azaleas, hydrangeas, begonias, fuchsias, are all semi-shade plants, so remember this in choosing the site. These are all points which judges take into consideration.

If stone edgings are used in beds or paths, let them be placed naturally. If cement is used, have it well down, so that it can be covered in such a way that it does not show above the surface of the beds or paths.

Be Original!

STUDY the site of your garden, the soil conditions, the style most suitable for the surroundings. And have some ideas of your own, don't copy your neighbor. Try as far as possible to design your garden so that it is quaint, but with beauty in every aspect. Have something unusual and unexpected.

The next important thing is to keep your plots neat and tidy. Dig, rake, level. Clean out every weed possible. Look over your roses, annuals, perennials. Cut out dead and dying foliage, remove all spent flowers. Keep your shrubs neat and trimmed, symmetrical and natural.

Weed your lawns and cut them, but not too short. I have seen lawns cut so low that you would think they had been shaved with a razor. That is not good workmanship. Cut the lawn just low enough to give a natural carpet-like appearance. Trim the edges and have them perfectly even. Run the garden line along the edges when cutting. Don't trust your skill unaided to keep the edges straight.

Weed the paths and give a general clean-up everywhere. All these small things the judges take note of.

And then overhaul your garden with reference to insect and fungus diseases and keep the spray pump going to prevent further trouble.

ANOTHER thing to remember is: When planting the various plots, keep the colors separate if possible. Make bold masses of color, for example, all-blue bed, a yellow, a golden one, and so on. Keeping the plots to one color gives a striking appearance and attracts attention immediately.

One mistake in gardening—or in the planning of a garden—is to cut beds into lawns. I have seen beautiful lawns cut to pieces with small beds of various shapes and sizes. Do you know the most essential part of good landscape is the lawn and paths?

IT is the wide, sweeping lawns around a home that give the surroundings a restful, neat, and pleasing appearance. Can there be anything more beautiful than green around a home? It is a sure rest for the eyes on a steaming, hot, summer day. How quiet and peaceful the home appears in the long summer evenings.

A TRUE STORY

By A MOTHER

who brings up her children very differently from grandmother's way

HERE is a story that covers three generations. It is from a mother of four children who has discovered the way to bring them up to healthy manhood and womanhood.

"In olden days," she writes, "when my mother was a girl she was a delicate child. She tells me that at nine in the morning she was given a patent medicine for biliousness; at noon she took another for chronic constipation; and at three she took a blood builder.

"I often contrast my four fine, healthy youngsters with mother. Thanks to my doctor's directions we just use Nujol regularly. It has not upset their stomachs, and even when they had whooping cough they only had serum and Nujol.

"I could write a book about Nujol from my fourteen years of married life. My husband's father uses it, too, and at seventy-four he is well and takes long walks.

"We think we're pretty lucky to have discovered such an easy way to keep in good shape. You can publish this if you want to—maybe it will help some other families to keep well!"

Nothing we could add to this letter would make it any more convincing. Try Nujol yourself. Bring your children up on it and they will be regular as clockwork.

Nujol can now be obtained in a flavoured form — Cream of Nujol. Cream of Nujol has a delicious taste and your children are sure to like it. Grown-ups also enjoy its palatable flavour. Cream of Nujol contains no carthartic drugs and its beneficial action is entirely due to the Nujol content. Both Nujol and Cream of Nujol are obtainable at all chemists.

EUCRASY Banishes All Desire for Drink

IT is a priceless boon to all who use it, for their relatives or friends. If you suffer in any way through the liquor habit, let the voluntary testimonials of actual users convince you that EUCRASY will soon sober the drinker and make you happy. EUCRASY is guaranteed harmless and can be given SECRETLY or Voluntarily. NOT COSTLY. Call or write to-day for FREE SAMPLE, Booklet, and Testimonials.

DEPT. R, THE EUCRASY CO.,
397 ELIZABETH ST., SYDNEY.

. . and it is irresistible

● Even were your figure more lovely than the Venus, your profile a better one than Helen's and your eyes the envy of Marlene, much would still need to be done! For the finishing touches are no less vital than the first outlines, and the powder, for instance, that you sprinkle on yourself after the bath, is no less important than the bath itself! And that is why so many women of sensitive taste and sensitive skin choose Johnson's Baby Powder, the softest powder in the world. For many years its daintiness has pampered the skins of babies, and your own skin deserves no less. And all day or all evening its fragrance lingers with you and about you, perfecting your allurement, chic and charm.

FOR MEN, TOO

After Shaving and Showering! Johnson's Baby Powder makes its appeal to men who desire the maximum of comfort after shaving or showering. It dries, cools and protects the skin. No chafing—just a feeling of freshness and cleanliness.

Johnson's BABY powder
BEST FOR BABY—BEST FOR YOU

● A product of Johnson and Johnson—World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, Tek the Modern Toothbrush, Modess, Etc.

81.34

A ROYAL ATTRACTION

ANNOUNCING Reduced Price now 1/6

DJER-KISS (Dear Kiss) — MAVIS

IMPORTED PERMANENT LIPSTICKS

Four attractive shades. Flame-Orange, Light, Medium, Theatrical. Four times as big as any lipstick of the price. The maximum of value and good taste.

All Leading Stores and Chemists

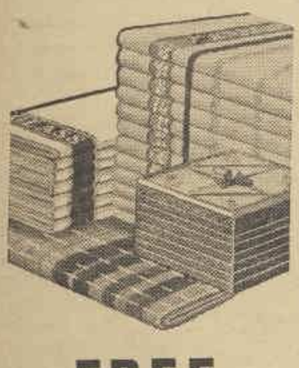
You can bring this modern fascinating lipstick to your door FREE of post.

Country Residents—Send Postal Note for Only 1/6.
(Denote colour and name of lipstick you desire).

TO SOCIETY DEPT., REGAL CHEMICAL PRODUCTS OF AUSTRALASIA, VICTORIA ARCADE, SYDNEY.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602641

Save your SUNSPRAY labels!



FREE

BATH TOWELS, TABLECLOTHS, PILLOWSLIPS, GLASSCLOTHS, HANDKERCHIEFS . . . FOR SUNSPRAY LABELS

HOW TO OBTAIN YOUR GIFT

Save 10 Sunspray Powdered Skim Milk 1lb. labels or two 5lb. labels and obtain a pure linen Glass Cloth; or Pillow Slip (enveloped end).
Save 20 Sunspray Powdered Skim Milk 1lb. labels or four 5lb. labels and obtain a coloured Bath Towel; or a Tablecloth with coloured border.
Save 30 Sunspray Powdered Skim Milk 1lb. labels or six 5lb. labels and obtain a box of Ladies' or Gentlemen's Handkerchiefs; or a Tablecloth 54 in. x 54 in. with coloured border.
When you have saved the necessary number of labels, post or bring them to the Sunspray "Gift Department," enclosing the coupon below. Fill in the coupon clearly and completely. Do not enclose a letter with your parcel.
NOTE:—Make certain to put the correct postage on the parcel, and carefully check your labels before mailing.

Sunspray SKIM MILK

Copyright 5028

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH YOUR LABELS

"Sunspray Gift Dept.", 17 Foveaux Street, Sydney.

NAME ____

ADDRESS ____

LABELS ENCLOSED ____

GIFT REQUIRED ____

WW10.11.34

THE BRUCE, EASY, PROVEN CERTAIN PILE REMEDY

WHILE YOU SLEEP, IT HEALS!

For External Use.

Read what an eminent chemist reports:
The Laboratory, 32 Napoleon St., SYDNEY, March 14th, 1933.
The formula of your pile remedy submitted to me could have no effect other than beneficial. I gave your sample to a client who had suffered many years, and before he had used half the bottle he reported himself cured.
GROVE JOHNSON, F.C.S. (Lond.), "Honours" City and Guilds of London Institute, Analytical and Consulting Chemist.

TESTIMONIALS POSTED FREE.

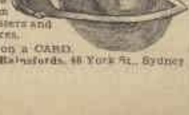
Price, 3/6 per bottle.

Post free 5/-, securely packed in plain cardboard box.

Obtainable from
ROBERT BRUCE, Room 7, 15 Hunter St., Sydney.
Also at 14 Upper Bayview St., McMahon's Point, North Sydney.

The Ladye Jayne CURL-CLIP

Make neat curls at home quickly and easily with this new clip. From Hairdressers and Stores.



7½d Per Card.

TWO CLIPS on a CARD.
In difficulty write Rainsfords, 48 York St., Sydney.

NEW IN THEIR DESIGNS and color combinations—a line-up of modern household linens. All are worthy of an important place in the up-to-date housewife's linen cupboard or linen chest of the happy bride-to-be. —Women's Weekly Photo.

A LINEN Line-Up

With an Eye on the Precious Linen Chest of The Bride-to-be

ONE glance at the newest arrivals this week in the world of linen was sufficient to convince me that modern manufacturers have spared no effort in making these household fundamentals as smart and attractive as they are enduring.

WITH every purse and purpose so well catered for, the housewife can, with happy confidence, set out to replace the weary, the worn, and the patched. And the consequent brightening of the home will have its psychological effect on her.

On the other hand, the young bride-to-be, always so desirous of having things "just right," while vaguely conscious of yawning shelves to be filled—will find the task of filling the precious linen-chest a really exciting one.

TABLE-LINEN is a bewildering subject—vastly important and vastly varied. And it is both festive and handsomely frivolous these days—the old-time plain tablecloth is being superseded by a gay family of bright-colored weaves, as well as by the delicate pastel motifs that enhance so charmingly many satin-faced damasks. These latter belong definitely to the class labelled "treasured possessions." But do have a look at them on your next shopping tour.

The fast color printed linen cloth in futuristic design (shown centre, top row)

BATHROOM ENSEMBLES de luxe! Cellophane-wrapped and attractively boxed, these towels, washers and mats in their color combinations and modernistic designs are quite new to us.

Linen by courtesy of David Jones'.

is a delightful affair. It is suitable for luncheon or afternoon tea, summer meals in the garden, or on the porch or verandah. Measuring 35 x 35 inches it's a regular little bargain for 3/11.

Continental cloths, featuring bright over-check designs on pastel-colored grounds, and fringe-finished, are delightful. One (pictured) measuring 52 x 68, can be added to your collection for 11/6.

Another, also of the Continental type, was exceptionally attractive with its multi-colored stripes (green, blue, gold and orange) and its fringed border. This was a smaller size (52 x 52), at a smaller price. Still another had a tri-colored centre and border, fringe-finished. The 52 x 68 size was marked at 9/6. This is glimpsed on the extreme left of the illustration.

THOSE who love to show off their kitchens (listen to this you brides-to-be!) would do well to get acquainted with the really smart styles that are being put out solely for the drying of dishes. Enough, as I said much earlier, to make that hated family chore a pleasure.

They run in checks, stripes, and block checks, of every shade and color. Pure linen, of a generous size, all are highly absorbent and non-frizzling. Some were 1/9, and others were 1/11 each.

And now to towels and bath sets.

A feeling of stability is the thing to aim for. These will certainly satisfy every claim in that direction—humor you, too, in any color scheme you want to develop.

The second and third items on the bottom row, lined up here for your attention, represent quite a new departure in the way of designs for bath (or beach) towels. Tightly woven, very absorbent, and a comfortable size—24 x 28.

In check and overcheck designs in red, black, blue, green, or gold on a white ground, I could visualise them disappearing into many a cupboard and chest for 2/11.

If you haven't already heard of the famous Martex sets it is high time that you became familiar with their deep-textured and soft-terried luxury. The grown-up kind of bath towel gives you the feeling that you need only "powder-puff" it against the body to dry yourself.—Note second illustration.

With Christmas, one of these superlative quality sets in their cellophane-covered and beribboned boxes would make a most attractive and utilitarian gift. The color combinations are quite new to us: Softest of water greens, beige, and rose grounds flaunt smart, modernistic black borders. The boxed ensemble you just glimpse on the table features white with check borders of blue, and is priced at 29/6. Others I noticed had red, green, or gold checks.

Sheets in Soft Pastels

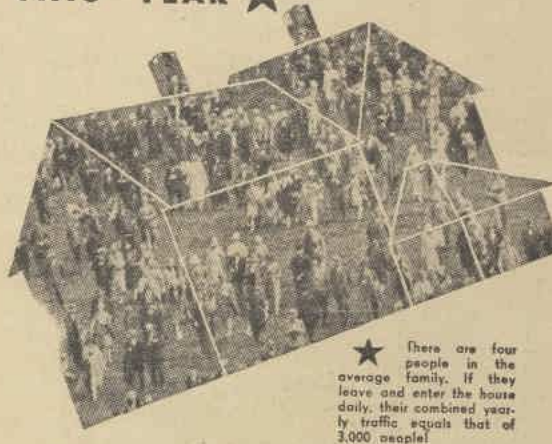
WANDERING around, my eye was caught and held by fascinating cellophane-wrapped packages of exquisite nile green, shell pink, soft gold, and blue sheets.

They are absolutely color-fast, and feature a hand-drawn, hemstitched end. Sizes 72 x 108 (lavish bed size) cost 29/6 a pair, and the 90 x 108 size 35/6. Pillow-cases to match can be had, too.

And then—as it should be, I suppose—I came across the beautiful walnut-polished maple linen-chest which is given free to all purchasers of household linen to the value of £15. This amount, I understand, does not include blankets or down quilts.

What a wonderful opportunity to the engaged girl. Even here she who cannot expend that amount in a lump sum for linen is helped. She can make use of an easy lay-by system and have her linen stored in a free linen-chest.—EVE GYE.

3,000 PEOPLE WILL ENTER YOUR HOUSE THIS YEAR ★



★ There are four people in the average family. If they leave and enter the house daily, their combined yearly traffic equals that of 3,000 people!

YOU can't stop them! They're your own family! That constant traffic dulls the brightness of cement paths, steps, verandahs, makes them dingy! Protect them, with Solpah Paving Paint!

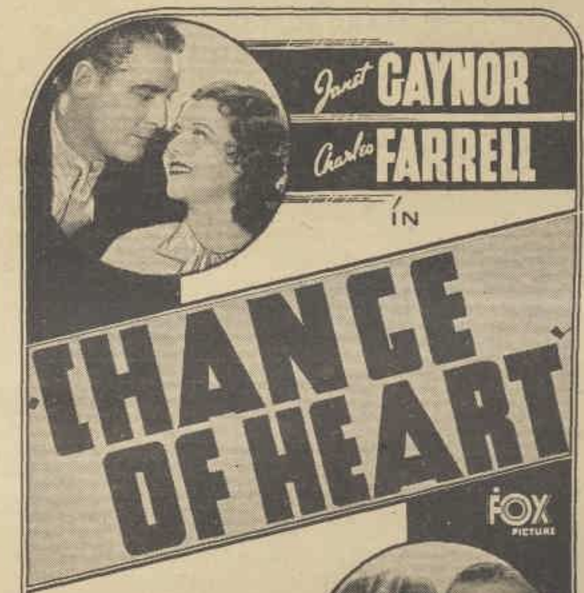
Solpah is made with special oils that form a tough durable film on cement—that's why Solpah protects it—and that's why Solpah stays bright, clean, and attractive!

Solpah spreads easily, dries rapidly, lasts amazingly. It gives new, lasting beauty to cement or brick. Solpah Paving Paint is sold by paint and hardware dealers in ten colours, and handy sizes. A quart tin covers 150 square feet.

Tune in to Taubmans "Favorites Old and New" — 2GB, 9.15 p.m. Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs. — 3DB, 9.15 p.m. Mon., Tues., Wed., Fri.

TAUBMANS SOLPAH PAVING PAINT

THERE'S A TAUBMAN PAINT FOR EVERY POSSIBLE PURPOSE



Reunited for your delight, the screen's most popular lovers in the sweetest story ever told.

With GINGER ROGERS and JAMES DUNN

Your theatre manager will tell you when he is screening.

Kiddies love competitions. The new Fatty Finn's Weekly, appearing this week, is featuring competitions with really valuable prizes.

STAMMERING CURED by modern medically scientific methods. Write for particulars. L. W. Dobson, M.P.S., Ph.C. (Syd. Uni.), M.I.O., M.O.O.A., 358 Burwood Rd., Belmore, N.S.W. Late staff R.P.A. and R.A. Hospitals. Recommended by doctors, hospitals and nurses. Low fee.

Liberty THEATRE

232 PITT STREET. MIDWAY BETWEEN MARKET & PARK STS

THE DIRECTORS HAVE THE HONOR TO PRESENT FOR AN EXTENDED SEASON

The Girl you loved in "Only Yesterday"

MARGARET SULLAVAN

in

"LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?"

with DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

MARGARET SULLAVAN . . only yesterday a name, but big fan news to-day . . only yesterday a face in the crowd, but to-day the darling of the gods . . only yesterday a voice, but to-day a thrilling personality . . and soon she comes to you again at the very zenith of all her glory in "LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?"

Plans are now on view at the Theatre Telephone MA 6068

ROBOTS and PUPPETS Portray a Household Story

Clever American Electrical Publicity At World's Fair

No expense was spared at a recent exhibition at the Chicago world's fair, where a theatrical show with a revolving stage, a musical comedy, a robot, and puppets were employed by the various exhibitors to demonstrate electricity.

NOT so much as passing mention was made of watts, amperes or even an erg in the course of the afternoon. The hosts steered clear of the oscillographs and stroboscopes which they felt were simply shoals to be avoided in their course through the electrical displays. Instead they led their guests to exhibits planned expressly for feminine eyes.

Woman's rise from the kitchen of drudgery to the modern culinary laboratory where electric buttons do most of the hard work was the theme of a wordless play presented on a revolving stage by one electric and manufacturing company. Women in the audience smiled over the first scenes, for familiar indeed from childhood memories were the old ice box, the black stove, and the sound of clothes rubbed on a washboard!

As the stage revolved they saw drudgery lessen. The woman who acted the part of the housewife, wearied by her incessant labor in the first acts, became fresher as the stage revolved until in the last act she threw off her apron and completed her washing while sitting at her electrically controlled mangle in a pretty afternoon dress.

A musical comedy, "What a Night," was presented by puppets for the electric light and power industry in another little theatre. It depicted the bad dream of foolish Henry Pettigrew, who lost patience over his electric bill and pulled out his meter. In his dream his electric servants danced before him, Mr. Radio, Miss Iron, Miss Vacuum Cleaner, and so on, and in the end he was convinced that they work for low wages.

Other theatrical attractions designed to show the value of electricity were a puppet show called "From Cave to Keelvinator," ending, of course, in the triumph of the modern iceless refrigerator.

A "scientific vaudeville" came very near that perilous ground where men feel so at home in talking about photo-electric cells, grid glow tubes, and such mysteries, but the showman knew just when to sidestep this pitfall. He let his visitors see the effect of sound being carried on a beam of light, of ultra-violet rays on fluorescent materials and the performance of the electric eye, but he stopped short of technical explanations.

Willie, the Vocalite Robot, protege of another electrical house, was also careful not to get technical. The tin man, who seemed to have come direct from Oz, moved about and talked in response to vocal instructions from the attendant and left the feminine visitors properly impressed with the ability of the electrical people who made him.

After seeing Willie, it was reassuring to the feminine delegation to find a good old-fashioned cooking demonstration. Of course, the cook was using an electric stove, but her method of handling the rolling-pin was not a bit different from the way grandma used to do it before sliding her pie into her big black range.

Freshening Up Flasks and Teapots

TO keep vacuum flasks and teapots from becoming "musty," put some crushed egg shells and a little vinegar in them, and shake well. Then rinse in warm water and turn upside down to dry.

The MAGIC Word—Tea!

So few people in the bustle of to-day ever taste a good cup of tea. To make really satisfying, full-flavored tea requires a little more thought than is usually given and takes no longer.

THOSE who, when that craving for a cup of tea comes over them, slip on a kettle, carelessly close the lid of the container, and pour out at the moment the tea is made, do not realise how much more good they can get from a cup of tea, and how much more delicious it will be with a little care given to buying and storing, as well as to making.

There are two main varieties of tea—Indian and China—and from these most blends are made. Should you have the time and inclination, you may experiment, yourself, to find a blend that

you like. Otherwise, a good household blend that is small-leafed and free from dust will be best. Buy it in small quantities and keep in an airtight tin.

If you want to obtain the best from your tea, you must pay attention to detail—to water in particular. If it is hard, get advice as to the best teas to suit it.

Make your tea in freshly-boiled water, and make sure it is still boiling when poured into the teapot. Warm the teapot itself first, either by pouring in a little hot water or by standing it in a warm place.

Then, for the medium cup of tea, put a level teaspoon of tea for each person, and an extra one. This should be varied according to the strength you require and according to the tea itself. Usually, the cheaper teas are less economical, and require more tea. Moreover, if the water is soft, you will need less.

Then allow the tea to draw for a few minutes.

Great News!

NESTLÉ'S *re-introduce*

FREE GIFT OFFER

Here's another opportunity to obtain **FREE SHEETS, GLASS CLOTHS, SILK STOCKINGS, BATH TOWELS AND HANDKERCHIEFS**

Save 16 ASSORTED LABELS of the four Nestlé's products illustrated, as specified below (8 Gold Medal Milk labels must be included) and obtain a PURE LINEN GLASS CLOTH; or COLOURED BATH TOWEL.
Save 12 ASSORTED LABELS of the four Nestlé's products illustrated (16 Gold Medal Milk labels must be included) and obtain a TABLECLOTH, coloured border, or a COLOURED BATH TOWEL; or a box of Ladies' or Gentlemen's HANDKERCHIEFS.
Save 48 ASSORTED LABELS of the four Nestlé's products illustrated (24 Gold Medal Milk labels must be included) and obtain a TABLECLOTH; or a pair of SILK STOCKINGS; or a SHEET, 54" x 99".
When you have saved the necessary number of labels post or bring them to Nestlé's "Gift Department," enclosing the coupon at the foot of this advertisement. Write the following information on the coupon. Your name and address (clearly written), a list of the labels enclosed, the gift you desire (please state colour and size of stockings). Do not enclose a letter in parcel.
NOTE: Make certain to put the correct postage on the parcel, and carefully check your labels before mailing.

GOLD MEDAL MILK — Every label around a Gold Medal Full-Cream Milk tin counts one. *Outside wrappers do not count.*

NESTLÉ'S MILK — Every label around a Nestlé's Full-Cream Milk tin counts one towards your gift.

NESTLÉ'S CREAM — One 8oz. label counts as one and TWO 4oz. labels count as one.

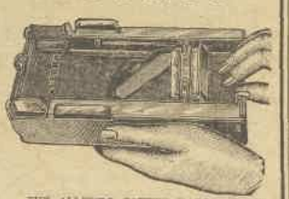
"IDEAL" MILK — One large (12oz.) label counts one, and TWO small (6oz.) labels count one.

GOLD MEDAL MILK
NESTLÉ'S MILK, "IDEAL" MILK, NESTLÉ'S CREAM
Closing Date Dec. 31st, 1934
COPYRIGHT 1610

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH YOUR LABELS
"Gift Department," Nestlé's, 17 Foveaux St., Sydney
NAME
ADDRESS
LABELS ENCLOSED
GIFT REQUIRED

W.W.10.11.'34.

USEFUL PRESENTS



LADIES' SCISSOR CASE, Hand-Made of Fancy Leather.
Containing 4 Pair Nickel Plated Scissors 37/6
Containing 3 Pair Nickel Plated Scissors 25/-

THE ALLEGRO SAFETY RAZOR BLADE SHARPENER, for Gillette or Valet Auto Blades, each 25/-
Also for Wilkinson and Gem Blades. Post Free for cash with order.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

W. JNO. BAKER LTD. 3 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY.

THEATRE ROYAL
Nightly at 8. Mats., Sat. & Wed., at 2.
THE RUSSIAN BALLET COMPANY
with OLGA SPESSIVA
and company of Continental Stars.
PLANS AT PALING'S.

CRITERION!
Nightly at 8. Mats., Sat. & Wed., at 2.
Modern as the minute!
"THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME" —
WITH GRACE LANE AND JANE WOOD.
And Brilliant Supporting Cast.
PLANS AT PALING'S.

Liverish people for 3 generations

Our fathers' fathers' fathers used Warner's Safe Cure . . . successfully . . . against all functional disorders of liver and kidneys. Hundreds of letters on our files indicate that Warner's Safe Cure is just as effective today as it was sixty years ago. This letter from a grateful Carlton user:

"I was suffering severely from pains in the back, giddiness and severe headaches, caused through acute kidney and liver trouble. After different treatments for twelve months, without any relief, I was advised to try Warner's Safe Cure. I gave the medicine a trial, and to my surprise the pain became less acute. I continued to improve, and after a few bottles I was quite restored to health."

—Miss E. Stewart, 88 Station St., Carlton, Vic.

Backache, rheumatism, sciatica, failing appetite, sleeplessness, biliousness, disordered nerves, neuralgia, etc., are symptoms of liver or kidney trouble.

Warners Safe Cure

Sold everywhere by chemists and storekeepers, in both the original 5/- bottles and the cheaper concentrated (non-alcoholic) form at 2/9

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602643

2GB HIGHLIGHTS

Eric Colman as a Film Star

HOW will Eric Colman shape as a film star? That is a question many listeners to 2GB, struck by the similarity of Eric Colman's voice to that of his famous brother, Ronald, are asking themselves.

The answer is being supplied by the Beaumont Smith production, "Splendid Fellows," which is to have its premiere this coming Saturday at the Lyceum Theatre. It is picture with a theme that is more than topical. It is typical of Australian life. With the Centenary Air Race as a background, a fine drama of mateship is played out. Eric Colman has a virile part as the Flying Padre. Whether he is to repeat his brother's success remains to be seen. He is modest about it himself. "One picture," he says, "doesn't make a film star . . ." but the reception which the public gives this picture will determine whether more will follow. And an honest opinion must declare that "Splendid Fellows" is good, and that Eric Colman, while he has no pretensions to being a matinee idol, has that something about his looks and manner that makes a man personable to men and women alike.

As the Flying Padre, a war ace who has taken up ministering to the people of the outback, he still finds time to build an aeroplane which he enters in the Centenary Air Race. Frank Leighton plays the part of a young ne'er-do-well charge of the padre's who has been sent out to Australia to make good. He is the man chosen to fly the aeroplane. He does. But, as everyone knows, he didn't win the race; no one is trying to rob "Scotty" of his honors. But therein lies the story. There has been an accident to the Flying Padre's own plane in the Central Australian desert, and this gives the young ne'er-do-well an opportunity to show more than his flying ability—he shows what a splendid fellow he is.

Besides Eric Colman, two other 2GB personalities take part in this picture: John Creighton, and—well, you've been baffled before to-day by the multiple voice of George Edwards; see if you can find him this time. He's there all right.

ERIC COLMAN, 2GB's popular announcer, as he appears in the new Australian talkie, "Splendid Fellows."

Particulars of the special Australian Women's Weekly Sessions on 2GB will be found on page 16.

THE YEAR CALLS A HALT

A FEW years and the Boer War was forgotten, but the Great War bestrides the century, overshadowing the lives even of those who were born after the signing of peace. At first Armistice Day was celebrated as a day of rejoicing, and now it is a day of remembrance. This year 2GB will again give fitting commemoration to the day. At 10.15 there will be the St. Alban's service, during which the Two-Minutes' Silence will be observed. The address will be, "Is War the Way to Peace?"

At 3.0 p.m. there will be a Great Armistice Service under the combined auspices of 2GB and The Australian Legion at the Assembly Hall, Margaret Street. In the evening Dr. W. G. K. Duncan will give a talk: "We Will Remember Them," in which he will ask and answer the question how much nearer the world is to peace to-day than it was in 1914, and at 10 p.m., Rev. T. E. Ruth meditates on "An Armistice Aftermath" in his Sunday night Nocturne.

PIONEERED NURSING

SOMEONE once discovered that by taking each letter in the name Florence Nightingale one could construct the phrase "Flit on, cheering angel." To-day the title "cheering angel" may seem a little fulsome, but to the soldiers of the Crimea, dying of dysentry, cholera, and typhus, this lady who came out to the Crimea with her band of nurses, and herself personally attended to them, even when she was stricken with fever, was indeed a cheering angel. Miss A. Graham will discuss her as a pioneer woman in a talk, "Florence Nightingale," on Tuesday, November 13, at 12.15 p.m.

KISSES WERE TABOO

THE waltz song, "Il Bacio," was one of the mid-Victorian drawing-room successes.

The title signifies "The Kiss," but when it was translated into English it was re-christened "Love's Dream of Home." The idea seems to have been to prevent innocent young maidens coming in contact with anything so attractive as a kiss.

It is part of "Castles in Music," an exclusive World Broadcasting session from 3GB on Wednesday, November 14, at 10.45 p.m.

HOFF Holbrook says: I mature my Worcestershire Sauce until age imparts a full rich, mellow flavor.

THE FICKLE LADIES

"LA DONNA E MOBILE" has as romantic a story behind it as any song ever written. The words of this famous reflection on the fidelity of woman were written by Francis I of France. Some say he wrote them after seeing for the first time the enigmatic smile of the famous portrait of Mona Lisa.

When Verdi came to write the opera based on the love adventures of Francis, the censors told him for political reasons he had to change the name of his hero. So a mythical Duke of Mantua was given the song to sing.

As for the tune, Verdi realised from the beginning that he had a winner and, in order to stop all Milan whistling it before the day of the performance, the new tune was kept a secret even from the tenor until the last rehearsal. A magnificent new recording, by Gigli, will be featured in the "Highlights of Opera" session at 1.45 p.m. on Sunday, November 11.

COMPOSER'S PATRON

FEW geniuses in this world have had less to worry about and have worried more than Tschaikowsky, the famous Russian composer. When he was still a young man a wealthy widow of a railway magnate took a liking for his work and commissioned him to compose for her. He never met her personally, although she gave him commissions, paid his debts, and even allowed him a pension of 3000 roubles a year.

His music will be featured in "Tschaikowsky, Famous Russian Composer," a presentation by Eileen Boyd and Gil Dech, which is being broadcast on Monday, November 12, at 7.15 p.m.

WANTED, A LOVE LEGEND

AUSTRALIA alone of all the nations has no great love story amongst her traditions. Time has been too short for the development of legends, but time may yet turn some commonplace of to-day into a thing of beauty, as it has done with the story of Krishna and Radha, the temple dancing girl, which in its beginning was no more than the sad case of a prince who loved out of his caste and was punished.

Legend now tells how the Prince, seeing the lovely Radha dancing in the garden, fell in love with her and besought her to forsake the garden with him. She refuses, then yields. Famine and plague invade the land, Radha dies, and Krishna, heart-broken, keeps vigil over her dead body until, in anguish and despair, he, too, falls dead.

This is the background of the Song Cycle, "In a Brahmin Garden," which Paul Kain is to broadcast on Tuesday, November 13, at 10 p.m.

POLITICAL COMMENTATOR

LLOYD ROSS contributed a clever play, "On the Edge of the Future," to the recently-published "Eight Plays by Australian Authors." He has done considerable writing, and has already published a number of pamphlets, including "Tickets Without Goods, a Criticism of the Douglas Credit Movement," and "From the Martyrs to the Masses, Pages in the History of Trades Unionism."

His Political Commentary was introduced during the recent elections, and proved so popular with listeners—both men and women—that 2GB decided to ask him to continue his commentary each Monday night at 10.15.

COMMENCING TO-MORROW, NOV. 9th

And Continuing Until Sat. Nov. 24th

GRACE BROS. SHOPPING CARNIVAL

The Whole Store En Fete for the Occasion!

Again Grace Bros. is filled with the "Spirit of Carnival." All preparations are completed and to-morrow at 9.5 a.m. sharp all doors will swing wide open to reveal wonderful working Demonstrations and Displays in practically all Departments.

HALF PRICE CARNIVAL BARGAINS

Throughout the Store!

Half Price Carnival Bargains are additional features that will make your visit doubly profitable, as well as pleasurable.

Remember these Half Price Bargains of Grace Bros. are REAL Half price bargains—which means that these goods are priced HALF WHAT THEY WERE the day before the Carnival opened.

SEE THURSDAY'S "SUN" for full list of these wonderful specials—no need for us to tell you they're exceptional—the amazingly low prices speak eloquently the "Bargain Language" everyone understands.

CARNIVAL BARGAIN AVENUE

AMAZING VALUES IN

DRESS & SILK FABRICS

36 inch PRINTED RAYONS

Genuine British Fabrics, in smart floral and geometrical designs, all at less than Half Price to clear! Coloured grounds include Black, Navy, Red, Green, Rust, Biscuit, Saxe, Bottle, etc. Take advantage of this special offer, and buy 2 or 3 dress lengths of this high-grade quality.

USUAL PRICE 2/6 | LESS THAN HALF PRICE 1/- YD.

28/30-inch PRINTED CAMBRIC

Special qualities in neat printed and floral designs on White grounds. Guaranteed fast colours.

USUAL PRICES 7½d 9½d | HALF PRICE 3½D YD.

Usually 5/11	**36in. Printed French Flat Crepe** High-grade quality in beautiful floral designs. Coloured grounds include Black, Navy, Brown, Lido, Wine, Bottle, Red, Saxe, Green, Powder, etc.	NOW 2/11½
Usually 2/11	**36 in. Smart Brocaded Taffeta** A heavy corded shot Taffeta with a self coloured brocaded design, ideal for evening wear. Shades are Lemon, Green, Dusty Pink, Blue, Nile, Beige, Mauve and Pink.	NOW 1/6
Usually 3/11	**36in. Crepe Pompadour** An American rayon crepe in neat fancy designs, in tones of Black, Beige, Blue, Green, Navy, etc. An unerushable fabric.	NOW 1/11½
Usually 3/11	**36 in. Printed Crepe de Chine** Pure Silk quality in smart plaid designs. Colourings include Green, Bottle, Saxe, Royal; also other designs in various wanted tones.	NOW 2/11½
Usually 5/11	**36 in. French Floral Georgettes** Superior quality, genuine French weaves. Effective designs in Greens, Lemon, Blue, Ivory, Navy, and other popular shades.	NOW 3/11
Usually 4/11	**27 in. Striped Crepe de Chine** Genuine Pure Silk hand-woven Chinese Crepe de Chine, in neat striped designs, suitable for Shirts, Blouses, Children's Wear, etc.	NOW 1/11½

GRACE BROS. Ltd. BROADWAY SYDNEY PHONE M 6506

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602644

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

Prizes will be awarded to successful entrants in this competition in the order in which the correct entries are opened. The judge's decision will be final. Competition closes at 4 p.m., December 8.

"PERFECT" WAVE SETTERS and END CURLERS

FROM ALL STORES AND LEADING HAIRDRESSERS

FREE GIFTS COMPETITION

1st Prize: Spalding Tennis Racket valued at £4/10/-.
2nd Prize: Dressing Table Set valued at £2/10/-.
3rd Prize: Manicure Set valued at £1/1/-.
4th Prize: 3 Tickets in N.S.W. State Lottery.
5th Prize: 2 Tickets in N.S.W. State Lottery.
10 Consolation Prizes of 1 Ticket each in N.S.W. State Lotteries.

CONDITIONS

Do not Cut Out this Coupon. Write Plainly on the back of card or cards sold with all "PERFECT" WAVE SETTERS and CURLERS the Missing Words on the dotted line at the Foot of this advertisement. Each Card entitles you to one entry. All entries to be addressed to HAMILTON, SMITH, PERLSTEIN and CO., 428 George Street, SYDNEY.

RESULTS of this Competition will be advertised in The Australian Women's Weekly on 15/12/'34.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

It is ACKNOWLEDGED THAT the "PERFECT" WAVE SETTERS and END CURLERS ARE BEST because they make .....

4 MINUTES AT NIGHT WITH LUX DOES THE TRICK

Half the joy of the morning bath is lost unless you put on clean, fresh undies afterwards. That's the height of comfort and daintiness! Who wouldn't spare just 4 minutes a night to be *safe*—to know there's no risk of unpleasantness from perspiration. Lux makes it so easy to protect your charm.

LUX KEEPS UNDIES BRIGHT AND NEW

A nightly bath in Lux works wonders for your undies and stockings, too. It removes the perspiration acids which rot silken threads and ruin delicate colours. You'll have your prettiest things twice as long if you care for them the Lux way.

FOLLOW THE EASY 4-MINUTE LUX METHOD

One tablespoon of Lux does all of one day's undies . . . and your stockings, too. Squeeze garments gently in the lukewarm Lux suds. Rinse twice, roll in a towel and shake out . . . they're sweet and clean again.

Don't use too-warm water—Lux makes lovely suds in lukewarm water.

RUBBING WITH CAKE SOAP WEARS FABRICS, STREAKS COLOURS . . . . . ALWAYS USE LUX

Lux your underthings every night . . . removes perspiration!

5.210.8 A LEVER PRODUCT.

FATTY FINN! The best-loved character who has ever come to life in juvenile papers. The new colored Fatty Finn's Weekly will be on sale for your kiddies each Tuesday. Don't let them miss it!

Frying Fish

Dry the fish to be fried thoroughly, dredge thickly with flour, then brush over with egg and breadcrumbs.

Parsley

Wash parsley with warm water instead of cold and it both retains its flavor and will be much easier to chop.

A Tin of Salmon

Always keep a tin of salmon by you, just as you keep the proverbial tin of fruit. It makes a tasty change, and is quite economical, especially if your family is small. And there are numerous ways of using it. Divide it, and use it for a salad, creamed for an entree, or minced and served on toast.

Careful Tacking . . . Saves Time and Trouble

Always Remember: Tacking Is a Serious Business

It is most important in dressmaking after your garment has been fitted, and it is ready to be sewn, that the seams should be carefully tacked and the pins, used in fitting, removed, before machine-stitching them down.

MANY home dressmakers, when they have fitted a dress, for instance, straightway sit down at the machine and stitch the seams, removing the pins as they reach the needle.

With such a method it is inevitable that the seams will move out of their correct position, and hours of labor spent in fitting will be thrown away.

If it is a top-stitched seam it is very ugly and amateurish-looking, and if it is an inside seam it will throw the whole garment out of gear—according to which way the seam slips it will make the garment too tight or too loose.

You will find tack-threading, therefore, speedier in the long run, and far more satisfactory.

Tacking, moreover, is quite a scientific business, and if done as follows will reward you for the extra bit of trouble, both improving the appearance of the garment and making your machining easier.

Do not make all your stitches large, as this allows the material to slip about. Pick up a small piece on the needle, though the stitch in between may be quite large. This pass-over stitch varies in size according to the material. On loosely-woven, stretchy, or very fine materials, or round corners, the stitch should be fairly small, and occasional back stitches made.

When it is a long, straight seam, such as a skirt side-seam, the pass-over stitches can be an inch or more apart, but it is most important to keep the stitch which picks up the material quite small.

Tacking Ordinary Materials

WHEN dealing with ordinary materials such as light woollens, cotton, or heavy silk, the edges to be tacked should be held over the left hand, and two stitches taken on the needle each time, a long and a short one.

If one layer requires to be slightly eased on to the other, first space the fullness evenly between pins placed at right angles to the edge, and then, with the material well curved over the hand, and the fuller piece on top, take small stitches to keep the surplus evenly spread, and so avoid tiny pleats forming. An occasional back-stitch should be taken to keep it firm.

Seam Cut on Straight Grain

WITH a long, straight seam, you may find it easier to secure one end to the table, hold the work taut, and tack towards yourself. This can only be done when the seam is cut absolutely on the straight grain of the thread. Directly it becomes the slightest bit crossway this method of tacking will stretch the edges. So remember when dealing with a bias edge to place it flat on the table and pick up each stitch as in pinning, with the finger of the left hand ahead, holding the material down.

You will find this method best for fine materials which slip about a great deal—chiffon, ninon, certain crepe-de-chines and satins.

When Sending Flowers

THE box should be of strong cardboard and neither too large nor too small to hold the amount you are sending. Line the box first with waterproof paper and then tissue paper. A thin layer of moss or cotton wool could also be placed at the bottom.

Christmas Gift Catalogue in Color

NOW that Christmas is fast approaching, you will need to think about Christmas gifts.

Saunders, the jewellers, have issued a very attractive colored Christmas "Star Bargain" catalogue, in which bargains from every department are featured.

Call at either of their big city stores and see these star bargains, or write to them now for a copy of their Christmas catalogue. Its beautiful colored pages, with hundreds and hundreds of wonderful gift suggestions at cut prices, will help you immensely in solving that oftimes difficult problem: "What to give?"

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602645

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

LIPS *made* LOVELIER!

With Simple Care and Subtle Adornment

By EVELYN

I THINK the only man who readily admitted that he liked artificially colored lips was a Frenchman, when he said: "Actually, I think lips widowed of paint look foolish. The shape of the lips seems disagreeably modified, the smile seems constrained, and the teeth without brightness... Certainly one can respect the motives that inspire such a reserve, but not so far as to adopt them!"

AND only the other day, I came upon this passage in a book, written by a man: "She came towards me—was she dark, or was she fair? Her eyes—were they blue, green, or scattered with little flecks of gold? Did she wear a day dress or an evening dress? I do not know. I had only seen two lips of a startling red, which obscured everything else. . . ."

Who, after this, will contest the fact that the mouth is one of your main points? . . . Twenty-five yards away, one can distinguish nothing except a silhouette and a red point. The color of the hair, the shape of the face, the color of the eyes, are not noticed any more when one has already noticed the mouth, which "gleams like a ripe pomegranate!" But, alas! Few gleam like a ripe pomegranate without artificial aid.

Of course, there is an art in applying make-up to the lips. It seems such an easy thing to do—yet how often do you see lipstick literally "splodged" on to them, without regard to matching, color or shape?

Always remember: If your lipstick is too dry it spreads badly and makes little granulations. If too moist it has a tendency to spread beyond the limits to which it was assigned. A good plan is to apply a little cold cream, rubbed well in, first.

If your lips are normal, as in most cases, it is enough to heighten the color with the chosen shade, stopping exactly at the famous little line which borders them.

SHIRLEY GREY, of Paramount, applies lipstick to the upper lip only, and then—

If there is some re-touching to do to lessen their size, try this: Apply a little thick cream of a sticky consistency skilfully to the place you wish to obliterate, and then powder liberally.

SHE presses the upper lip against the lower, thus transferring the surplus salve. Then with the tip of the forefinger the salve is smoothed over the lower lip.

If the mouth is too wide, you should avoid extending the red as far as the edge of the lips, and keep more to the centre; if it is too small you should, on the contrary, take the lipstick right to the corners. In this latter instance one might cheat nature at night by putting a little dab of red on the skin outside the line—and corners.

If the lips are too thick you must keep below the "line." If, on the other hand, they are too thin, you must go above this line—especially in the centre.

It is usual to make a double curve very plainly in the form of a heart on the upper lip, with a dip in the middle—Cupid's bow effect. Some have a tendency to exaggerate this double curve, and give it an almost triangular appearance. Not very pretty. It is, however, evidently a question of taste. But real make-up skill consists in emulating as far as possible, nature.

The hygienic care of the lips is very simple: It is a case of ordinary cleanliness, with especial attention to the corners.

Their vitality may be enlivened from time to time by biting them slightly.

You must avoid exposing damp lips to the action of cold or wind, under penalty of cracks and crevices. These latter can be cured easily by emollient lotions (water of marshmallow, for example), with pure olive or almond oil, camphor ice, etc.

No amount of lipstick will hide roughness or cracks. If the cracks persist, one can use glycerine, well diluted, but with prudence, for this agent may spoil them by "deadening" and paling the membrane of the lips, and by a sort of tanning eventually overcome their natural elasticity.

THE ART of make-up—most important item to Miriam Hopkins (Paramount player). She believes that every woman should take every advantage of the many aids to beauty, but that make-up of the mouth is an art and should be studied carefully before applying lipstick in order that the best points may be accentuated — or any bad points disguised.

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

PATIENT: Pneumonia, following influenza, has been very prevalent in the district in which I live. I have assisted, in an amateurish fashion, in nursing several neighbors and, realising my ignorance, I am anxious to know something about the complaint. I am fearful lest my own children should ever become stricken with it.

PNEUMONIA is a serious thing, and if ever it is suspected, a doctor should be consulted immediately. The complaint is treacherous, and only the physician or a trained nurse can detect symptoms that are ominous. The amateur should not attempt to deal unaided with such a malady.

However, as all knowledge is useful, I will give you a brief summary of pneumonic conditions.

The lungs of children are delicate structures, and they are more frequently attacked by disease than any other organ of the body.

Pneumonia is the commonest disease in this respect, and generally this is "broncho-pneumonia" in distinction to "lobar pneumonia." The difference in the two conditions consists largely in the distribution of the disease. In broncho-pneumonia, the large and small bronchial tubes are inflamed. In lobar-pneumonia the whole lobe or division of a lung may become practically solidified from inflammation. Often the two conditions overlap.

The deathrate from pneumonia in children is very high. It is commonest during the winter months, although cases occur all through the year.

Broncho-pneumonia does not always follow the same course. One case may differ markedly from another.

The usual symptoms begin with high fever, often combined with vomiting. Then there are coughs, rapid breathing, and general prostration.

Often the fever fluctuates, varying daily from four to five degrees. It lasts from one to three weeks. After that it gradually grows less; no crisis is reached.

IN the case of broncho-pneumonia a strong cough is a favorable sign. It shows good resisting powers on the part of the patient. During the cough it is helpful to turn the child on his side or face in order to bring up the mucus. Strangely enough, pain in the chest is uncommon.

In severe cases, redness of the face, "cyanosis" is present at times. This is a danger signal, and means the patient must be carefully watched and treated with expertness.

In lobar-pneumonia, the child usually is older, perhaps three or four years of age. The onset is likely to be sudden, the child not feeling quite himself, and then a high fever with vomiting developing rapidly.

Headache and great weakness may be present in the beginning. Sometimes sharp pains in the side are felt.

These symptoms last for two or three days, when a cough may develop. The child is somewhat better by then, however, and this state lasts until the sixth or seventh day.

Usually, after a long sleep, the child awakens feeling decidedly improved in all respects. The "crisis" has been passed. After that improvement is rapid.

The diagnosis of pneumonia is not an easy matter, and many overlapping types may occur. Besides, complications are common. All in all, pneumonia is one of the most serious and dangerous of diseases.

No parent, therefore, should take any chances with a child when pneumonia is a possibility. Get the doctor as soon as possible and let him prescribe exactly what should be done.

EXERCISE for BEAUTY

IDA LUPINO, Paramount player, reduces hips and waistline, assisted by the masseur. Using a stool or chair, the exerciser places hands behind the head, while someone holds the ankles firmly. Slowly the exerciser lets the body from the waist up fall down until the head touches the floor. Then slowly the body is raised again to a sitting position.

If You Value Your Appearance... Use the Dearborn Renewal Aids!

Do not spoil yourself by using the wrong make-up. Prepared for the especial use of Australian Womanhood, Dearborn have just released on the Australian Market a new up-to-date Series of Correct Colorings for every type. A Special Chart, given below, shows the combination best suited to your complexion, and by using the Beauty Aids specified therein, your appearance will be improved in such a manner that your friends will not be able to detect that the wonderful improvement is due to anything but a natural improvement. This new Series is stocked by Leading Departmental Stores and Chemists.

If you have any difficulty in buying them, please write to Dept. S.W., Dearborn (Aust.) Ltd., 24 Jamieson Street, Sydney.

A descriptive beauty book will be forwarded to you containing valuable information, free, on the Care of the Skin, Hair, Obesity with Weight, Exercise, and Diet Chart.

If you send 6d. in stamps a neat handbag compact of Mercolised Wax and a sample of Face Powder will be included.

DEARBORN MAKE-UP CHART FOR ALL TYPES
ESPECIALLY COMPILED FOR AUSTRALIAN CONDITIONS

	Foundation Cream	Powder	Dry Rouge	Lip Stick	Eye Shadow	Eyebrows and Lashes	Moist Rouge
Brunette (Day use)	Mercolised Wax	Barri-Agar Rachelle or Dearborn Rachelle (Light)	Strawberry	Bruna	Bruna	Brown	Bruna
Brunette (Night use)	Mercolised Wax	Barri-Agar Cream	Bruna	Vermil	Blue	Black	Bruna
Auburn (Day use)	Mercolised Wax	Barri-Agar Rachelle or Dearborn Rachelle (Light)	Colliandum	Prolactum	Bruna	Brown	Bruna
Auburn (Night use)	Mercolised Wax	Barri-Agar Cream	Colliandum	Vermil	Olive Green	Brown	Bruna
"In between" types (Day)	Mercolised Wax	Dearborn Peach	Strawberry	Vermil	Blue	Brown	Vermil
"In between" types (Night)	Mercolised Wax	Dearborn Rachelle (Light)	Vermil	Vermil	Blue	Black	Vermil
Ash Blonde (Day use)	Allacite	Barri-Agar Pinch-Pink	Mandarin or Vermil	Mandarin or Vermil	Dark Blue	Black	Vermil
Ash Blonde (Night use)	Allacite	Dearborn Rachelle (Medium)	Mandarin or Vermil	Mandarin Tango or Vermil	Blue	Brown	Vermil
Platinum Blonde (Day use)	Mercolised Wax	Dearborn Rachelle (Dark) or Peach	Bril-Blond or Mandarin	Bril-Blond Mandarin or Tango	Blue	Black	Tango
Platinum Blonde (Night use)	Mercolised Wax	Dearborn Rachelle (Light) Peach or Suntan	Mauve	Bril-Blond Mandarin or Tango	Mauve	Brown	Tango

"MILLIKIN said 'You'd given him a tip?' and Gerald said, 'I didn't dare give him a tip; Kessley might have suspected. But,' Gerald said, 'Chris missed the train and sent his wife, and she brought the wrong papers!'

"'How'd that happen?' Millikin said.

"'His wife had another similar envelope in her desk, and in her haste to make the train she grabbed that,' Gerald said.

"'Kessley suspect?' Millikin asked. 'You can bet he would have!'

"Gerald laughed. 'If you had seen Mrs. Thring arrive, late and dusty and tumbled,' he said, 'you'd have known that there wasn't any joke about it. She'd been all the afternoon getting there. She was so worried about the damn' papers and so glad to get there; she turned 'em over to me with a sigh of relief! And, then, when they turned out to be the wrong ones, you ought to have seen the wringing of hands and heard the excitement! I thought the woman would die!'"

"You mean," Fanny said, pale with excitement, arresting him with a hand on his brown hand, "you mean that actually they were glad to not have Kessley see them?"

"Isn't that what I'm trying to tell you? Millikin said, 'My God!' and his face was one broad grin. He said, 'Gerald, there's more than I thought in poetry!' He was just one wide beam, and Gerald was grinning, too. And after a while Mr. Millikin said to me, 'Where were you all this time?' and when I said that my wife had accidentally locked me in the bathroom before she went out, you ought to have heard them!

"Gerald said, 'Kessley couldn't think Mrs. Thring was acting; she was almost beside herself, worrying about Chris, telephoning people; she wasn't framing anything!' Mr. Millikin asked him if Kessley was disappointed, and Gerald said, 'Sour as gall.'

CHANGE *of* HEART

Continued from Page 6

"Well, then," Chris resumed, "Gerald and I had club sandwiches, and we all went on with the case, and we made a draft of it for Kessley. And Mr. Millikin said, when we left him, that he wouldn't have had Kessley see those original notes for anything in the world. 'He could have taken an advantage of us then, Gerald,' he said, 'that we'd never have gotten over!'"

"Chris, then we're saved!"

"Saved! There's more! I'd telephoned to Mack, thinking you might have come down to the I.B.C., and he said he had to see me for a minute; it was right near, so I went over. The old boy seemed kind of broken up."

"Mack?"

"Yes, he's had this chance to put his what-do-you-call-it on the air—little dialogues, you know, and he'd just set his heart on your doing it. And he tells me you're half-hearted about it because you have to cook my dinner!"

"And so I am. I can't have you coming home to eat mildewed devilled ham, and milk with curds in it," Fanny said.

"Fan, you fool! Why, darling, it's only for a few weeks, and we could have dinner at eight for a while."

"But, Chris, you always get here ravenous——"

"I always get here ravenous. You make me tired. Why can't we have suppers downstairs, for those few weeks, and then go home together? There's no need for you to give up your chance. It might lead to almost anything."

"You honestly wouldn't mind, Chris?"

"I told Mack, of course, to count on you. And he wants to see you some afternoon next week, down there, and get rehearsals started. Oh, and the fun of it is that Madge was wild to do it—wild to do something, and Mack said that he was kind of off Madge. She's gotten so affected since the Phyllis dynasty set in. Anyway, Madge says that she and Phyllis and the Bruntons are going to Europe in November for a year."

"She isn't!"

"She says she is."

"Ah-h-h-h!" Fanny said, on a long sigh. She made no other comment. "Chris, with Gerald Mockby strong for you, and with me making a little money on the radio, we oughtn't to have so much trouble managing Fascination," she said.

"Oh, but wait, there was something I didn't tell you, Fan. This'll excite you. Gerald Mockby walked with me to the I.B.C., and he said that his aunt Sarah—know who she is?"

"Yep, that's Mrs. Jesse Mockby. That's the grandmother of the babies I told you about."

"You seem to have been pretty thorough in Scarsdale."

"Well, she talked to his mother about you, and asked why we didn't live in Scarsdale."

"Scarsdale! Isn't it only for the rich and the noble?"

"WELL, listen. Gerald wants us to come up next week-end, just as we were supposed to do this, and when we do this Mrs. Jesse Mockby wants to talk to you about it."

"Oh, Chris, then we're really going—we'll have another chance to show them we're not complete fools? That makes the whole thing perfect."

"She has—they have, I mean, a place they call Gate House—it's on their place, but when motor cars came in they began to use the other station, and a few years ago they changed the entrance around to another street."

"Who, Chris? Changed what?"

"The Jesse Mockbys. They have this four-room brick house. Gerald said it's as cute as a bug's eyebrow. It's been standing empty for about four years—since they changed round—and it's part furnished, and Gerald says it's perfect for us."

"For us!" Fanny echoed, dramatically laying her hand on her heart.

"That's what he said, and what his aunt Sarah said. She said to Mrs. Joseph Mockby, 'Why shouldn't these young people have the use of it?'"

"But, Chris—help. What'd the rent be?"

"No rent. They said they'd be glad to have it occupied. And from what Gerald says it's on a little back lane, only three blocks from the train, and the old end of town, and with a garden——"

"Oh, no, it's all a dream!" said Fanny. "But, Chris, do we want to be under obligations to them?" she interrupted herself to say anxiously.

"Well, is it such an obligation? They haven't rented it in all this time. I don't believe the rent would mean much to them anyway. It's empty, and that's not so good for a place. And then, it's my firm, and if they want to do me a favor why not?"

"Our country place," said Fanny. "Chris, it sounds so good. And we see it next week. Oh, Chris, isn't it good to be so happy. I will now arise," said Fanny, suiting the action to the word, "push back my hair, find my slippers without looking for them by merely groping with my feet, and repair to the kitchen. There I will make you tea—or, maybe, iced coffee, if you'll crack the ice—to drink with your sandwiches, and open a jar of my own apple butter.

"But first," she said, stopping at the window, "I must have a look at my city."

CHRIS came and put his arm about her, and they looked out together. The long, languid autumn Sunday had worn to twilight. The streets were still bright, but there was no more sun. A shadowless clear air filled the world.

Men and women were on doorsteps; children raced and screamed along the sidewalks, and caught at railings, and were up and down the brownstone stairs of the old houses like cats. Doors and windows were opened everywhere; at some of the windows women were stationary, their bared arms on pillows, their eyes roving idly over the scene below. Here and there early lights were lighted, and against them the furnishings of plain little rooms could be seen: a man with a baby anchored in the curve of his shirt-sleeved arm; a woman cooking, or holding a sugar bowl in her hands.

Bedding looped the fire escapes; smells of cooking were penetrating the opalescent dusk; church bells east and west and north and south rang the Angelus, and the mellow sounds laced and inter-laced the dingy, darkening streets.

Over all trembled the pale, blue-grey sky, flushed rosily toward the west, but cooler beyond the river; pricked in the east by the first great gash of a low-hung star. The silhouette of the squared roofs was against it; on the nearest roof, only some forty feet away, Fanny saw a woman seated on a spread blanket, her back braced against a chimney, an infant at her breast.

It was a common enough sight; these women nursed their babies whenever the spirit or the baby's cries moved them to it, but somehow to-night the quiet little picture so near them, the young head with its loosened braid flung back, the protecting arm and relaxed figure, and the baby's downy head against the curved breast, moved Fanny strangely, and she leaned a little against Chris, standing behind her, and her fingers caught at his big fingers.

While they watched the great arc of the bridge lights flamed up; elevated trains punctuated the confusion of other sounds with their punctual rush and thunder, and a barrel organ, out of sight somewhere down below, broke into a free gush of notes, unheralded, suddenly there—and suddenly silent again.

"My city," Fanny said, half aloud, "slums and elevated and subways and movies and lights and fire escapes—bridges and shows and hot chestnuts and shoe stores with signs of 'Rubbers' on them. And pushcarts and barrel organs and cops and thunderstorms—and hospitals and snow, and park concerts and delicatessen shops. We're here, Chris. We're New York!"

"We're more than here," said Chris, rubbing his cheek against her soft hair, "we've got a student lamp and two jobs and a country home, and we're going to have—what do you call him?"

"Fascination Pledgerby."

She was silent for a while, leaning against his shoulder. After a long silence she said:

"Pretty hour!"

"Loveliest of all," Chris agreed.

The light in the sky was fading fast now, but life still went on busily in the streets; the drug-store door revolved tirelessly; the newspaper stand did a good business; there were laughter and screams, the chipping of feet on the sidewalk, cries of babies, honking of motor cars.

"It's like a symphony," Chris said.

Fanny did not answer, and without disturbing her he bent forward a little, to see if she could possibly be crying. But her eyes were dry, and filled with the dreamy look he loved.

"Wonderful to be married, Fan," Chris said, in a rare mood of articulate tenderness. "Married and living here, right in the middle of it all, and not afraid!"

Fanny was silent for some time. Then she said thoughtfully:

"There was something I wanted to ask you, Chris. It was in my mind two or three times, and now it's gone again—bother!"

"Bucknell case?" Chris prompted.

"No."

"Mack?"

"No.—Oh, I know! Chris, at the Ambassador, do they make club sandwiches with ham or bacon?" asked Fanny.

(THE END)
(Copyright)

HOST Holbrook says: I brew a special Vinegar for my Worcestershire Sauce called Holbrooks' Pure Malt Vinegar.***

WHAT EVERY YOUNG MAN SHOULD KNOW! . . by "STEVE"

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602647

For YOUNG WIVES & MOTHERS

More Interesting Facts on Diet

By . . . Mary Truby King

Daughter of Sir Truby King, the World-famous Authority on Baby Welfare.

Last week helpful information was given to the expectant mother concerning matters of diet. In the following article will be found further details on this important subject.

THE mother-to-be should aim above all things to avoid all functional irregularities. This is important at all times, but doubly so when a woman is cherishing new life.

Diet helps considerably to achieve desired results, particularly of the bowels and kidneys.

There should be a bowel movement twice daily, if possible; but a regular daily action must be maintained. The use of purgatives should be avoided. Drink more water; eat more fresh fruit and green vegetables; take more active exercise; but don't get into the habit of taking medicine.

Purgative drugs have an unnatural effect and, in the long run, only serve to make the condition worse.

After Breakfast

WHEN you wake, take a glass of water and an apple. This has a laxative effect. Do without salines if possible. If something more than a normal diet is needed the mother may make herself up the following fruit mixture:—

LAXATIVE FRUIT MIXTURE FOR EXPECTANT MOTHERS

Stoned dates, 3 ounces; raisins, 2 ounces; figs (dried), 2 ounces; prunes, 2 ounces; shelled walnuts, 2 ounces.

METHOD OF MAKING

Mince fruits and mix all together. To the mixture add 1½ dessertspoons of glycerine and 2 level teaspoons of powdered senna (procurable from any chemist). Mix well. Keep in a screw-top jar.

QUANTITY TO TAKE

Take one teaspoon every night on retiring, and reduce this to only half a teaspoonful when condition improves.

IMPORTANT.—When making up the mixture for the second time, if your condition is much improved (as it will be in most cases) use only one level teaspoon of powdered senna instead of two. If making up a third time, use only half a teaspoon of senna, and if making up a fourth time (providing the bowels are in good working order) use no senna at all. The mother may then continue to use the fruit mixture, minus all senna, for as long as she wishes.

Should the laxative fruit mixture, plus the normal diet, prove insufficient to bring about a daily bowel action, the mother-to-be may take five drops of the best liquid extract of cascara three times a day after meals.

Gradually Discontinue

CASCARA is a tonic laxative and not a purgative. However it is best not to continue with the cascara after the need for it has gone; but it should be gradually discontinued—i.e. reduce the dose first of all to 4 drops three times a day, then to 3 drops three times a day, etc., etc., until you can do without any at all.

Should there be a tendency to gas-formation in the bowels, eat a little less starchy and sugary foods and a little more fresh fruit and green vegetables. Try having a good helping of stewed apples for your evening meal. This is an excellent way of aiding regularity.

A few extra glasses of water daily is to be recommended in obstinate cases. The expectant mother should drink at least 6 glasses of water in the 24 hours. If, however, the measures indicated above do not have effect, the mother must consult her doctor.

It is a good plan for the mother to jot down on a scrap of paper the amount of water or fluid she drinks as she goes along, in order to make sure that two quarts of fluid is taken daily. Three pints of this total amount may be plain water; the other pint will be in the form of cups of tea, milk, or fruit juices.

The mother should also be careful to notice if her kidneys are working well or not. This is most important, and if unusual symptoms are noted she should consult a doctor.

Drink plenty of water in order to help the kidneys with their work.

Some Special Foods

THE expectant mother should include in her diet every day some of the following foods which are specially laxative: Apples, strawberries, prunes, cherries, pineapples, grapes, honey, pears, figs, dates, asparagus, onions, spinach, lettuce, celery, cabbage, tomatoes, peas, carrots, bran (a little of which should be mixed with the morning porridge), oatmeal, and wholemeal bread.

Answers to Questions

Mrs. P.G., of Newcastle, writes:—

"Can you tell me how to correct my four and a half-year-old son's strong aversion to cold showers and cold baths? He has the same dislike of the surf. Otherwise he is an extremely healthy little chap."

Answer: Take your son to the beach and let him play near a small, warm, rock pool. Put on his bathers and give him a toy boat. Do not force him into the water, but let him play at the edge of the pool. You will find he will gradually venture in further and further, but any forcing of this will destroy the end in view. When he is quite at home in the pool suggest to him that he play on the edge of the surf. Watch him very carefully so that he will not be frightened by an unexpected wave. Do not take him out of his depth till he is keen to "go out in the waves." Then see that he is not frightened by a ducking.

As regards the cold shower, buy a pretty watering-can with a large sprinkler. Let son and heir use it on his garden for a day or two. Then fill it with water at the temperature of his bath-water, and "water" him, as he has watered the flowers, while the warm water runs out of his bath. Make quite a game of it. Then day by day **reduce the temperature of the water in the can by two degrees.** This gradual cooling of the water will not frighten him. If he remarks upon it, tell him that one cannot water flowers with hot water or they would die, and that in just the same way it is better for him to have cool showers in order to grow up tall and strong.

In this way I think the trouble about cold showers should disappear. At some time or other he must have been frightened by cold water or a sudden cold shower. It will take him a little time to get over his very real fear and dislike for these.

She Wanted Romance

Continued from Page 31

"GOOD-BYE," she said. "I'm glad Mr. Clowell is all right. And this is really good-bye. I've decided to go back and join my husband for the rest of his holiday. I never ought to have left him really."

Jenny Clowell took the outstretched hand and pressed it.

"Good-bye," she returned. "And good luck!"

"Did you have a good time at Madden Bay?" Gerald asked Molly. They were in the sitting-room of the furnished house in Brightling that evening, a shabby but comfortable room strewn at the moment with fishing tackle.

"Beastly," she replied. "I don't think I like Truda as much as I did, and the place was horrid; filled with smart people in bungalows."

"I see that Raymond Clowell, the film star, is staying there," he remarked, as he endeavored to straighten a tangled line. "Did you see him?"

"Yes, and he was an awful disappointment. He's conceited, and stupid—I can't imagine how he is so popular."

"I thought you admired him," he said with a teasing grin. "I thought he was so handsome and romantic——"

She flushed a little as she nestled closer to him, and he put an arm around her, thereby tangling the line more hopelessly than ever.

"I don't like romantic men," she said. "I like nice, ordinary, reliable men. The sort of man I married. . . . I think I'll come fishing with you to-night, dear," she added. "I shall probably be horribly sick if it's rough, but I don't mind that! I don't mind anything so long as we are together. . . ."

(Copyright).

For the Bath of Luxury

How restful to tired limbs and senses is the bath made fragrant and exquisitely refreshing with Morny Bath Soap and Talcum . . . How soft and delightful your skin feels. How fragrant is the perfume of "Tentation," the latest series by Morny, "June Roses," "Gardenia," "Pink Lilac," and other equally delightful Morny creations.

Morny Regent Street London

MADE BY THE FAMOUS BRITISH HOUSE OF MORNY

FROM ALL RETAILERS OF HIGH-CLASS TOILET PRODUCTS

You must see the NEW SEASON'S STYLES in Dunlop SPORT & SAND SHOES

Whether you seek a tasteful design in plain white, a stylish two-toned model or something more colourful in gay awning stripes, you can always find a Dunlop Sport Shoe to your liking..

AWNING INSTEP TIE Flat heel, crepe sole. Women's, Girls' and Children's sizes. Also wedge heel for women.

MARATHON Double foxing, Black tough-tread sole, flat heel. Men's only.

VOLLEY Brown or white trimmings, wedge heel. Women's only.

CONQUEST Eyelets ventilation in vamp, rubber toecap, crepe sole, flat heel. Men's only.

PLAYER Crepe sole, flat heel. In Women's, Misses', and Children's sizes. Also wedge heel for women.

Available in all sizes at all shoe stores.

Dunlop SPORT & SAND SHOES

PRODUCT OF DUNLOP PERDRIAU

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602648

MAN WHO LOST 63 lbs. OF FAT

Tells How Kruschen Helped Him

Walking Exercise—But No Dieting

If you are carrying around excess baggage in the form of fatty tissue, would you like to lay some of it off? Would you like to step on to the scales a month hence and find the pointer settling back to nearer your normal weight? If you imagine that such a reduction could only be achieved by gruelling exercises or by semi-starvation, read this letter:

"In a little over 12 months I have reduced my weight from 16 st. 3 lbs. to 11 st. 10 lbs., by having a dose of Kruschen Salts every morning for six alternate months out of the twelve, and taking walking exercise every day. This remarkable achievement is all the more interesting when one considers that I did not resort to any form of dieting."—G. L. B.

For generations, wealthy, overweight people have been visiting those European Spas whose waters are recognised for their reducing effect. It is called "taking the cure." To-day, a multitude of corpulent men and women are getting the really essential part of that Spa treatment in their daily dose of Kruschen Salts. The formula of Kruschen represents the ingredient-salts of the mineral waters from those far-famed Spas.

These salts combat the cause of fat by assisting the internal organs to perform their functions properly — to throw off each day those waste products and poisons which, if allowed to accumulate, will be converted by the body's chemistry into fatty tissue.

Unlike ordinary aperients, Kruschen does not confine its action to a single part of the system. Its tonic effect extends to every organ, gland, nerve and vein.

One of the secrets of the effectiveness of Kruschen is the exact proportion of the six different salts it contains. That is why every batch of Kruschen Salts is tested and standardised by a staff of qualified chemists, before it is passed for bottling. Kruschen has a world-wide sale. It is taken by the people of 110 different countries. In none of those countries is there anything else quite like it—nothing else that gives the same results.

Kruschen Salts is obtainable of all Chemists and Stores at 2/9 per bottle.

Bisto provides delicious gravy for Lamb & Veal

BEST RECIPES

Prize-winners in Our Special Pineapple Contest

THIS week we announce the results of our special Pineapple Competition, for which we received thousands of entries. Pies, pickles, chutneys, tarts, meringues, souffles, puddings, drinks, jams, and pineapple surprise all proved very popular dishes with our entrants. The prize-winning recipes are not only excellent in themselves, but suggest some very unusual ways of using this delicious and healthful fruit.

Prize-winning recipes are:

PINE AIGRETTES APPETISERS

Chop six slices of canned pineapple—or four of fresh pineapple—and set to drain. Add two tablespoons of grated cheese, one-eighth teaspoon each of salt and pepper, a teaspoon of sugar, two teaspoons of toasted crumbs, and the stiffly-beaten white of an egg.

Mix lightly, then heap on bread rounds and brown in the oven—but do not dry out or burn. Serve at once.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. H. O. Stevens, c/o Montpelier, 39a Elizabeth Bay Rd., Elizabeth Bay, N.S.W.

DELICIOUS AND UNCOMMON CHRISTMAS CAKE

One cup butter, 1 cup pineapple juice, 1½ cups candied cherries, 1½ cups chopped figs, 1½ cups chopped pineapple (or candied pineapple, if preferred), 1 cup raisins, 1½ cups brown sugar, 2 cups chopped-up nuts, ½ cup shredded peel, 2 small teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 2 teaspoons ground cinnamon, 2 teaspoons allspice, 1 teaspoon ground cloves, 4 eggs, 3 cups sifted flour. Mix butter, sugar, and egg yolks and beat for two minutes. Sift 2 cups flour with salt, spices, and baking powder, and add alternately with the fruit juice to the first mixture. Then add fruits and nuts, previously mixed with the other cup of flour. Fold in the stiffly-beaten whites of egg. Put into a well-greased papered tin, and bake in a very slow oven for three or four hours. These quantities make a very large and deliciously flavored cake which will keep moist for a long time.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Agnes Robinson, Clontarf, Camberwell, E6, Vic.

PINEAPPLE DATE CREAM

Two level tablespoons gelatine, ½ cup water, ½ cup cream, ½ cup coconut, 1½ cups pineapple juice (hot), 3 or 4 slices of cooked pineapple, 1 cup stoned dates. Soak gelatine in water. Add hot pineapple juice, set aside to cool. When gelatine has begun to thicken, fold in cream and other ingredients. Place in a mould and leave to set. Turn out and garnish with sliced pineapple, dates, and whipped cream. One cup of cream could be used, and only one cup of juice if desired. Serve with cream or custard.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Carpender, Carrisholme, 117 Albion St., Warwick, Qld.

JACK FROST SNOWBALLS

Dissolve 1½ tablespoons gelatine in a pint of new milk, in which a teacup of cooked rice (or sago) has been mixed and heated. Add ½lb sugar and another half-pint of milk, and boil all together for about 10 minutes. Flavor with vanilla or lemon essence, and pour the mixture into six cups (or a dozen smaller moulds), which have been rinsed in cold water, and leave to set. Now place each snowball on a ring of pineapple, one for each guest, and arrange them in trifle-containers. Pour a little pineapple juice round each serve. If preferred, the juice can be jellied and chopped up.

To make the dish still more festive, put on top of each snowball a little whipped cream or beaten egg white, and a sprinkle of coconut. A few tiny silver sweets look pretty on top of the completed snowball.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. K. Counsell, 42 Beach Rd., Brighton, Adelaide.

RABBIT AND PINEAPPLE DAINTY

Prepare a large rabbit in the usual way. Cut into convenient pieces. Wipe thoroughly. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Roll in flour. Place in a pan with slices of onion, and cook until brown. While the rabbit is browning, peel, core, and remove the eyes from a large pineapple. Cut into slices. Cook in an enamel saucepan with a little water. Remove the rabbit and onion to a casserole, and add the pineapple syrup, to which enough water has been added to make two cups full. Place lid on casserole tightly, and cook for 1 to 1½ hours (until rabbit is tender), very slowly. Place the rabbit on a large serving dish with pineapple slices surrounding the rabbit, and around them place small moulds of steamed rice. Garnish with sprigs of prepared parsley. Serve with boiled potatoes, and French beans.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 Mrs. Osborne, 28 Tennyson St., St. Kilda, S3, Melbourne.

LOQUAT AND PINEAPPLE JAM

Wash loquats, stem, and put on to boil in enough water to cover. Cook for about ½ to 2 hours, cool. Then put them through a strainer, press with a spoon, and all the pulp will go through, leaving skins and seeds in strainer. Then weigh pulp. Allow ¾lb sugar to each 1lb pulp.

Then take 12lb pulp, 9lb sugar, 3 pineapples cut in dice, ½ teaspoon salt. Cook pulp for half-hour. Add pine and sugar. Cook till nice color and thick. Add salt half-hour before. Cook about 2 hours.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Robertson, 24 Charles St., Ryde, N.S.W.

PINEAPPLE COCONUT PIE

Line a pieplate with crust made as follows: Rub 1 tablespoon of butter into 1½ cups self-raising flour. Mix in half-cup sugar. Mix to a stiff paste with 1 beaten egg and roll out. Then take a pineapple, peel, and cut three slices off and put aside. Mince or grate the rest of pineapple, and measure the juice.

Put 2 cups of juice into a double boiler with half-cup sugar (if there is less juice, add enough water to make the quantity), and bring to boil. Moisten 2 level tablespoons of cornflour with a little juice, keeping smooth, and stir into boiling mixture and cook 15 minutes.

Remove from fire, then stir in three well-beaten eggs, the grated pineapple, and half-cup desiccated coconut, and turn into the baked pastry. Cut the remaining pieces of pineapple into large portions, and lay lightly on top of the mixture. Beat 2 egg whites into a stiff meringue and place a puffy heap on top of each portion of pineapple. Sprinkle a little coconut on the meringue. Stand in oven a few minutes to brown the meringue. No further cooking is necessary.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. Ferguson, Pye Rd., Quaker's Hill, N.S.W.

PINEAPPLE FRUIT CUP.

Dissolve 1 lb. loaf sugar in half a pint of water over heat. When quite dissolved, boil up for 10 minutes to make a syrup. Then add half a pint of freshly-made tea (it must not stand), one pint of sherry, strawberry, raspberry, or loganberry syrup, the strained juice of five lemons and of five oranges, and lastly, one tin of grated pineapple. Let it stand for half an hour or longer. Strain and add water to make up two gallons, then add a breakfast cupful of maraschino cherries, and just before serving, a quart of aerated water. This quantity is enough for fifty persons.

Consolation Prize of 1/- to Mrs. Homan, 86 Scarborough St., Kogarah, N.S.W.

BAKED HAM ENTREE.

Place 6 slices pineapple in a buttered pie dish. Cut 3 sweet potatoes lengthwise, and cover pineapple. Add a third layer of 3 sliced apples, topped with slices of ham. Pour over layers half a cup of water. Cook in a slow oven in a covered dish for 2 hours. Dredge with brown sugar, and dot with pieces of butter, and return to oven to brown. Sprinkle with parsley before serving.

Consolation Prize of 1/- to D. C. Smith, 86 St. George's Terrace, Hobart.

PINEAPPLE GLACE.

One pineapple, 1 lb. sugar, 1 pint water.

Pare pineapple; remove all specks and eyes, and cut it in slices about half an inch thick. Put the sugar and water in a preserving pan, boil for ten minutes. Then put in the slices of pineapple, and boil for fifteen minutes. Take out the fruit and place it on a sieve in the sun or near a fire to dry for half an hour. Meanwhile boil sugar and water till it becomes thick or it gets hard on a spoon dipped in cold water. Now dip the pieces of pineapple in this and put them to dry on a buttered dish, a little icing sugar dusted over them.

Consolation Prize of 1/- to Mrs. J. Kimber, Glenelg, S.A.

PINEAPPLE ROLL.

One tin pineapple, 2 pint packets of jelly crystals, 1 cup water, 2 tablespoons of sugar, 2 round nut loaf tins.

First take the juice of pineapple, and warm. Add 1 cup of boiling water. Dissolve sugar, and make one raspberry jelly and one pineapple jelly and pour them into cups to set. When firm cut the jellies into rings about ¼ inch thick, and size of the round slice of pineapple. Firstly, place a round of pineapple jelly in tin, then a slice of pineapple itself, then a round of the raspberry jelly, and so on until the two tins are full. Then have some jelly not properly set and pour down sides of tin that has the jelly and pineapple in, so as to make it all set in together. Put away to set firm. Serve with custard or whipped cream. This runs like jam roll. To remove the pineapple roll from tins plunge into warm or hot water.

Consolation Prize of 1/- to Mrs. H. A. Hocmann, Caloote, S.A.

PINEAPPLE ROLLS.

Grate a pineapple; add ½ cup breadcrumbs and sugar to taste. Cook for a few minutes; then add 1 teaspoon cornflour dissolved in little water, and allow to cool. Make patties from following mixture: 2 cups self-raising flour, 2 heaped tablespoons of butter or dripping, ½ cup sugar and enough water to make into stiff paste. Roll out thinly, and cut into squares about 2½ inches thick. Put a little of the pineapple into each square and wet the edges, fold over and press. Bake half an hour in moderate oven. These can be used with custard or whipped cream, or dusted with icing sugar for afternoon tea.

Consolation Prize of 1/- to Mrs. C. Whittle, Church St., Forest Hill, Qld.

PINEAPPLE AS A BREAKFAST DISH.

Cut stale bread into slices and dip in milk, to which a little pepper and salt have been added. Fry in hot fat till a nice brown. Cut pineapple into slices; dip in egg (beaten) and then in breadcrumbs. Fry in good hot dripping for about one minute, each side. Place on the fried bread and serve hot. Fried bacon is delicious eaten with this pineapple dish.

Consolation Prize of 1/- to Mrs. I. B. Colling, School House, Killarney, Qld.

Weekly Diet Hint

THE value of the potato as a counteractive of bodily acidity is not yet realised by the average housewife. The alkaline potash salts, which make the potato such a valuable addition to the day's diet, lie just under the skin and are mostly lost in peeling. Those which escape that fate are usually boiled out and lost that way. The wise cook does the peeling after cooking, not before, so that the natural richness of this vegetable is conserved as a protection against and a remedy for the many forms of bodily acidity so common to-day.

If it is considered necessary to cut down the use of starchy foods, cut down bread, the acid-former, and retain the potato, the acid-neutraliser.

"ONLY OLIVE OIL IS SAFE FOR BABY'S DELICATE SKIN . . . . . THAT IS WHY PALMOLIVE IS SO SAFE FOR YOURS"

BABY'S first bath should be of Olive Oil" — the highest medical opinion is generally agreed upon the point. And in hospital and general practice Olive Oil is applied with cotton wool to every inch of the delicate, sensitive little body of the new-born babe. Every little fold and crevice is thus thoroughly cleansed, the tender skin is soothed, the tissues nourished. Only Olive Oil, with its gentle penetrative quality, can cleanse so thoroughly; only Olive Oil can soothe so surely, so naturally nourish.

What is safe for Baby's delicate skin must be safe for yours.

Palmolive is abundant in Olive Oil. That is why, following this first Olive Oil safety treatment, mothers are generally advised to use mild Palmolive Soap thereafter when bathing baby.

There is nothing so beneficial to complexions as the gentle lather of Palmolive. No matter how sensitive your skin, no matter what the climatic conditions may be, you can use this bland and lovely soap with safety at all times.

Remember, into each cake of Palmolive Soap goes an abundance of Olive Oil, Nature's greatest beauty aid.

PALMOLIVE

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

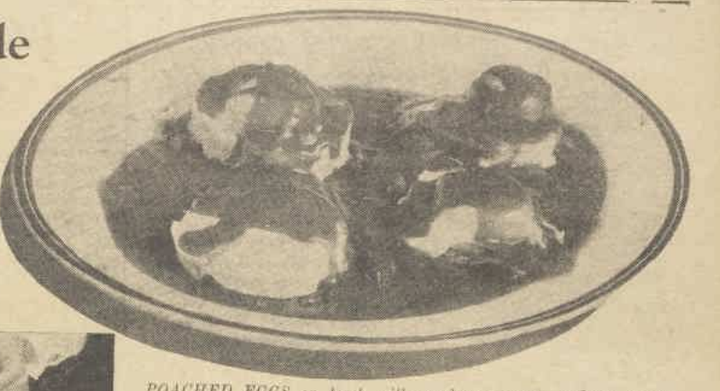
19.274

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602649

EGG DISHES which provide *a good substitute* FOR MEAT

BECAUSE they are a valuable source of protein, eggs may be substituted for meat without changing the dietary balance. For some reason eggs are usually relegated to the breakfast-table. They deserve a better fate, as they combine with cheese or vegetables, and can be quickly cooked and appetisingly served for lunch or tea.

By
Margaret Shepherd
Instructor to Leading Hospitals



POACHED EGGS on toast, with mushroom sauce, make a savory entree for luncheon.

EGG yolk contains vitamins A and D. The lack of carbohydrate prevents eggs from being a perfect food. That is why they are usually eaten in combination with bread, or made into puddings which supply the deficiency of carbohydrates.

To test the freshness of eggs, place them in a dish of water. A new-laid egg sinks to the bottom of the dish. If the egg floats under water it is two or three weeks old. Should it rise to the surface of the water, do not break it.

IN COOKING EGGS, it is always a good plan to have all utensils at hand, for any delay can ruin the results of almost any egg dish.

LUNCHEON EGG ENTREE.

One tablespoon flour, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1 cup stock, ½ cup mushrooms, ½ teaspoon made mustard, salt and pepper to taste, 2 or 3 stuffed olives, eggs, buttered toast.

Make a rich brown mushroom sauce as follows: Melt 1 tablespoon butter in a saucepan until frothy; add the flour; mix. Add the stock slowly; stir until it boils and thickens. Add the mushrooms, which have been cut into quarters, salt, pepper and mustard to taste. Place poached eggs on rounds of buttered toast and pour the sauce over them. Garnish with slices of stuffed olives. Serve hot.

EGG CROQUETTES.

Five eggs, 1 tablespoon finely-chopped ham, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 3 tablespoons milk, salt, pepper, breadcrumbs, frying fat, tomato sauce.

Boil four of the eggs until hard. Stand in cold water for three minutes. Remove the shells and finely chop the eggs. Add the chopped ham and parsley, salt and pepper to taste. Melt the butter in a saucepan; add the flour; mix, adding the milk all at once. Return to the fire and stir until it forms a thick mixture and leaves the sides of the saucepan. Add the chopped eggs, etc. Mix all together well. Shape into croquettes. Dip in egg glazing, made with the remaining egg, and ½ cup milk or water. Toss in breadcrumbs. Fry in boiling fat until a golden brown. Toss on to kitchen paper to drain. Serve with tomato sauce, while hot.

JELLIED EGGS.

Three hard-boiled eggs, 1 cup aspic, 1 tablespoon chili sauce, 1 head lettuce, sliced cucumber and beetroot.

Cut the hard-boiled eggs lengthwise. Remove the egg yolks and mash. Add the chili sauce and seasonings; return to egg whites. Pour a little cool, but not set, aspic into individual moulds, which have been rinsed in cold water. When set, place half an egg in the mould. Pour over the remainder of the aspic. Allow to set. Turn out on crisp lettuce leaves; arrange sliced cucumber and beetroot around each aspic.

ITALIAN EGGS.

One gill cream, 4 tablespoons Parmesan or strong cheese, 1 tablespoon finely-chopped parsley, 5 eggs.

Grease individual moulds or ramekins. Place 1 tablespoon cream in each mould and 1 tablespoon grated cheese. Then break an egg in carefully. Season with salt, pepper, finely-chopped parsley and cream to cover. Cook in a moderate oven until the egg white is coagulated. Serve immediately.

EGG TARTLETS.

Short crust, 4 eggs, ½ cup oysters, 1 cup white sauce, 3 tablespoons tomato sauce, finely-chopped parsley, salt, pepper, paprika.

Make and bake some patty shells with the short crust, about 6 or 8. Finely chop the whites of the hard-boiled eggs. Add to the oysters, which have been steamed and cut in four. Moisten with the cream sauce which has been seasoned with tomato sauce, salt, pepper, and paprika. Fill the pastry shells with this mixture and well cover the tops with the egg yolks, rubbed through a sieve. The pastry shells should be completely covered with the egg yolk. Sprinkle chopped parsley lightly over the top. Serve hot.

EGGS VALENCIA.

Two tablespoons boiled rice, 5 eggs, ½ cup tomato sauce, 1 tablespoon grated cheese, 1 small white onion.

Finely chop the onion and fry in butter until a light golden brown. Add to the cooked rice, with the tomato sauce, cheese, salt and pepper to taste, also a little nutmeg. Butter a fireproof dish well. Arrange the rice on the bottom of the dish and make little depressions on the rice. Break an egg into each little depression; dot the tops with butter. Return to the oven and cook until the eggs are set.

SPANISH EGGS.

Five eggs, 4 slices bread, ½ teaspoon curry powder, salt, pepper, 2 finely-chopped gherkins, butter.

Beat up one egg with the curry powder, salt and pepper. Cut the bread into rounds; dip in the egg mixture and fry in boiling butter or oil. Place a poached egg on each round of fried bread. Pour hot tomato sauce over each egg and garnish with the finely-chopped gherkin.

POACHED EGGS WITH POTATOES.

Four or 5 potatoes, butter, milk, 5 eggs, grated cheese, finely-chopped eschalot.

Cook the potatoes until soft; drain and mash well. Then add the hot milk and very finely-chopped eschalot; mix well, adding salt, pepper to taste and butter. When well creamed, arrange on a fireproof dish with poached eggs round the potato. Sprinkle the lot with grated cheese and place in a hot oven to brown slightly.

CHOCOLATE SOUFFLEE (DESSERT).

Three eggs, ½ cup milk, 3 tablespoons flour, 2 ozs. grated chocolate, 2 ozs. castor sugar, 1 oz. butter.

Grease a dish well with butter and fold a piece of paper around it to stand three inches above the top of dish. Melt the butter in a saucepan; add the flour. Mix with a wooden spoon; then add the milk. Stir on the fire until it thickens and boils. Simmer four minutes. Add the grated chocolate; stir until dissolved. Add sugar, egg yolks, and a little vanilla essence. When well blended, fold in the stiffly-beaten egg white. Turn all into the prepared dish and bake in a hot oven 20 to 25 minutes. Serve immediately.

These recipes have been tested by Miss Shepherd in her own kitchen.

HOT *Weather* SUGGESTIONS

With the hot weather really here at last, appetites are apt to be capricious.

I have chosen the following assortment as particularly useful in tempting a jaded palate.

LETTUCE AND GRAPEFRUIT SALAD.

Lettuce, grapefruit, cream cheese, finely-chopped olives or gherkins.

Mash the cream cheese well. Add some paprika, and cream or milk to moisten a little. Then beat in the finely-chopped gherkins. Peel the grapefruit, remove the white pith, and cut into ¼-inch slices. Arrange crisp lettuce on individual plates, and place on them one or two slices of grapefruit, spread thickly with cream cheese mixture. Sprinkle lightly with paprika, or place an olive on top. Chill and serve.

ORANGES AND WATERCRESS SALAD

Slices of orange, arranged on a bed of washed watercress, and sprinkled with French salad-dressing.

APPLE CHARLOTTE

Thin slices buttered bread, 1 large apple, ground cinnamon, 1 dessertspoon brown sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, piece lemon rind.

Peel and slice apple finely into saucepan, cook until soft with piece lemon rind. Add sugar, lemon juice, stir well. In the meantime line the bottom of a greased dish with the slices of buttered bread cut into small pieces. Fill dish with the apple mixture, sprinkle top with powdered cinnamon, and 1 teaspoon brown sugar. Dot with small pieces of butter, and return to the oven to reheat and brown on top.

APRICOT CREAM

Half a small tin apricots (the remainder can be used the next day in a salad), 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 3 tablespoons cream or milk.

Soak gelatine in ¼ cup apricot juice. Put egg yolk into a basin with the sugar, and stir over a vessel of boiling water on the stove until sugar dissolves, and mixture coats the spoon. Add the soaked gelatine and stir until it dissolves. Rub the apricots through a sieve. Add to the egg mixture. When cool, but not set, add the partly-whipped cream and the stiffly-beaten egg white. Continue beating until it is the consistency of mayonnaise.

SPINACH SOUFFLE

Two or three tablespoons cooked spinach (take the spinach left over from previous day's dinner), 1 egg, 2 heaped teaspoons flour, 1 teaspoon butter, ½ cup milk, 1 dessertspoon grated cheese, salt, and pepper to taste.

Reheat spinach with 2 tablespoons milk. Rub through a coarse strainer. Add grated cheese. Melt butter in a saucepan, add the flour, mix well, add milk a little at a time. Return to fire, stir well until it boils. Simmer 4 minutes, add egg yolk, salt, pepper, cheese, and spinach puree. Mix well. Fold in the stiffly-beaten egg white, turn into a greased dish, and bake in a moderate oven 30 minutes. Serve immediately.

CARROTS JULIENNE

One green pepper, 1 red pepper, 1 large carrot, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, butter.

Cook the carrot in boiling salted water until tender. Drain and cover with cold water, and scrape the skin off. Cut in match-like pieces. Remove the seeds from the red and green pepper. Saute the carrot and the peppers in butter, taking care not to allow them to brown. Season to taste. Sprinkle with lemon juice and chopped parsley.

HOST Holbrook says: A nice dainty delicacy—hot buttered toast, then spread a little of Holbrooks' Anchovy Paste.***

ALWAYS READY TO SERVE

THICK RICH CREAM

You should never be without Nestlé's thick rich Cream now that it is so economical in price.
Order some from your grocer to-day. Serve it regularly to make dishes still more appetising for your family and guests. Remember, Nestlé's Cream keeps indefinitely while unopened. Always keep a few tins in your pantry.

NESTLÉ'S PURE THICK CREAM
Copyright 721.

If you don't want a heavy lunch try

Peck's ANCHOVETTE FISH PASTE

For a milder flavour ask for Peck's Salmon & Shrimp

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602650

Why spoil good milk *with inferior* CUSTARD?

Why use inferior custard when Foster Clark's can be obtained everywhere . . . Foster Clark's Creamy Custard is so delicate in flavour . . . so pure and there are nearly 100 different delicious dishes that can be prepared for winter or summer.

Write for your copy of Elizabeth Craig's Cookery Book giving nearly one hundred different re. cipes. (Enclose 1d. stamp)
17 Thurlow Street,
Redfern, N.S.W.

Foster Clark's
creamy CUSTARD

12.84

THEY *Couldn't* BE FRIENDS

Continued from Page 7

"THERE you are!" Milly said. In the old days she'd have told the truth. She'd have said she hadn't read a book all summer, either. But now she let Hank think she had.

"Milly," Hank said, "you aren't really coming across."

"I'm trying to, Hank," she said. "I'm trying to explain to you something that I don't understand very well myself. I like you a lot. I like you better than any other man I know. But—"

"But we aren't the friends we were."

"I can't bear it," Milly said, though not at all in the tone of a person who felt she couldn't bear it. "But I suppose that's so."

Hank found cigarettes. He gave Milly a cigarette and took one himself and struck the match.

"How much," he asked, "how much has my playing around with Florence got to do with making everything different?"

"I don't believe it has anything to do with it," Milly said slowly. "But perhaps it has. Perhaps I'm jealous without knowing it."

"I wasn't accusing you of being jealous," Hank said. "You've never been jealous of the girls I've fallen for. You've kidded me so hard about some of them that I could have slapped you. But you've never been jealous."

Milly smiled to herself, a rueful smile. Men were so thick.

"I've helped you get away from a lot of them, haven't I, Hank? I've always thought I was awfully clever. Maybe I was only clever because I was jealous."

Hank shook his head. "You certainly were clever, Milly. You saved me from some of the worst jams a man was ever in. But you weren't clever because you were jealous. You were clever because you weren't the least bit jealous."

"I think I was jealous," Milly said.

"Damned little," Hank said.

"I can remember being terribly jealous of that Hetherington girl you took to the Prom."

"That was only because you wanted to go to the Prom, and you got left out on a limb."

"That was part of it, of course," Milly admitted.

"Suppose, Milly," Hank said, "suppose I told you that I'm thinking of eloping with Florence."

"Oh," Milly said, "are you really?"

"I'm asking you," Hank said.

"Well," Milly said in her most judicial manner, "I don't know her awfully well. And eloping seems sort of foolish. I think you'd be wiser to wait for a divorce. But if you're really in love with her—go through with it and don't care who tries to stop you."

"I knew you'd say that," Hank said. "You haven't changed a bit."

Milly said nothing.

"Except in one way," Hank continued. "You used to come across when I asked you to. And now you won't. I can't put my finger on it. It isn't anything you've said. It's the things you haven't said. You're holding out on me."

MILLY decided that the time had come. She waited, knowing that her silence was a tacit admission.

"Aren't you?" Hank asked.

"I suppose," Milly said, "I suppose—I am—a little."

"I thought so," Hank said bitterly.

Milly remained silent. She remained silent so long that Hank got impatient. "Well?" he said.

"I'd—I'd rather not tell you," Milly said.

"But you've got to tell me, Milly," Hank said.

Milly shook her head. "No," she said, "it isn't the kind of thing one does tell."

Hank stood up. He loomed over her in the dark. "Listen, Milly. There never has been anything in the past you couldn't tell me — any more than there's been anything I couldn't tell you. We got past all that sort of thing. It's too late for you to talk to me about things one doesn't tell."

"I'd rather not, Hank," Milly said. "I'd really rather not. And you know it isn't a bit nice of you to insist."

"Yes. I know it," Hank said. "But I do insist whether it's nice or not."

Milly waited a long minute. "I suppose," she said at last, "I suppose the whole trouble is that I didn't like your kissing me."

"I thought you wanted me to kiss you?" Hank said.

"I did," Milly said. "It was just as much my doing as yours."

"Then what the devil do you mean?"

"I mean," she said. "I mean—it's hard to tell you, Hank!"

"I want to know what you mean," Hank said hotly.

"I mean I didn't like the way you did it," Milly said in a trembling voice, as if she were about to burst into tears.

"What was the matter with the way I kissed you?" Hank demanded. "Do you think I don't know how to kiss a girl?"

"I thought, of course, you did," Milly said. "You certainly ought to know how."

"What do you know about kissing?"

"Not so awfully much," Milly said. "Maybe that's the trouble—maybe I expected too much. Whatever the trouble was—I—I didn't get any kick out of it."

Hank sat down rather heavily on the bench beside her. "Go on," he said.

"Of course," Milly said, "at first I thought it was because you had done it in an amateurish way. You know—like a small boy kissing his aunt. But when I got to thinking about it afterwards I realised it couldn't be the way you had kissed me." Milly paused thoughtfully until Hank demanded that she go on. "What I think is this," she said. "I think I must have been in love with you all those years when I thought we were such good friends. I thought some day you'd kiss me and then we'd be in love. Half a dozen times I thought you were going to kiss me—I mean that you had it on your mind."

"You would have been right if you'd thought so a hundred times," Hank said.

"But you didn't do it. And, of course, anticipating the time when you would, I thought it would be perfectly grand. I mean altogether different from being kissed in a taxi cab by some boy that you've only just met."

"I didn't know you did that sort of thing," Hank said. "I thought you were against it."

"I was," Milly said. "And I am. But, after all—. I mean, you don't suppose you were the first man who ever kissed me, do you?"

"No," Hank said. "I don't now."

"Well," Milly said, "when you did kiss me I didn't get any kick out of it. And I think the reason is very simple. I honestly don't think it was your lack of skill. I think it's just that we aren't in love with each other the least little bit. If we were in love there'd have been a kick in it—there would have to be—no matter how you did it."

"I see what you mean," Hank said with astounding bitterness. He was so bitter that Milly felt revived and refreshed and deeply gratified.

Milly jumped up. "And now," she said, "let's go back to the dance."

"I don't want to go back," Hank said. "I want to prove to you that I do know how to kiss you and that you will get a kick out of it."

"Please, Hank," Milly said, and her throaty voice was no longer cool. She let the throb go into it. "Please, don't."

"All right," Hank said. "All right."

Milly saw out of the corner of her eye as she danced with other men that Hank was watching her every minute. She saw, also, that the room was a buzz of gossip. Every girl present knew she had disappeared in the dark with Hank, and every girl, even the dumbest, was acute enough to see that when they came back Hank was sulky and Milly was radiant.

MILLY left the dance the moment it was over, instead of lingering the way the rest did, and went to bed. She turned out all the lights. But she did not go to sleep. After a while she could see the time in the dark by the luminous hands of the clock on the dressing-table. It was two o'clock. Milly waited patiently. It was after three when a handful of fine gravel rattled against the upper sash, and the screen of the open lower sash. Milly waited. She could hear Hank Adams scraping up gravel in the driveway. When he had thrown the third handful she went to the window.

"Who is it?" she called softly.

"It's Hank," he said. "Come on down."

Milly raised the screen and stuck her head out. "Are you tight?" she asked.

"No. I'm not tight," Hank said. "Come on down. It's important."

"I'm sure it can wait till morning," Milly said. "Go on home to bed. You'll wake everybody up."

"I certainly will wake everybody up if you don't come down," Hank said. "I'm going to talk to you if I have to get a ladder."

"I'm not dressed, Hank," Milly said.

"You come down here," Hank said.

"All right," Milly said. She put on a dressing-gown over her pyjamas and slipped her bare feet into a pair of mules and went down to the side porch. They sat down in a sort of couch hammock that stood on the porch.

"The Florence thing is over," Hank said.

"She didn't throw you down, Hank?" Milly asked.

"No," Hank said, "she didn't. I threw her down, if you must know. And it wasn't so very nice, either."

"I can imagine," Milly said. "If she thought you were going to elope with her it wasn't very pleasant to tell her you weren't."

"She never thought anything of the kind," Hank said.

"I thought you said—"

"I said, 'Suppose' I was going to elope with her. I didn't say I was going to."

"Oh," Milly said. She gathered her robe around her and stood up. "I think it's awfully tough when a man has to tell a woman he doesn't really love her. I'm terribly sorry, Hank. I know how hard you take those things."

"Look here," Hank said, "where are you going?"

"Back to bed, of course," Milly said.

Hank pulled her down on the hammock. "No, you're not," he said. "I've got something to say to you first."

"Very well," Milly said coldly.

"I want to say that this is the last time I'm ever going to get into such a mess. I'm sick of being a damned fool about women. I'm sick of letting them make a fool of me. I'm through."

Milly nodded. "I think you're right, Hank," she said. "I think you ought to try to quit it."

"I'm on to myself," Hank said. "I know why I did it."

Please turn to Page 46

HOST Holbrook says: Many dainty savories can be made with Holbrooks' Anchovy Paste. In 1½ or 3oz. jars.

A TALK ON *Beauty* BY BETTE DAVIS

"It doesn't seem to matter how plain a girl's FEATURES are, if only her skin is lovely. It really is true that men find soft, smooth skin irresistible. I use Lux Toilet Soap every day, and I find this simple, regular care most effective."

Bette Davis

Starring in Warner Bros. production "Fog Over 'Frisco."

Artistic studies of your favourite film stars wrapped around every tablet

A LEVER PRODUCT

LUX *supercreamed* TOILET SOAP

THE OFFICIAL SOAP IN HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS

6.164.LI

Our FASHION *Service* and FREE *Pattern*

PLEASE NOTE: To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post, you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state the age of the child.

FOR THE BEACH

WW782.—For your holidays take a pair of slacks to wear with your shirt-waist. Material for 36-inch bust: Blouse, 1½ yards, 36 inches wide; slacks, 2¾ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

SMART SPORTS WEAR.

WW788.—A youthful style for the sports girl. The deep yoke extends over the arms and fastens down the back. Material for 36-inch bust: 2¼ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

A STRIKING ENSEMBLE.

WW789.—Add a bright colored coat to your cream sports frock and you have a smart ensemble. The frock is sleeveless. Material for 36-inch bust: 3¼ yards, 36 inches wide. Coat, 1½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WITH EFFECTIVE PLEATING

WW785.—Pleated panels and a threaded scarf are features of this very smart model. Material for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast, ¼ yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

FOR THE MATRON.

WW786.—An ideal frock for the matron or for maternity wear. The ripple rever extends to crossover fastening. Material for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 34 to 48 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

FOR FLORAL MATERIAL.

WW787.—Make this ultra smart frock in figured crepe-de-chine, and trim it with contrasting material. Material for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast, ¼ yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

TINY TUB FROCK

WW790. — Choose one of the fadeless prints for this wee frock, with yoke and pleats. Material required: 1¾ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast, ¼ yard, 36 inches wide. Pattern for 2 and 4 years. **PAPER PATTERN, 9d.**

JAUNTY GOB CAP

WW783.—If you would be "in the swim" you must have one of the new sailor or gob caps. Full instructions for making with **Paper Pattern 9d.**, in 21 and 22½ inches head fitting.

FOR DINNER WEAR

WW784.—An up-to-the-minute blouse style with tie and raglan sleeves in one piece. Material for 36-inch bust: 2¼ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 9d.**

FREE PATTERN

FREE PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a free pattern of the garment illustrated fill in the coupon and post it, WITH 1d. STAMP to cover the cost of postage, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Dept." to any of the following addresses. A PENNY STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED:—

A charge of 3d. will be made for free patterns over one month old.

SYDNEY.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4153X, G.P.O., Sydney.
BRISBANE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
MELBOURNE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.
ADELAIDE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
NEWCASTLE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please turn to the top right-hand corner of the front page to obtain the address.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS

Name .....

Address .....

.....

State .....

Pattern Coupon, 10/11/'34.

OUR FREE PATTERN

THE schoolgirl's wardrobe has received special consideration from our designer this week. The two designs depicted above, at the left-hand side of the page, give a choice of either party wear or a serviceable tub frock.

The top in contrasting material features dainty little magyar sleeves, and the skirt is fashioned with pleats in the centre front.

Inverted pleats add a pleasant finish at the centre front.

Pattern is cut to fit a girl of 8 years. Material required: 1¾ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast, ¾ yard, 36 inches wide. Turnings must be allowed when cutting.

How Kotex gives women freedom never before dreamed of . . . . .

Bridge takes concentration

● At the bridge-table, she used to squirm and fidget on *those* days. But Kotex stays dry at the edges, stays soft for hours. No chafing or harsh rubbing.

Tennis is Vigorous!

● But the modern girl can enjoy sports without discomfort. Kotex never squeezes, ropes or pulls; it keeps readjusting itself to the body, because of the special centre—unlike any other pad.

A filmy, daring frock

● The kind of frock she wouldn't have dared to wear yesterday; so sheer, so light in colour. But she is absolutely sure of protection to both dress and lingerie, when she wears Kotex. The special centre absorbs safely; the sides stay dry. And not a single tell-tale line shows.

● Too bad all women don't know the special patented advantages found only in Kotex. Wear it on either side, of course.

Buy it at all Drapers and Chemists.

HOW SHALL I TELL MY DAUGHTER?

Many a mother wonders. Write Miss Lilian Cheek, G.P.O. Box 2589 EE, Sydney, for free copy of the story booklet entitled "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday."

KOTEX AUSTRALIA LIMITED, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602652

Now smile . . .
we dare you!
Are the 7 stains marring your beauty?

YOUR hair looks lovely . . . Above your eyes those delicate brows are arched to perfection . . . And that final touch of lipstick — it couldn't be better!

Now, part those lips! Smile — and dare the final test of beauty . . . Is there a flash of teeth that gleam and sparkle?

No . . . Nature, you say, has been unkind to you. She has given you naturally dull teeth, lacking in lustre? . . . Nonsense!

Stains spoil teeth's beauty

Your teeth are *stained*—discoloured by things you eat and drink and smoke. Seven different stains are left on your teeth.

And all your faithful brushing cannot free your teeth of these discolourations, unless you call to your aid a toothpaste with *new* cleansing actions.

Most toothpastes, you see, have only one action—and to this one action, alone, the seven stains will not yield. Colgate's Dental Cream has *two* actions. First, gently and safely, it dissolves and *washes* away some of the stubborn discolourations. Second, safely and thoroughly, it *polishes* away the stains that are left.

No more "dull" teeth

You can do something about it. To your waves and manicures—to your powders and lotions—add one final beauty aid. Buy a tube of Colgate's Dental Cream. Use it for 10 days. Then smile and see the difference!

Send for FREE Sample of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. Enclose 3d. to cover cost of packing and postage.

Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co. Ltd., Box 2701 C, G.P.O., Sydney.

The 7 causes of stains that discolour teeth
1. Meats and other proteins
2. Cereals and other starchy foods
3. Vegetables
4. Sweets
5. Fruits
6. Beverages
7. Tobacco smoke
Colgate's removes all seven

1/3 A LARGE TUBE

9.204 ALSO IN POWDER FORM, 1/6 A BOTTLE.

Eat

THE 1934 BREAKFAST

WE laugh at the garments that slowed up sports in the old days, yet we often weigh down our bodies with heavy, rich food that makes us sluggish! Eat the modern breakfast—light, nourishing Kellogg's Corn Flakes! Ready-to-eat, energy-producing, popular with grown-ups or children! Delicious with milk, cream or fruits—perfect for any light meal.

Have Kellogg's regularly—you'll feel better!

Oven-Fresh Always
The new, exclusive, inner-sealed Waxtite Wrapper keeps Kellogg's fresh and crisp after opening.

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

The *Three-Walled* HOUSE

Continued from Page 11

IT was fun seeing the other sort of places—places where you were treated as though you were a queen, and bowed into your chair and out of it, and everything was most exquisitely right! It was fun knowing that people turned to look at your escort, for Phillip Hammond was undeniably good looking and had an "air." It was even fun looking at him yourself and wondering if for once in your life you could manage to do the sensible thing and fall in love with him. . . .

Not such fun, though, as it would have been but for David John, because, absurdly and weakly, your thoughts would go to him every now and then. That odd little ache that wasn't wholly pity or wholly anything would come between Elsa and complete enjoyment.

It was from Phillip Hammond that Elsa got her first hint that there was something wrong.

He had been rather more silent than his wont over dinner, and afterwards, as he put an arm about her and they began to dance, he fired a question at her suddenly.

"You don't seem to see young Hatfield so much lately. Know anything about him that's made you stop?"

Elsa looked up, startled. Phillip Hammond's face wore a curious expression—careful and watchful somehow. She was conscious of her heart quickening its beating as she answered:

"Nothing at all." Her voice was carefully steady. "What makes you ask?"

He shrugged.

"Curiosity," he returned casually.

There was no logical reason for the wave of unreasoning distaste Elsa suddenly felt—no accounting for the fact that she suddenly thought of Pascasti's, and David John's thin coat hanging up behind the door. Nor was there any real reason why she got to the little three-walled house earlier than usual the next morning and began with a queer restlessness the usual round of the day—sweeping and dusting and tidying before even there were any customers to see her at her charming domestic duties.

David John should have been in the department, too. He was nearly always there by the time she arrived, but today, just because of that queer, compelling impulse she had to see him and speak to him, to say something friendly and nice to him, he wasn't there.

She kept turning her head as one employee after another came through from the "staff" entrance and began on the routine of the day. But David John wasn't among them. It was as though Hammond's words the night before had had some meaning she hadn't understood, and as he came past the little three-walled house she spoke to him.

"Do you see that Mr. Hatfield hasn't come in this morning?" she asked casually.

"Yes." He looked uneasy and a little paler than usual, Elsa thought. "I must make inquiries."

He went on and the morning's routine work started. She busied herself about the little three-walled house, conscious the whole time of that strange sense of unrest and disquiet that seemed to pervade the department. But she was seldom left for long without watchers in front of her corner, and this morning she was, if anything, busier than ever.

At luncheon she tried to find Phillip and failed, and went out eventually by herself, lunching rather dismally, her restlessness driving her back earlier than usual to the department in the hope of finding that David John had come in.

An old lady came up and wanted to be shown how the electric stove worked, and asked Elsa if she thought it cooked food as well as the coal-burning range she had used thirty years ago when she was a young married woman. Elsa had to say charmingly that she really didn't know, of course, as she had never used a range, but that this electric cooker was delightfully clean and economical, and you really got wonderful results.

The old lady was rather a dear, and normally Elsa would have loved talking to her; but something was happening—down there at the other end of the vast department!

Elsa had seen the two men who entered just then; seen them often and knew them.

The house detectives! The two "policemen" who strolled all day long amid the crowds in Harding's!

She had a curious sense of dryness about the mouth as she saw them stroll in and saw Phillip Hammond go to meet them.

They spoke to him and he nodded casually, turned and went with them out of the department towards the lifts.

And the minute he had gone it was as though someone had flicked a match across a scraper and set it to dry sticks of wood!

You could see the rumor spreading! See it pass from mouth to mouth—see, for a second, two heads together as it was passed on!

Only Elsa was out of it in the little three-walled house that shut her in, while she chattered feverishly and with a hectic touch of color in her face to two or three people watching her.

Her hands and her feet were ice-cold—and her back, too. Cold, with that sensation of ice-water trickling down her spine. As though she had heard the things they were saying, she knew that in some way they would mean something to her. As the minutes went by, and still little groups of people persisted in coming to her corner, she felt a desire to scream aloud. . . .

Then at last the trickle of people ceased coming in. Long ago the lights had sprung up all over the department, and in Elsa's house as well. She left it alight and, glowing as it was as she stepped hurriedly over the tiny barrier that separated the house from the rest of the department, and went along to two of the sales girls who were not attending to anyone at the moment.

"I've been nearly dying of curiosity in there——" She tried to make her voice sound light in spite of the sick dryness of her mouth. "Whatever's the matter? What did the house 'ecs. want with Mr. Hammond?"

There is very little that is not known in a department of a big store. David John's waiting for Elsa outside and Phillip Hammond's driving her away in his car had both been noticed and duly commented on, and for a second, as she stood there in front of them, the two girls exchanged a quick, curious glance.

Please turn to Page 47

They Couldn't Be Friends

Continued from Page 44

"IT'S hard to blame you for doing it, Hank," Milly said. "I mean you may have looked awfully foolish sometimes. But it was much more their fault than yours—the way they pursued you."

"No, it wasn't," Hank said. "It was my fault. I pursued them—because I was in love with you. I've been in love with you ever since we were in high school. And just because we got off on the wrong foot and were just friends and I never dared to kiss you is no reason why we've got to stay that way. And, of course, I made a mess of it the first time I kissed you. I was scared. I never was scared of kissing a girl before in my life, but I was scared of kissing you. It mattered too much."

"I g-guess I was scared, too," Milly said.

For a minute they sat side by side in the dark, their shoulders touching. Hank put his arm around her. Milly yielded to his arm. Milly put up her face. His face found hers in the dark. He kissed her tenderly. Milly put her arm around his neck.

"You little darling," Hank said. His lips brushed hers. "You little sweetheart."

Milly put her head on his shoulder.

"You're a little devil, too," Hank Adams said.

He kissed her again.

"Weren't you?" he asked.

"I suppose I was," Milly said.

He kissed her again.

"And you do get a kick out of being kissed—don't you?"

"Yes," she said, "I do. I honestly do."

(Copyright)

RELIEVES "'FLU" IN A NIGHT!

DON'T wait for the 'Flu to get full grip—take two Esterin tablets and a hot lemon drink *immediately*, and go to bed. Esterin helps to reduce temperature. It contains Esterin Compound, which acts *directly* and safely on the nerve centres, checks the development of disease germs and relieves aches and pains. Nyal Esterin will not form a habit—it is safe and effective and combines ingredients which are regularly prescribed by the medical profession for relieving pain.

Get a tin from your chemist to-day—24 tablets cost only 1/3.

Nyal Company, Dept. 1811, Glebe Pt. Rd., Sydney, N.S.W.
Fill in this coupon for FREE SAMPLE.
NAME
ADDRESS
W.W. 10/11/'34.

NYAL ESTERIN

When Jean was not so well, mother was nervy and father was depressed, they all found in Roboleine the ideal food that built them up again to vigorous health.

Doctors everywhere are enthusiastic about Roboleine, and have prescribed it for over 25 years in all cases, at all ages where the body needs building up. The secret of Roboleine's success is the BONE MARROW it contains, together with "VITAD," which is a tasteless essence of cod liver oil. There is no substitute for this delicious body building food, and a short course will achieve amazing results.

Household size, 4/6; Family size (three times the quantity) 12/- at all chemists and Stores.

Roboleine
THE FOOD THAT BUILDS THE BODY

Send Coupon for Sample

WW, 15.
Mum & Neil Ltd., Box 1562 B, G.P.O., SYDNEY
I enclose 3d. in stamps for sample of Roboleine
Name
Address

Children love good, clean fun and adventure. Don't let them miss Fatty Finn's Weekly. The first, new, enlarged, colored issue appears next Tuesday.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

ADELAIDE: Shell House, North Terrace, Adelaide.

BRISBANE: Shell House, 301 Ann Street, Brisbane.

MELBOURNE: "The Age" Chambers, 239 Collins Street, Melbourne, C1.

SYDNEY: 321 Pitt Street, Sydney.

LONDON: 102-5 Shoe Lane, Fleet Street, London, EC4.

HOW TO ADDRESS LETTERS

All Editorial letters, except social, to be addressed to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1511E, G.P.O., Sydney.

Social letters to be addressed to either Adelaide, Melbourne, Brisbane, or Sydney office as applicable.

TO CONTRIBUTORS AND ARTISTS

(a) Forward a clipping of matter published, pinned on to a sheet of note paper, showing date and page in which par was published.

(b) Give full name, address, and State.

Unsuitable contributions will only be returned if a stamped, addressed envelope is forwarded.

WE SHALL TAKE ALL REASONABLE CARE OF MS., BUT WILL NOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR ITS PRESERVATION OR TRANSMISSION.

Letters insufficiently stamped cannot be accepted.

PRIZE CONTRIBUTIONS

Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions, payment goes to the first received.

PATTERNS

See special notice on the pattern page.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602653

CHILD SUFFERED WITH ITCHY RASH

Scattered over Face, Arms and Legs. Cuticura Healed.

"My little boy suffered with a rash that would come like pimples, which were scattered on his face, arms and legs, and the skin around them was very red and inflamed. They were very itchy and made him irritable and at night caused loss of sleep and he would always want to scratch.

"He suffered for three months and I tried several remedies, but the eruptions remained. I saw an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. He got relief so I bought more and now he is healed." (Signed) Mrs. O. Doyle, Emu St., Longreach, Q'ld.

Rely on Cuticura Soap and Ointment to keep your skin clear.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. and 2s. Talcum 1s. 3d. Sample each free. Address: "R. Towns & Co., Sydney, N. S. W." Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 6d.

The smooth, easy cleaner .... MONKEY BRAND

There's no need to scrub and scratch to get your kitchenware clean. Leave the job to Monkey Brand and save your energy. Are your kiddies collecting the Monkey Brand pictures? All their favourite animals!

MONKEY BRAND

for Pots . Pans . Porcelain and Paintwork

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED

The Three-Walled HOUSE

Continued from Page 46

"WHY——" One of the girls tried to match Elsa's tone for lightness, and failed as miserably as Elsa had failed. "Er—hm—haven't you heard? You knew someone had been getting at the cash returns and 'cooking' the accounts, didn't you? They say it's Mr. Hatfield. He's been seen lots of times coming away from here late at night when he'd no business to be here. Hammond's gone with the house 'tecs to see the Old Man, so everyone says. Of course, it's not to be inquired into. But that's why he hasn't been in to-day."

Elsa heard her own voice. It said: "Oh, no! No—no!" in a funny, jerky little whisper. She saw the two girls stare round-eyed. She felt that coldness again, only now it was all over her body, and her mind felt dazed and sick as though something or someone had given her a blow.

David John! They were saying that was why David John hadn't come in!

She became aware suddenly that not only the two girls but everyone else in the department who had leisure to do so was staring at her! She could see heads lift and eyes stare at her slender figure in the pretty blue silk frock that she wore as part of her "make-up" in her role as housewife of the little three-walled house.

She turned on her heels sharply. She didn't know how white her face was, nor that someone spoke to her, and she walked straight past them. . . .

David John—a thief! Were they mad, the whole lot of them, to believe such a crazy thing? David John, with his square, hard jaw and that wide forehead and those honest, honest eyes of his!

Every employee of Harding's on their being engaged as a member of the staff had had to be interviewed by the head of the firm. Elsa remembered perfectly the way through the main general offices to the holy of holies that was his office, and she didn't hesitate for a single second.

She turned sharply to the left and went up three stairs. She wasn't afraid—she didn't think of Old Man Harding himself sitting at his big desk. She could see David John's face, that was all—right in front of her eyes.

"I've got to see Mr. Harding," she said quietly to one person who tried to stop her in the general office. "I go right through, don't I?" And he, naturally enough, thought she had been sent for and let her go through.

Elsa knocked on the door.

"Come in!" Old Man Harding was noted for the terseness with which he could say that. She turned the handle and went in, saw him raise his head and look at her as she stood there silent for a moment.

Across the room their eyes met. Then Old Man Harding put down his pen and spoke.

"I don't remember sending for you," he said. "What do you want?"

"I want to speak to you," Elsa replied.

"Well, you're speaking to me," he remarked. "What is it?"

"I'm from Mr. Hammond's department," Elsa said. "I've just heard—something. They're saying that—Mr. Hatfield——" She was still cold and with that awful dryness in her mouth. "Mr. Hatfield—has been—been dishonest—stealing!"

Old Man Harding leaned back in his swivel chair, put his two hands together and looked at her.

"Well?" he asked, and he drawled the word.

"It's not true," Elsa said. She was speaking quite calmly and quietly. She didn't shout as she wanted to shout. But the man saw the pallor grow more intense in her face, and her eyes glow.

"It's not true?" he repeated after her slowly, and sat up, leaning a little towards her. "What makes you so sure of that, and why, in any case, are you finding it necessary to champion this—Mr. Hatfield?"

"I'm sure because—because it's impossible that he should do such a thing, of course," she answered, adding quickly: "I'm going to marry him! I—we're engaged to be married."

Old Man Harding's impassive face changed a little then. His eyebrows went up, and for a second he stared at her in silence.

Then he said:

"Really? I thought I knew everything about—Mr. Hatfield. I see I don't."

He pressed a bell on his desk, got to his feet, and pulled forward a chair.

"Sit down, please," he said, and to the secretary who had entered the room: "Please send Mr. Hatfield to me immediately."

"I thought——" began Elsa, but Old Man Harding interrupted.

"So there is a rumor that my—that Mr. Hatfield is the person responsible for the depredations that have been going on?" he asked softly. "Why, I wonder?"

"He hasn't been in to-day," Elsa said.

"Oh! And is that sufficient to start a dangerous rumor of that sort?" Old Man Harding asked.

"They said, too, he'd been seen coming from here late at night," she told him. "But, of course, it's not true."

"But it is true—that much of it." The head of the firm chuckled suddenly. "It's rather funny, if they only knew," he added thoughtfully. Then. "Ah, here's Mr. Hatfield."

David John came in. When he saw Elsa he came straight across the room and stood beside her chair; his hand went out, and gripped hers—hard.

Then, and not until then, did he turn to the man at the desk.

"Is there anything wrong, sir?" he asked.

"Well," Old Man Harding looked at him keenly. "it would appear not. This young lady came in here to defend you. She wished me to understand that under no circumstances could it be supposed that you were guilty of the thefts in Hammond's department, to which, incidentally," he turned to Elsa, "Hammond himself has just admitted. She also tells me she is engaged to be married to you."

David John didn't look at Elsa. He kept his eyes steadily on Old Man Harding, but his hand, if anything, gripped more tightly.

"That is true, sir, if she has said so," he said steadily.

"Why didn't you tell me, David?" the crisp, business-like voice asked. "Did you think I should object to my only son marrying a shop girl?"

He wasn't looking at David John. He was looking at Elsa. He saw the color that had flooded to her face ebb again so that she was as white as before. He saw her eyes open in a second's utter disbelief. Then slowly he saw her turn her head and look at the man whose hand gripped her own.

And David John answered that look with the touch of humor in his eyes and at the corners of his strong mouth.

"It's true, darling. But I told you Old Man Harding wouldn't let an untrained man take on the management of Harding's. I had to go right through it and learn like he did." Then he turned to his father. "No, sir, I didn't," he told him steadily. "But if you had disapproved it would have made no difference."

"I was hardly likely to, considering that your mother was a shop girl when I married her," the old man said dryly. Then he held out his hand with a twinkle in his eyes that was like David John's and a kindliness which now Elsa knew she recognised as being like him, too. "All the old-fashioned virtues seem to have gone out of fashion," he said. "I rather like loyalty myself, David, perhaps you and your fiancee will give me the pleasure of dining with me to-night."

THAT was all. They were dismissed, and they walked to the door together, David John's hand still gripping hers, and out—walked through the general office without saying a word to each other.

There wasn't anywhere in this enormous place where they could be alone even for a second. They stopped at last on one of the carpet-covered landings of the big main staircase, and David John bent a little, trying to see her face.

"Elsa——" His voice wasn't as confident as usual, not as assured, but it had a note of tenderness in it.

"I'm just dazed," Elsa said. "I didn't go to sleep and just dream it. You're sure, David John?"

"It's the realest thing that's ever happened to either of us," he said quietly. "I love you and you love me. When I saw you sitting there and heard what the Old Man said I wanted to shout, Elsa. What made you do it?"

"I don't know," she replied. Her eyes shone and her throat suddenly seemed constricted. "I just knew I had to!"

But people were descending the staircase. They stared for a second at the two figures, the girl in her blue dress with that radiance about her eyes, and the young man, so obviously one of the employees of the firm of Harding's, standing hand in hand.

David John waited until they had gone by and turned the bend in the staircase. Just for a second the great store about them seemed to pause in its many duties—just for a moment the roar of the traffic outside seemed to soften as they looked into each other's eyes.

"I wish," David John said at last, "the little three-walled house had a fourth wall, darling—we'd shut ourselves up and close the door. Here come some more people!"

Elsa laughed, a little tremulous laugh. David John tucked her hand through his arm, and they went back to the lighted store that was Harding's.

(Copyright)

I CAN SAY 'THANKS TO CLEMENTS TONIC'

Clements Tonic is a nerve and blood FOOD—a natural restorative that builds up wasted nervous tissue. It contains no drugs or opiates but in entirely natural ways enriches the blood, calms the nerves, assists metabolism.

Footscray, Vic.

"When I was a child of twelve I was troubled with St. Vitus' Dance. My mother used to have to hold me in bed, my nerves were so bad. Mother decided to give Clements Tonic a trial. After the first bottle I found a great improvement so I kept on with it and still take it. I can honestly say that Clements Tonic put my nerves on the right road to recovery. I can say Thanks to Clements Tonic."

(Mrs.) W.H.

(Original letter on file for inspection).

Prices in all capital cities in the Commonwealth 3/- and 5/- a bottle at all Chemists and Stores.

CLEMENTS TONIC

"Gives You Nerves of Steel"

24.204

Equally Nourishing . . . . *for Children and Grown-ups*

it tones up the system!

Nestlé's Malted Milk is the ideal food beverage. It renews physical and mental energy, soothes the nerves, ensures sound sleep and has a delicious flavour that everyone enjoys. Drink a glass every day, and ensure getting the best by insisting on Nestlé's—the perfect Malted Milk. Obtainable at all leading Chemists and stores, and dispensed at the leading Milk Bars.

AMAZING OFFER
A 1 lb. tin of Nestlé's Malted Milk and a handy household mixer for 4/3. Order yours to-day.

NESTLÉ'S

The Perfect **MALTED MILK**

MADE IN AUSTRALIA

COPYRIGHT 324

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602654

"HOW about going fishing to-morrow?" said Wunderlust, glancing up from the newspaper late one evening, and peering at Fred over the top of his spectacles.

"Yes; I think it will be lots of fun," answered Fred eagerly.

With so much said, Fred said good-night to Wunderlust and hastened to his little bedroom to think about the good time he would have the next day. He soon fell asleep and did not wake until the big bright sun shone through the blue-curtained windows and woke him up. He rose quickly, bathed himself, and then went in search of Wunderlust.

As was always the case, Wunderlust was dressed and looked as if he had been up for hours.

As his eyes fell on Fred, he spoke. "Well, we couldn't wish for a better day. Not a cloud in the sky. Come down to the wharf, I have everything in readiness for our day's fishing."

The two wandered slowly down to the wharf.

On the wharf, two middle-aged men, dressed in shabby clothes, were fishing.

"Caught anything?" asked Wunderlust.

One man turned and from the look on his face it was easily seen that he hadn't, and the meek "no" he muttered was hardly necessary.

"Would you like to come in our fishing boat?" asked Wunderlust pleasantly, "you are more likely to find fish further out, don't you think?"

The two men, of course, jumped at the opportunity of boarding the fishing boat, and with Wunderlust and Fred they were soon out on the high seas.

FRED was the first to get a bite, and then one of the fishermen said he felt something on the end of his line. He tugged and tugged and eventually pulled up a big sack packed with something and bulging with water.

He quickly turned the sack upside down and emptied the contents. Boxes of all shapes and sizes fell into the boat. These were soon opened and lovely pearl necklaces and bracelets came into view.

They lost no time, and straight away made for the shore to see if anyone owned the wonderful treasures.

They soon discovered that no one had even heard of them, and that they new belonged to the person who actually found them.

The fisherman was delighted and wanted to share the treasures with Wunderlust, Fred, and the other fisherman, but Wunderlust wouldn't hear of such a thing. He made the two fishermen divide the treasures among themselves.

And, from then on, the poor fishermen became quite rich men and were Wunderlust's and Fred's best friends.

IMPORTANT

ADDRESS all letters and contributions to Jill, Box 1551E, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. All girls and boys must be under the age of 17. Cash prizes and prize cards are awarded each week for the best entries.

Jill's Letter

MY Dear Jacks and Jills—

I am very happy to be with you and I want to thank you for sending me such a lot of lovely letters and contributions. Already I feel quite at home and I am sure we will have a great deal of fun together.

As you all know, the big Fatty Finn's Weekly came out this week, and it is really a wonderful comic. Incidentally, if you want to win a bicycle, camera, tennis racquet, or endless other things you cannot afford to miss it. Buy one to-day and read how they can be won.

The best letter came very early in the week, and was sent by Lola Bowler, Rosemount, Moobi, Scone, N.S.W. Lola wins the prize of 5/- for her letter, which was not only neatly written and well punctuated but very expressive and extremely interesting.

Now Jacks and Jills, I'm expecting another big mail like last week's, so don't disappoint me, will you?

Good-bye until next week.

Cheerily Yours,

JILL.

Summer

BY IRENE VOHLAND.

All down the ages, every year
Ever since the world was made,
A summer season doth appear,
Gloriously arrayed.

A summer evening, golden sunset,
Paints the sky with rainbow hue,
Summer morning, plants are wet
With sweet refreshing dew.

Summer fields are rich with golden grain,
Waving gently in the breeze,
Earth responding to the rain,
Fruit is heavy on the trees.

Prize of 5/- to Irene Vohland, C/o. Mrs. V. Allan, 9 Wilmot St., Toowoomba (Qld.), for this original verse.

RESULT OF PAINTING COMPETITION

FOR the best colouring of the picture entitled "The Fairy Offering," **Valerie Dearing**, 7 Piera Ave., Earlwood, N.S.W., wins the first prize of 5/-.

Prize Cards are awarded for the next best to **Norell Reeves**, 12 Hawthorne St., Maryborough (Qld.), **J. Downie**, 341 Rowe St., Eastwood (N.S.W.), **Naomi Edwards**, 18 Trevelyan St., Wayville (S.A.), **Joan Daischer**, 53 Market St., Naremburn (N.S.W.), **Norma Nicholls**, C/o. P.O., Narara (N.S.W.), **Patricia Pearce**, Winifred, Oakey (Qld.), **Betty Garment**, Barry, via Blayney (N.S.W.), **Gwenda Armstrong**, Dalkeith, Collin St., Kyogle, **Margaret Jarrett**, Ocean View, Cambewarra, and **June Street**, Bank of New South Wales, Adelong.

IN THE MOONLIGHT. Prize of 2/6 to Ruth Boulter, Kalvin, Hastings, Victoria.

FOR FUN & FANCY

Magistrate: You are accused of stealing a chicken. Anything to say?
Prisoner: Yes, sir, I took it for a lark.
Magistrate: *No resemblance whatever; pay 10/-.*

Prize Card to Edna Ralph, 16 Dent St., Merewether, N.S.W.

An Englishman, a Scotchman, and an Irishman were once invited to a golden wedding. The Englishman was first, and he took along a gold watch for each. Pat was next to arrive, and he took a gold-mounted clock. The old couple were patiently waiting for Sandy, when in walked the Scotchman with his gift—a tin of golden syrup.

Prize Card to Rob. Taylor, 2 The Avenue, Coburg, Vic.

Teacher: My goodness, Willie, how did you get such dirty hands?
Willie: Washing my face.

Prize Card to Doris Connor, Mirani, Mackay, Qld.

Maid: Please, Pat's eaten the carrot.
Old Lady: Oh, well, there's no need to worry. It won't do him any harm.
Maid: I mean the cat's eaten the parrot.

Prize Card to Lorna Simmons, 72 Queen St., Grafton, N.S.W.

Diner: Do you serve crabs here?
Waiter: We serve anyone, sir; sit down.

Prize Card to Leone Kalinowski, 128 Grafton St., Goulburn, N.S.W.

Although I've neither legs nor feet,
I'm only useful when I go.
I have no tongue, but yet I tell
What hundreds want to know.
Answer: A watch.

Prize Card to A. Farmer, Bag 101, Morgan, S.A.

Teacher: Why are you late, Tommy?
Tommy: The watch you gave me as a prize for punctuality was slow this morning, sir.

Prize Card to Patricia Pearce, Winfield, Oakey, Qld.

A man was busy at work fixing his motor. "Trouble?" asked a bystander.
"Yes," was the tired reply.
"What power car is it?"
"Forty horse," was the answer.
"What seems to be the matter with it?"
"Well, by the way it acts I should say that thirty-nine of the horses are dead."

Prize Card to Lornie Duncan, Glencoss, Mulawa, Cootamundra, N.S.W.

Why are flowers like lazy boys?—Because they need a stick to keep them straight.

Why does the collector at the railway station punch a hole in your ticket?—To let you go through.

When is a man not a man?—When he turns into a lane.

What do you expect to hear in a forest?—The bark of trees.

Why is a horse like the letter O?—Because gee (G) makes it go.

Prize Card to Ronnie Rule, Eyrie, Prairie, N. Qld.

For What Purpose

You may decide to buy, at some time in the future, an article, the price of which precludes its immediate cash purchase.

It may be a piano, car, or wireless set. It may be medical or dental expenses, the cost of a holiday, the discharge of the obligations of affection or friendship at Christmas or other times of celebration, the higher education of children, the inevitable demand of rates, taxes, or insurance premiums.

Lack of foresight has worked great hardship in numberless cases. The wise plan of saving weekly or fortnightly a small predetermined amount will forestall all the worry and anxiety that usually await the unready.

Commonwealth Savings Bank of Australia

(Guaranteed by the Commonwealth Government)

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602655

EARLY *Marriage*

Continued from .:. Page 14 .:.

IT seemed to her almost the most horrible thing that had ever happened to her. And it was impossible to show him why it was horrible. She had thought she had been so wise about Ted, had done all the right things and none of the wrong ones, had taught him that in carrying out a life, in the small things as well as the larger there are different ways—ways of excellence, and ways of mediocrity. She had thought she knew which way his would be; and here he was doing the one thing that would doom him: marrying—a mere baby—for love.

There was only one theory of conduct that to Pauline was dogma. Her soul had long since found its talisman, and that talisman was this: that beyond all doubt, established by all proof, young love did not last. For a staff in life to uphold you, for the rope to pull you through the long haul of marriage, its drain, its—its continuingness—you went to friendly liking. Everything was all right as long as you knew that; it was an armor for living.

Pierre hovered as their waiter arrived with chafing-dish and food. Pauline wondered how she could pretend to eat. She was so tired, so beaten. So sure, all of a sudden, that you could not teach anyone anything. For if Ted did not know it now, how was she to convince him that an early marriage for love was the one really great mistake that could be made in a life? She had given everything to Ted, everything. And yet, had she? For here he was embarking on the last enterprise she could have expected of one so wise, so competent, so full of humor. This boy seemed to understand all the ridiculous things of the social order; he was aware of changes in point of view of which she knew nothing. She had held up to him, over and over, the broken marriages of their community as object lessons. All those people who, once started divorcing, had never ceased marrying other people. She had directed his attention over and over to what seemed to her manifest: that almost all this incredible shallowness of marital relationships was due to marrying too young. Ted knew all sorts of complicated, scientific things; but was he not able to understand the quite simple fact that you couldn't possibly, at twenty-one, be sure that the girl you fancied you loved was the one you would love at thirty?

"Mary Lois," she repeated with her bright composure, while inside she was crumbling to ashes. "But of course. I must have met her at the house—haven't I?"

So he saw that, incredibly, she did not remember that marvellous girl. "She's been at our parties," he told his dim-witted old parent. "She's the girl with the dark hair and the hazel eyes. And of all the honeys you ever—" He caught himself up, restraining himself, obviously, from any show of delirium about this miracle, Lois. "All in all," he said, "she's not a bad job." Her bones appear to grow the right way. And her mind, too." He added: "She's twenty."

"Twenty and twenty-one," said Pauline, slowly, reflectively. She looked at him. "It's the money," she said. "If there were not a little bit left, you could not possibly think of marrying at that age." For the first time in her life it occurred to her that having money was a tragedy.

"Yes," he agreed. "It's a break. Otherwise we might have to wait, and lose the sharp edge of everything."

"The sharp edge!" Pauline could no longer repress herself. "But that's just what you should lose!" The room suddenly seemed to be full of swirling, unseen currents of antagonism and disagreement. "Oh, darling, haven't you been around enough to know that this sort of illusion doesn't last? Haven't you seen all these rather messy marriages, and silly, cynical affairs? Don't you see that these poor creatures married with their hearts and not with their heads, and when the bloom wore off they had nothing left?"

"I don't see anything of the kind, cuckoo! They weren't really in love in the first place. Bet you!"

"Quite." She had gained a point. She leaned forward, quickly hopeful that he saw she had. "But they thought they were. Just as you do!"

"I can't worry about all those old bozos." She could hear him thinking: "Mary Lois and I aren't in their world!" At the look on his face, she sank back. He was the stubborn-visioned kind who would go down to his grave believing in his fairytales and in himself.

"I'm sorry, dear," she said after a moment. "Sorry that I can't play up to your happiness, seem not to be giving you support at a vital moment." It was the first time in her life that she had failed him. "And I'm not failing him!" she told herself hotly. She watched dully as Pierre opened the wine; poured, first, a little into Ted's glass, then brimmed hers with pale yellow.

Pauline picked up her glass, smiled at him—trying not to yield to a desperate memory of the countless people she had seen standing with dismay and horror before the collapse of an ideal, and to the killing thought that now she would have to watch Ted.

"To Mary Lois and to you," she said above her glass. That careless voice of hers. Making this terrific effort not to show that she was all shot to pieces by this news, by the fact that he was handing her here, at this pleasant table, with the wine and the flowers, the ruin of her life's ambitions and efforts. But determined now to make no further plea to him, seeing that it was no use. Holding her head high because she scorned to seem pathetic or broken. And not knowing that never in her life had she seemed so pathetic to him. Just to see her smiling so gallantly at him, made his heart tighten and hurt. So old-fashioned, so prejudiced and wrong, riding all her practicalities so high and coming what seemed to her such a cropper.

He was looking at her, subjecting her to a quizzical, rather big-brotherly inspection. "You ain't got no faith in magic, is you, honey?" He thought about that. "You don't believe," he said, pretending to be joking, but, she knew, wholly serious, "that the heavens can open. You think there aren't great moments, and if there are, that you can't command them." He shifted in his chair. "Oh, shut up!" he thought. "You're no poet, for the love of Pete!" But he had to say it, because he could feel Mary Lois' hands in his, because he could feel her darling face pressed against his shoulder.

"I hope I can recognise great moments," said Pauline.

And she thought she did. That was what tugged at Ted's heart. But "I don't know why you should," said her son evenly. "You never had any with Father. You will never, God knows, have any with Jackson Dryant. As a matter of fact," Ted added, "you're completely wet about this whole thing, because you've never loved either of them."

"How can you say such a thing!" She turned to him indignantly, and found him looking straight into her eyes; but she was looking a fraction aside of his.

Said Ted: "The worst of it is, you should have loved someone very much. You should have lived in magic all your life instead of in great comfort." He took her arm, embraced it close against his side, laughed into her face and said, tenderly, pityingly: "I think you are a starved woman, Pauline—and that for you, beauty has vanished from the earth."

"After all these years—and I don't know you at all!" Pauline put down her fork abruptly. "Very well . . . But you aren't going to have that swell life." Up to that moment she hadn't known what she was going to do. But now it was clear. "You will have none of your own inheritance," she said, "until you are twenty-seven, and——" She stopped for a second. She had never before refused him anything. But she must stick to her guns. She must save him from himself. "And I shall cut off your allowance if you go on with this."

IF Ted's insides turned over like a flapjack, then subsided into a cold chill of apprehension, he was too good a sport to let her see it. "Well, that's all right, too." He understood that her motives were all that could be desired. She was going to do him good if it killed him. "If you think you've got to put the bee on us, there's no use in my taking on about it." He remembered that he was in his last months at college, and held his peace.

Please turn to Page 50

Recipes—Unusual and Appetising

Consomme Capitain

3 doz. Arnott's Thin Captain Biscuits
1 medium onion
Pepper and salt
1 egg
1 teaspoon ground mace
1½ pints stock, made from chicken or veal bone preferably

Soak biscuits (1½ doz.) in cold water, when soft squeeze dry. Chop onion finely, fry in a little butter. Drain. Mix biscuit and onion with well-beaten egg, add seasoning, bind the mixture with powdered **Arnott's Thin Captain Biscuits.** Shape the paste into balls and simmer gently in boiling soup for 20 minutes before serving.

Maryland Mulligatawny Soup

A veal knuckle bone
2 carrots
1 oz. butter
1 oz. flour
1 dessertspoon curry
1 onion
½ teacup rice
1 slice bacon
1 quart stock
Salt

Chop bone, and simmer until meat is tender, cut in small pieces, also bacon, add to strained stock with vegetables, rice and seasoning. Melt butter in saucepan, stir in flour and curry powder, pour into soup. Stir until it thickens. Serve with **Arnott's Plain Rusk Biscuits.**

Oyster Soup

1 pint stock
1 doz. oysters
Seasoning
2 oz. butter
½ pint milk
2 oz. crushed tapioca

Put all ingredients, except oysters, into saucepan and bring to boil. Allow to simmer 20-30 minutes, add oysters. Bring quickly to the boil and serve with **Arnott's Saltine Crackers.**

Tomato Soup

1 lb. tomatoes
Seasoning
1 oz. butter
½ cup milk
1 onion
1 pint stock
½ oz. cornflour
Few **Arnott's Cheese Biscuits** (crumbled)

Melt butter in saucepan, peel and slice onion, fry in butter, add stock, tomatoes and seasoning. Bring to boil and simmer until tomatoes are tender. Rub through sieve and return to saucepan, mix cornflour with milk, add to soup and stir until it thickens. Sprinkle with **Arnott's Cheese Biscuit Crumbs** before serving.

Baked Crab

1 cooked crab
½ cup milk
1 oz. butter
2 eggs
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
Salt and pepper
1 cup **Arnott's Cheese Biscuits** (crumbed)

Pour cold milk over cup **Arnott's Cheese Biscuits** (crumbed). Chop crab meat finely, fry onion in butter with parsley. Beat yolk of eggs and mix with biscuit crumbs, milk and crab meat. Add onion and parsley, then fold in stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Put into buttered dish and sprinkle with **Arnott's Cheese Biscuit** crumbs. Dot with butter. Bake 25 minutes.

Fried Oysters

1 doz. fat oysters
Salt and pepper
1 egg
Olive oil
Arnott's Cheese Biscuits (crumbed)

Remove oysters from shells, dip in seasoned beaten egg, then in **Arnott's Cheese Biscuits** (crumbed). Fry in hot oil until golden brown. Place in clean oyster shells and serve immediately. Garnish with parsley and lemon.

Fish Seasoning

3 tablespoon butter
3 tablespoon milk
Salt and pepper
Juice of half a lemon
Finely chopped parsley
½ cup **Arnott's XX Soda Biscuits** (crumbed)

Mix all together. Use for stuffing bream or flathead.

Cutlets

Veal cutlets
Pork cutlets
French cutlets
1 oz. flour
1 egg
1 cup **Arnott's Sao Biscuits** (crumbed)

Season meat with salt and pepper, dip in flour, then in lightly beaten egg, and **Arnott's Sao Biscuits** (crumbed). Fry golden brown in hot dripping. Serve with any vegetable or salad.

Stuffed Calf's Heart

1 calf's heart
1 oz. chopped suet
Squeeze lemon
1 egg
Dripping
Little chopped parsley
Pepper and salt
1 teaspoon mixed herbs
1½ cups **Wee Pet Crackers** (crumbed)

Wash heart thoroughly, remove large veins and arteries, soak well in salt water and dry in a cloth. Mix dry ingredients, season well and bind with beaten egg. Stuff heart, place in baking dish spread with dripping. Bake 1½ hours. Serve with brown gravy.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR

"MILKOKO"

THE NEW DELICIOUS ARNOTT BISCUIT.

They look nice and they **are** delicious, thanks to pure rich cocoa and fresh creamy milk. Just think of a sweet biscuit—small and dainty with half tone colouring of brown and cream. The modest brown of pure cocoa and the cream of fresh rich milk.

Meat Loaf

2 cups mince meat (chopped fine)
1 small onion (sliced)
Salt and pepper
1 cup **Arnott's Plain Rusk** (crumbed)
2 eggs

Mix all together. Beat well, place in buttered pie-dish and bake in slow oven 30 minutes.

Sweetbread a la Parisienne

4 sweetbreads
1 egg
Dripping or butter
½ cup **Arnott's Lawn Tennis Soda** (crumbed)
1 oz. flour
Salt and pepper
1 slice of lemon

Boil the sweetbreads and lemon in salt and water until tender. After cleaning, cut in halves, dip in flour, beaten egg and **Arnott's Lawn Tennis Soda** crumbs. Fry in hot dripping or butter.

Fish Balls

1 lb. cooked fish
1 oz. butter
Salt and pepper
1 onion
½ cup **Arnott's Sao Biscuits** (crumbed)
2 egg

Separate fish from bone and mince, fry onion in butter. Mix onion with fish and seasoning, also well-beaten yolk of egg. Roll into balls, dip in lightly beaten white of egg and roll in crumbed **Arnott's Saos.** Fry until golden brown. Serve with Anchovy Sauce.

Beef Olives

½ lb. steak (thinly cut)
1 dessertspoon flour
Seasoning
Stuffing
2 ozs. suet
½ teaspoon mixed herbs
Little chopped parsley
Water
1 onion
Dripping
1 egg
½ cup **Arnott's Lawn Tennis Soda**

Prepare stuffing by mixing all dry ingredients moistened with beaten egg. Wipe meat and cut into small oblong pieces. Place a little stuffing on each and roll up. Tie with string. Put dripping in saucepan and fry beef olives until brown. Lift out and fry onion, then add flour, water and salt. Allow to boil, then skim. Return meat to pan and simmer 1½ hours.

Macaroni a la Italienne

½ lb. macaroni
3 tablespoons tomato sauce
1 onion
Salt and pepper (cayenne)
1 tablespoon Parmesan Cheese
½ cup **Arnott's Plain Rusks**

Boil macaroni in salted water. Put layer in buttered pie-dish. Cut onion finely and simmer in butter. Do not brown. Add tomato sauce, salt and pepper (cayenne), pour over macaroni in layers. Sprinkle with cheese and top with **Arnott's Plain Rusk** crumbs. Dot with butter. Bake 15 minutes.

Fish a la Viennoise

1 fish (boiled)
3 tablespoons flour
1 pint fish stock
Salt and pepper
3 medium boiled potatoes
2 oz. butter or margarine
½ tablespoon cheese
½ cup **Arnott's Plain Rusks**

Melt butter, add flour; when blended, add fish stock. Boil one minute; take off fire and add well-beaten egg yolk and seasoning. Butter dish. Finely slice cooked potatoes, place in dish and cover with flaked fish, then pour over sauce. Sprinkle with **Arnott's Plain Rusk** crumbs, and top with grated cheese and dot with butter. Bake 25 minutes.

Fish Pie

1 cooked Bream or Flathead
1 oz. flour
1 pint milk
Salt and pepper
2 hard boiled eggs
Mashed potatoes
Few capers
½ cup **Arnott's Shredded Wheatmeal Biscuits** (crumbed)

Flake fish, put a layer in a greased dish, cover with sauce made with butter, flour and milk, seasoned with salt, pepper and chopped parsley. Sprinkle with capers; cover with layer of hard-boiled egg. Repeat until the dish is filled. Cover with a layer of mashed potatoes. Sprinkle well with **Arnott's Shredded Wheatmeal** crumbs. Dot with butter and bake 20 minutes in a fairly hot oven.

Fried Bream or Flathead

1 lb. fish
1 tablespoon flour
Oil or dripping
1 egg
Salt and pepper
½ lb. **Arnott's XX Soda Biscuits**

Clean fish, dip in flour, then in seasoned beaten egg, and lastly in **Arnott's Double XX Soda Biscuits** (crumbed). Have oil or dripping very hot, fry until golden brown. Drain on waxed paper and serve with sprigs of parsley and slices of lemon.

Tripe la Milanaise

½ lb. tripe
1 cup white sauce
1 chopped onion
1 tablespoon butter
1 dessertspoon Parmesan Cheese
½ cup **Arnott's Cheese Biscuits** (crumbed)
2 tablespoons tomato sauce
Salt and pepper

Cook tripe, then cook onion in melted butter, mix with white sauce, tomato, salt and pepper. Pour into buttered pie-dish. Sprinkle with **Arnott's Cheese Biscuits** (crumbed), cover with Parmesan and dot with butter. Bake until brown.

Veal Loaf

1½ lb. veal
2 slices bacon
1 small onion
1 oz. butter
1 egg
½ cup stock
1 cup **Arnott's Sao** crumbs
½ cup milk
Salt and pepper
Tablespoon parsley

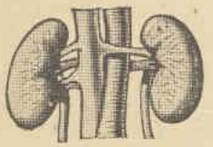
Put veal, bacon and onion through the mincer. Add parsley (chopped), **Arnott's Sao** crumbs, salt and pepper, beaten egg and milk. Shape into loaf and put into baking dish. Place butter on top and pour stock over it. Bake 1½ hours.

NOTE.—Always keep in the pantry a jar of finely rolled **Arnott's Sao Biscuits** for cutlets, fish, etc. You will never use breadcrumbs after having tried **Arnott's Sao Biscuits** (crumbed).

ALWAYS ASK YOUR GROCER FOR ARNOTT'S AND BE SURE YOU GET THEM

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602656

BACKACHE starts here



STOP IT
NATURES OWN WAY

IMPURITIES and clogging waste matter in the kidneys are the root-cause of agonising backache. Relief can only be obtained by drinking alkaline mineral water, which thoroughly flushes the kidneys free of these pain-causing impurities. The effect is marvellous—pain is quickly banished—you forget you ever had backache! Drink before breakfast every morning a half-tumbler of water with a little 'Alkia Saltrates' added; this reproduces the essential constituents of the world-famous mineral water spas and acts at once to cleanse kidneys and the entire system. The pain must naturally disappear with the acids and toxins which cause them. You can get 'Alkia Saltrates' from any chemist. Start the treatment to-day—you'll soon find relief from persistent backache. Price 3/3 per bottle.

ALKIA SALTRATES

The SAFE Hair Tint
Naturaline

Read what the Chairman of the Health Commission says about hair dyes in general.

"Certain dyes, of course, achieve their object with admirable effects, but there are also dyes which cause dangerous and painful skin eruptions. Just enough of

Heed this warning and remember that **Naturaline is so completely harmless that it could even be applied over broken or wounded skin with nothing but beneficial effects.** Naturaline, the most famous of all treatments is actually a tonic as well as a tint, for it will restore the natural lustre and growth of hair that has been injured by inferior tints or bleaching agents.

Specify Naturaline at your hairdresser's or use it at home. It is guaranteed safe!
Obtainable from all good chemists in all shades at 2/6 or 4/- per bottle, or direct from—

EDWIN HOLLAND
349 Lit. Collins St., Melbourne.

THE Signature of Feminine Chic

Golden Youth Face Powder has long been an exquisite accession of the most worthwhile sort of Enoch Rountree's, the word which, now, in its new smart, modern-type box, is joining the Golden Youth Face Powder. It's fine, yet it clinges, by virtue of making lie on a sheer cushion, the finest grit which opens its dainty petals to the touch of the powder puff. It's fine, yet it clinges, because it is made up of a blend of the finest powders, and Sheers, which, after long years of experiment, has chosen the Golden Youth Face Powder as the finest of its kind. It's fine, yet it clinges. All good Chemists and Stores sell it, in the delicate shades, for a little less than 5/-, and the outer box is accompanied by a little silver-edged powder puff, or a tiny tube of the famous silk-refreshing cream, Facial Youth.

The HYGIENIC LOOPED SANITARY PAD
MOISTURE PROOF
PINGBAK
"RING BACK"
Made in Australia by COTTON DRESSINGS PTY. LTD.
OBTAINABLE at COLES, EDMENTS, MYERS AND ALL CHEMISTS AND DRAPERS.

PERMANENTLY WAVE YOUR OWN HAIR
Complete outfits for home use, with full instruction, 15/-. Postage 1/-. No electricity. WAVES LAST 6 TO 9 MONTHS GUARANTEED. A lifetime's use.
SPAR TRADING CO.,
14 RAWSON PLACE, SYDNEY.

EARLY *Marriage*

Continued from Page 49

JOBS were scarce; but gosh, anyone that was as determined to work as he was would find one. And he was not going to give up Mary Lois. He loved her so much that he was continually amazed at his own emotion. He was not so bad around motors. Perhaps he could get work in a garage.

He smiled at Pauline cheerfully. "You're going to have a treat any minute now," he said. "Mary Lois is coming in to dip her beak into her demi-tasse with us." He couldn't do much eating himself, he found. Any minute now——

Suddenly, "Look," he said, under his breath. "Give a look. That she blows."

She came around the corner of the room gladly, as though she could not wait. Shining and fresh with exercise, she looked as though she smelled of verbena, cool and pleasant. As though all Park Avenue must have wanted to stop and sniff and gaze at something so much like spring. Her eyes flew to meet Ted's, and you could see that they were for the moment sleepwalkers, for all they were aware of anyone else in the room. Then Mary Lois turned to Pauline. "I've been so excited about this," she said. She kept her eyes on the older woman. It was impossible not to know that she thought her beautiful and important, and a prize as a mother-in-law.

Ted looked at her grey suit with the fur the color of cigarette ash. "You crazy goof, that's the third suit since Christmas!" He put her into a chair. "You can't have wine. Sorry." He took a deep, unflinching draft of Chablis. "Prepare yourself," he said, "for the bad news." His voice was light, but Pauline could see that this was no good time for him. "Pauline," he said, sitting erect, not looking at Mary Lois, "is doing a Stern Parent on us."

"Oh," said Mary Lois.

"She thinks," said Ted, "we're too young to know our own minds. Too young to marry."

MARY LOIS said nothing. She was sitting with her hands under her chin, looking at Ted. She had not stirred. Nor, plainly, did she mean to. Pauline was silent, too. "I can't help it," she told herself defensively. "I must protect them against themselves." As the silence continued, she leaned across and put her hand on the girl's arm. "It's just that," she said swiftly. "Your ages. Now that I've seen you again, Mary Lois, I can't think of anyone more perfect for Ted, if you were each older and more sure of yourselves."

She felt rather helpless as Mary Lois turned bright, interested eyes on her. "She's going to cry," Pauline had thought. But she didn't know Mary Lois. "I know how you feel," said Mary Lois encouragingly. "And I don't blame you a bit." Their eyes met, and Mary Lois' smile, in contrast to the rather dreamy appearance of a moment before, was personal and direct. "Of course, you would be throwing fits about us, when it is obvious that hardly any married people are really happy."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," Pauline put in hurriedly. She would say just that, but the statement shocked her from such an infant. "It's just," said Pauline, "that I think the only safe marriage is a well-considered one. Unimpulsive."

"Mother's was well-considered," Ted offered.

"So was Dad's," Mary Lois murmured.

"And mine was happy," said Pauline defiantly. Why did this boy keep harking back to her life?

"Bless her heart," said Ted in a fatherly tone, "she was never happy." He put his hand over his mother's. "She's bluffing," he said. "She hasn't the foggiest idea what this thing called love is, the poor little pud!" His smile, his affection, took all the sting out of his words, made all three of them, Pauline and Mary Lois and himself, the same age.

Pauline went in search of her usual assurance, looked around inside herself. The best she could do was: "This is ridiculous!"—very stiffly. "We're discussing your affairs, not an old lady's."

Ted was given pause. "That's so," he said. "But I just got started, that's all—you're so much worse off the track than we are. And it gets me jittery."

Mary Lois put down her coffee-cup and cupped her chin in her hands again. "Don't listen to him," she counselled, and gave Ted a kick under the table. "He's got a father complex or something, that lad, and he thinks he knows everything." She smiled reassuringly at Pauline. "You've a right to your own ideas."

"Sure," said Ted the large-hearted, "Help yourself. Be as long as you like." They weren't going to argue with her, Pauline saw. They just sat there, giving the effect of being shoulder to shoulder. Belonging to each other. No walls between them.

Pauline rose quickly; she felt her will ebbing, but she must keep it until she was out of the room. She must not be taken in by the magic surrounding these two children in their enchanted wood. "I'm sorry," she said. "I must be going." She glanced at her wrist-watch—almost three now, and she was to meet Dryant at four. That was what she needed. To get as fast as she could to someone who saw life as she saw it—to whom it was a methodical affair, ordered methodically.

"It is understood then." She made her voice brisk, matter of fact. "I don't consent to your marrying." A waiter was holding her coat. She tightened it around her, and once more the smell of the gardenias rose.

The children were on their feet. "I'd like to be peevish with you, Pauline, but I can't," said Ted. "I know you're doing your feeble best. So we won't argue with you. We may even"—he grinned down at Mary Lois—"consent to remain unwed a year or two. After all, we have all the years there are."

Pauline leaned down abruptly and kissed Mary Lois near the little mass of curls that burst out under the pancake hat. "Don't think too badly of me," she whispered.

They watched her go up the room. Seated again, Mary Lois reached out a hand for Ted's glass. "Thanks a lot."

"Lap it up," Ted said. "It's all you'll get." His tone suggested he was thinking of something else. It came out: "Do you think I shouldn't have put the bee on Pauline like that?"

"You poor sap, I don't know where you get off, to talk to her so! Of course you shouldn't have." She looked at him severely. "You were simply unspeakable."

"All right," sighed Ted, returning her glance, then wilting. "You win. But keep your talons off me. I've got troubles enough without your dirty looks." Compunction sat heavy on his brow.

Mary Lois was feeling it, too. "She's such a darling," she said. "—like something put away in a glass case."

In her mind's eye she was seeing that little figure leaving them so gallantly, holding herself so straight. Mary Lois, gazing after her, had had a queer, sub-conscious feeling that it was herself walking away like that, that it was Pauline and herself and all tired women who have looked for dreams and failed to find them, and have set out on a long journey knowing they are not to be found.

Ted was watching Mary Lois now, forgetting everything else. "She's the prettiest thing," he was thinking. "God, there just never was anybody that was that pretty." For the thousandth time he was thinking this, marvelling, worshipping her. And Mary Lois, looking up, meeting those flattering, adoring blue eyes, felt everything around them fall away. Together they knew a curious, breathless moment; and the world was circled by a white tablecloth, spanned by their locked arms.

"I love you so!" Ted said, under his breath his face still. "I love you—"

She smiled dimly. "Yes—"

"I can't live without you," he said, and his face twisted.

"Silly," she said; "silly, don't let's think about that now. Let's just be happy together." As if they could! But presently they were, forgetting everything again.

PAULINE walked out quickly, thinking only of getting to Dryant, to safety. But between the table and the door she became exhausted. She sat down on a lounge and leaned back. All at once she did not want to see Dryant. She did not want to hear his calm, level voice. He would not in the least understand how she felt about all this. She felt alone; for it became clear to her, as though she saw it on a screen before her eyes, that Dryant could not know one single one of her thoughts, that there was no contact, really, between her life and his. She couldn't go to him now and receive comfort.

Frightening! Frightening thought. Her hand flew up in the immemorial gesture to her heart. And there were the gardenias, cool under her fingers. Cool, and yet like fire. She sat up quickly, looked down at them, her mouth quirking up at the corners. "Of all the ridiculous things!" she was thinking. "I must be going crazy, or senile, to have a scent affect me so! Just three white flowers, climbing up my scarf in a row." This must stop.

But she was not to go just then—or ever. . . . Never again to be sure of the things of which she had been sure. To know that they were lies. Lies!

For, as she rose, someone stood in front of her. A man stood tall over her, and took her wrists in both his hands. Their strength was a symbol of something threatening; they were closing, not on her wrists, but on her life.

She stared. She could not think. She could not speak. Everything was a blank, a core of emptiness that suddenly filled with only one thing. Filled with Bill Serrand until that name, that face, possessed the whole. He hadn't changed; he appeared to her to look exactly the same. Exactly the same was that thick red hair, that lean, eager face, bent over close to her own. The very touch of him was the same, that showed his streak of crazy romance, his capacity for mad action. And as usual, he was furious with her. In a rage they had parted in 1910, and in a rage they came together in 1933.

"And now, damn it," said Bill Serrand, "this isn't a telephone! This isn't. 'No, Mrs. Stavely is not at home.'" He stood above her as if nothing could calm him, as if nothing would make him sane. He looked at her as if he could shake her to pieces, as if he could kill her, as if he could kiss her insensible. "So you were going to marry again!" he said. And if his manner was blazing, his voice held a still and frozen anger. "Marry!"

"Marry?". The word dropped into her mind. But it didn't seem to make sense. And "telephone"—what was that about telephone? Oh, of course, that was he on the wire this morning, and Marie had told him she was at Carlo's.

"Pauline," said Serrand through his teeth, "you heard me. Can't you answer me?" Of course she couldn't answer him! It looked as though he would shake her. "You pulled that damn' trick once," he whispered, with the effect of roaring. "What made you think you could get away with it again? Don't you know you're my woman?"

For a moment they stood there in the middle of an enormous quiet. Except that outside it had begun to rain; Pauline could hear drops splashing from the awning—plot—plot—steadily, evenly. And it wasn't rain dropping. It was twenty-two years falling away, one by one. Twenty-two years gone. She was back in the enchanted wood. Nothing was real that she had believed in all that time. Paint and far seemed the Pauline of ten minutes ago. Paint and faint and very far seemed the image of Jackson Dryant now—that stately composed figure she once had admired. But she could not think about Dryant for a while. "I must get back to the children," she was thinking. "I must tell them it's all right, that I was wrong. Wrong. Wrong." She was so alive now, that she could feel her very heart uncurl. And Serrand seemed to see that. For suddenly his whole face seemed to break up. His brown eyes were frantic with the pain of the past.

"Oh, Pauline, I have missed you so!" As though it were yesterday he said it, as though it were yesterday they had parted in anger. "Oh, Pauline, for God's sake, swear you love me. Swear!" He was no longer angry; all that was gone—one of his swift sudden rages; and he looked at her as though he would never be able to turn his eyes to the world again.

Pauline looked down at the gardenias. She looked up at Serrand, wishing she knew how to say it. But it was all too difficult to say. She could only look up at him and feel as if she were something melting in the sun. She laughed. She would never know what that laugh sounded like to him.

"I have to go back into the dining-room," she said. "I have to eat my words." She slid her hand into his arm. "Come with me," she commanded. "I don't dare let you out of my sight. You ditched me once, and I can't let that happen again, not after I've gone to all the trouble to learn to read and write, and everything."

Together they went down the aisle of tables, that seemed to be the road to the promised land.

(Copyright)

DO YOU KNOW?

THAT our common house cat is probably a descendant of the North African "gloved" or "Caffre" cat still found wild in the Nile Valley and which was made a domestic animal by the Egyptians about thirteen centuries B.C. From the earliest ages cats have been the objects of superstition, and in Egypt they are held in the highest reverence.

"I can eat what I please and digest it with ease."

If you suffer from indigestion, if you cannot enjoy a meal without pain, wind, distension, and a feeling of weakness and low spirits, let nothing deter you from trying 'Bisurated' Magnesia. It is the supreme remedy for stomach trouble, with over 20 years' proof of its unfailing efficacy. Perhaps you are even now dreading your next meal. Then why not make it the occasion for putting 'Bisurated' Magnesia to the test? Get a bottle of 'Bisurated' Magnesia, powder or tablets, from your chemist and take a little after your meal. Eat whatever you fancy. The result will be a revelation to you. The contents of your stomach will be made as bland and soothing as milk, instead of turning acid as before. The customary pain and wind will not occur and digestion will be completed with ease and comfort.

'BISURATED' MAGNESIA
Banishes Stomach Ills
Every package bears the oval 'Bismag' Trade Mark→ BISMAG

MAN WORKED OVER-TIME WHILE LEG HEALED

"Varex' treatment has been quite successful on that bad leg of mine—a miracle, in fact. In five weeks the wound healed up completely and I never lost an hour's work from the first day. In fact, I have been working overtime on it three days a week. I have not failed to tell people of your simple and cheap cure." Write to-day for free Varex Booklet. Ernest Healey, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Varex Ltd., 3rd Floor, Dymock's Building, 424N George Street, Sydney.

FLY-TOX
Will Quickly KILL FLIES MOSQUITOES COCKROACHES

● Insects deserve no mercy; they are germ-laden, and a menace to life and health. Protect yourself from them. Spray genuine Fly-Tox regularly. Refuse all substitutes.

ALL THROUGH THE TEETHING YEARS

From the sign of the first tooth to the age of fourteen years, Steedman's Powders are the safest, most gently effective aperient you can give the children. They keep habits regular and the blood-stream cool.

"Hints to Mothers" Booklet posted free on request.

Give STEEDMAN'S POWDERS
FOR CONSTIPATION
John Steedman & Co., Box 494AA, G.P.O. Sydney
Box 981 H, G.P.O. Melbourne

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 3d. sent for postage to Depart. "A," Mrs. Clifford, 49 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne. Established 34 years.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602657

DOROTHY ROUND'S *Lost Relations* in AUSTRALIA

She Hopes To Find Them During the Tour

From Our Special Representative

The British tennis players — Dorothy Round, Nancy Lyle, and Evelyn Dearman — have arrived in New Zealand, and will leave again next week en route for Australia, where they will play a series of matches in each State, commencing with the international match against Australia on November 21.

Everywhere the British team has been it has received enthusiastic welcomes.

DOROTHY ROUND thinks she has some relations in Australia, but she doesn't know where they are, so they will have to find her. They will probably lose no time in claiming such a famous kinswoman.

Dorothy Round looks quite tiny between the very tall Miss Dearman and Miss Lyle, who is also a big girl. Dorothy is really quite a petite type, although everyone seems to imagine her tall. She is beautifully proportioned, however, and very graceful.

When asked whether she was going to wear shorts during her Australian trip, she said: "Oh, yes, I have every intention of wearing shorts during play, unless, of course, the Australian people prefer otherwise."

This is very typical of Dorothy Round. She is the essence of tact and charm and will be sure not to tread on any corns during her travels. She is also surprisingly poised and is a pleasant person to interview.

She is by far the most popular of all English women players, and is sure to be very welcome in Australia. She will surprise people by her personal appearance, as her photos. do her so little justice.

Compliments Joan

She is a vivacious, poised, and charming young lady, whose tact and poise have made her popular in all the countries where she has scored so brilliantly

On her arrival in New Zealand Miss Round paid a pretty compliment to Joan Hartigan, whom she is looking forward to meeting, and whom she considers has every opportunity of beating her on the fast grass courts of Australia.

All the British team are impressed with the game Joan played when abroad, and they consider that Australia has a world's champion in Joan Hartigan.

Miss Lyle has also been impressed with Joan Hartigan's personality and charm, and she considers her play so brilliant that she predicts that she will go much further in her tennis career if she returns to Wimbledon next year.

MEMBERS of the British women's tennis team, photographed prior to their departure from Waterloo Station, London. From left: Mr. Sabelli (Secretary Lawn Tennis Association), Miss Dorothy Round, Miss Dearman, G. P. Hughes, and Miss Lyle.

WHY DELAY?

THE first international match against Australia is set down to take place on November 21, and it is unfortunate that the selection of the Australian team has been left to such a late date. Everyone knows that practice is more than half the battle in tennis, and it should have not been a difficult task for the Australian selectors to have announced the team three or four weeks before the matches take place. There have been no important matches taking place in women's tennis which might influence the selectors in their task and necessitate a delay.

Messrs. Walker, N. Brookes, F. Peach, and H. Malcolm are the Australian selectors, and although they have a difficult position to fill they must not lose sight of the fact that they hold that position by virtue of the players, and because of that it is naturally expected that they should study the needs of the players and give them plenty of notice in reference to their selection.

Good cooks salute you-

if you use FOUNTAIN BAKING POWDER

MAY NOT *be many Boundary* HITS

Bigger Grounds May Handicap Our Women Test Cricketers

By RUTH PREDDEY

Australian women cricketers will be at the same disadvantage as the English players in the State and Test matches, as both teams will be playing on unfamiliar grounds. Boundary hits are likely to be few and far between.

WOMEN cricketers in Australia have been handicapped by the lack of playing grounds. The majority of pitches have been laid down on small allotments of ground, when the boundary dimensions have invariably been small, but with the international matches taking place on ovals previously used for the men's Test matches, the women players will find it difficult to play a ball hard enough to reach the boundary.

It requires a very hard knock to send the ball to the fence, as so many of the men cricketers have demonstrated, and unless the ball is travelling at a fast rate there is also the danger of a fieldsman saving a boundary hit, and perhaps getting a wicket through a run-out decision.

The Perth oval is easily the largest, and is nearly twice as long as it is wide, the measurements being 225 x 150 yards. Playing on this ground means that in a certain position the batsman would be required to hit the ball nearly 130 yards before it would reach the fence.

The Melbourne Cricket Ground is slightly smaller than this, being 186 x 168 yards. The Melbourne Cricket Ground will be used for the first time by women players when England plays Victoria on December 7.

The historic Sydney Cricket Ground, steeped in tradition, is 186 x 162 yards. This ground has previously been used by the women cricketers, chiefly for charity matches, in which women cricketers and actresses have participated. Only on one occasion has an interstate team previously played there. This was the first representative women's State team selected to play a series of matches in Victoria just prior to the war.

Then the ground had a cycling track of concrete built around it, and the batsmen found great difficulty in putting enough force behind the hit to make the ball travel up the incline of the cycling track.

The Brisbane Cricket Ground was used by the women cricketers, on the occasion of the first interstate matches being played in Queensland over two years ago. Victoria and New South Wales were the visiting teams. The Brisbane Cricket Ground is the smallest of those that will be used in the international matches, measuring 178 x 160 yards.

A suggestion was made that the boundaries of the various grounds should be made the same, but as the same conditions would apply to all players it is unlikely that there will be any alterations in this direction.

It is even doubtful if the larger scores will be made on the smaller grounds, but the sympathy of the crowds will not be so much with the players who fail to score a boundary hit, as with the incoming batsman, who, with spotless leg guards, begloved, and hat at right-angle, traverses nearly a hundred yards to the wicket, takes block, and returns again with the dreaded "0" beside her name.

Woodfull, Bradman, Richardson, and McCabe, and all Australia's leading players, have all experienced this dreaded ordeal, which should console the woman cricketer who is sure to follow and do likewise sometime during the tour of the English cricket team.

Selection Practice

NEARLY fifty players have forwarded their names to the secretary of the N.S.W. Women's Cricket Association as being available to take part in the international and interstate matches which will commence next month and will continue until the end of January.

Speculation is already rife in many quarters as to the merits of the various players seen on the fields on Saturdays, and a keen interest is being taken in the selection by the public. The merits of the bowlers, of the fieldsmen, and of those who can handle a bat are freely discussed.

The three selectors will now be present at all these practices, and the team to meet the Englishwomen at the Sydney Cricket Ground on December 14-15 will be announced in time to give the N.S.W. team plenty of time to work up a combination so essential in first-class cricket.

Printed and published by Sydney Newspapers Ltd., Macdonell House, 321 Pitt Street, Sydney.

YOU DON'T KNOW . . .

what a marvellous improvement "Ideal" Milk makes to porridge.

The addition of this rich cream-like milk gives added flavour, richness and nourishment.

Try it once and you will *always* serve it on your porridge.

IDEAL EVAPORATED UNSWEETENED MILK

A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT

When Somebody's growing in your House!

To make sure your child grows strong and sturdy, there is nothing like a cupful of Benger's Food morning and night. And if your child is weakly or backward, your Doctor will advise Benger's Food. Each year it transforms thousands of weakly children into vigorous boys and girls.

Read about it in the Benger Booklet, post free from Benger's Food, Ltd., 350, George St., Sydney.

Prices in City & Suburbs:
No. 1 size tin - 3/-
No. 2 - - - 5/6

Made at MANCHESTER, England.

BENGER'S Food

ECZEMA
SKIN AND SCALP DISEASES

Succeeding even when specialists have been baffled, Mr. J. J. McHugh, the brilliant young Sydney consulting chemist, has become famous for the complete relief of many cases of skin disease considered hopeless. His remarkable success is due to his secret formula and unique methods of personal diagnosis. One of the most amazing cases of Eczema successfully treated by Mr. McHugh is that of an Ashfield woman who had suffered for over five years and had spent over £200 in unsatisfactory treatment of all kinds, without relief.

Mr. J. J. McHugh, M.P.S.

Mr. McHugh's formula has won him fame throughout Australia and New Zealand, and even in U.S.A., for successful treatment of Eczema, Psoriasis, Germ under Nail, Varicose Veins, Ulcers, Tropical Ringworm (Tinea), Barber's Rash, Dandruff, Ringworm, Acne, Pruritis, and similar distressing complaints. His treatment ranks among the remarkable advances made in medical science. Hundreds of sufferers have been effectively treated by post as well as personally. The Australian Women's Weekly readers are invited to write enclosing stamped envelope for full details of treatment to Mr. J. J. McHugh, M.P.S., Ph.C., Consulting Chemist, 134W Liverpool Street (First Floor), opposite Snows, Sydney.

Consultation Free from 9 to 5 daily, 9 to 12 Saturdays, and 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. Tuesdays and Fridays. Phone MA5622.

REALLY *Kills* FLEAS

Then keeps others away . . . . . .

No flea or lice can escape from *Pulvex*. Other powders often merely stun parasites. *Pulvex* kills them and is so repellent that other fleas keep off for days. *Pulvex* is harmless, even if swallowed—non-irritating—odourless. You can ensure your pets a flea-free summer if you dust them once a week with *Pulvex*.

Sold at all good dealers, in tins at 1/1; double size, 2/-.

Wholesale Distributors: Wm. Cooper & Nephews (Aust.) Ltd., 4 O'Connell St., Sydney

PULVEX
KILLS FLEAS OFF—KEEPS THEM OFF

New Hope for Sufferers

The latest German Remedy (internal) for healing Varicose Ulcers and Eczema without interruption to your duties is available now. No need to lie up! Guaranteed never to break out again. Bad cases heal up in a few weeks. Inexpensive, it never fails!

Write or Call for wonderful book. Treatment by mail a speciality—distance no object. You will be delighted with my treatment — no pain from start!

C. WINTER
63 WELLINGTON ST., KEW, E.4, VICTORIA

WANTED TO PURCHASE

OLD GOLD, Dental Plates, etc. E. E. Smith, 113a Pitt Street (near Hunter Street).

EVERY YARD REDUCED in this . . .

DAVID JONES' Sale of COTTONS and LINENS

ALSO ART SILK AND COTTON MIXTURE FABRICS!

Just imagine! At the very beginning of summer you can make tremendous savings on all the newest and most popular Linens, Art Silk, and Cotton Mixtures, and a vast array of Cottons, including Voiles, Dimities, Batistes, Cambrics, Haircords, and Organdies! Every yard in this department has been reduced—below you will find a few typical examples of the bargains that are offering.

Look ! 1/- Haircord

A wonderfully strong, all-British cloth with dozens of uses. All the newest and brightest designs are offering at this low price—and they're guaranteed fadeless! 27 inches. Now priced at yard **9d**

2/6 Broadcloth

Peter Pan Printed Broadcloth has a beautifully fine quality and a texture almost as soft as silk. It's wonderfully durable. Attractive fadeless patterns. 36 inches wide. Price per yard **1/6**

2/6 Printed Poplin

"Lady Peperil" fine quality Printed Poplin de Luxe gives endless wear and has very smart, gay patterns. A perfect fabric for children's wear, house, and sports frocks. 36 inches wide. Usually 2/6; now priced at yard only **1/3**

4/11 Silk Fresca 3/11

Cool . . . . and it won't muss easily! Available in many fresh pastel and useful dark tonings. 36 inches wide. Price, per yard, 3/11.

Enormous Value!

Fadeless Gingham **6½d**

It's one of the summer's jauntiest cottons, as well as being wonderfully strong and reliable. Perfect for play suits, frocks, and children's wear. 27 inches wide. Usual, yard, 7½d.

Silk Sponge Cloth 1/-

A smart assortment of floral, check, geometrical, and spot designs in this excellent-wearing, light, summerweight fabric. 27 inches wide. Usually priced at yard 1/3, 1/6; now priced at yard

1/9, 1/11, 2/6 Dimity **1/6**

Crisp Dimities and Dainty Batistes in fresh, quaint designs and fadeless pastel shades, for cool summer frocks and undies. 36ins.. Yd.

SAVE ON CHIFFON VOILE

Every yard of our fine quality Chiffon Voiles and Pique Voiles has been reduced—buy early, while the range of delightful designs and colours is complete! 36 inches. Usl. 1/11, 2/3, 2/6, 2/11, 3/6; now priced at yd. 1/3, 1/9, 1/11, 2/3, 2/6.

3/11 Sunsheen LINEN AT **3/6**

Crisply woven, evenly finished, unconditionally guaranteed for splendid wearing ability! In white and twenty other new colours, fadeless to sun and laundering. 36ins. Yd. 3/6.

4/11 Quality "SHANTYLOOM" **3/11**

A lightweight Linen with the interesting new Knoppe texture that will not crush easily—the smartest possible for suits! Fascinating pastels and darker tonings. 36 in. 3/11.

2/11 Morocaine FancyWeave **1/11**

Only constant demand for this fine quality Morocaine makes such a price possible. Colours are dusty pink, beige, red, lido, saxe, aquarelle, greens, black, navy. 36 inches. Yard, 1/11.

FREE CUTTING OUT

Purchase both your length of material and either a McCall, Weldon, or Home Budget Pattern at David Jones'—we'll save your time by cutting out your garment, to your measure, free of charge!

ALL DRESS MATERIALS AND PATTERNS ON THE FIRST FLOOR

And these amazing Silk Offers

4/11 Moss Crepe **2/3**

An immensely popular heavy-weight crepe textured Silk, resembling Morocaine. In ten beautifully dyed shades. 36 inches wide. A very special offer at yd. 2/3.

3/11 Morocaine **2/11**

Narrow phantom striping makes this Silk Morocaine a very smart and charming fabric. Pastel, mid and dark hues, including ivory and black. 36 inches. Yard 2/11.

1/- Crepsil **10½d**

We sell out consignment after consignment of this wonder silk, which is exclusive to David Jones'. All pure silk with a smart crepe texture, it wears and launders marvellously. 12 shades. 36ins. Yard, 10½d.!

8/11 C. de chine **5/11**

Heavy quality all pure silk, printed in multi-coloured floral, fruit and novelty designs, or monotones in attractive shades. 36ins. Yd. at 5/11.

3/11 Morocaine **2/3**

An exciting range of colourful floral and novelty designs and 2-tone effects in all popular shades. 36ins. Yard at

FREE GLORY BOX OFFER CONTINUES

This Chest **FREE**

If you buy £15 worth of House Linens

Our Special Gift Offer will be continued throughout November—so take this opportunity to secure a beautifully finished Maple Linen Chest Free by purchasing £15 worth of our modern House Linens at greatly reduced prices. Lay-By if you prefer.

FINLAY'S SHEETS

25 per cent. off the usual prices for 800 pairs of Finlay's world-famous Sheets! Superior, hard-wearing quality, with soft Linen finish, already hemmed.
54 x 99ins.; Usl. pr. 12/6; now pr. 9/3.
63 x 100ins.; Usl. pr. 15/11; now pr. 11/9.
72 x 100ins.; Usl. pr. 18/6; now pr. 13/6.
80 x 100ins.; Usl. pr. 19/11; now pr. 14/11.
90 x 100ins.; Usl. pr. 21/; now pair 15/9.

OSMAN SHEETS from 9/6

Superior quality plain Linen-finished Sheets of the famous "Osman" brand that stands for long wear and service.
54 x 90ins.; Usl. pr. 12/6; now pr. 9/6.
63 x 99ins.; Usl. pr. 16/6; now pr. 13/6.
72 x 99ins.; Usl. pr. 18/6; now pr. 14/11.
80 x 99ins.; Usl. pr. 19/11; now pr. 16/11.
90 x 99ins.; Usl. pr. 24/6; now pr. 19/6.

MANCHESTER, DEPARTMENT FIRST FLOOR

1/- PILLOW CASES **9½d**

1000 dozen strong Linen-finish Pillow Cases. Full 20 x 30ins size. Finished with Taped ends. Usually priced at each 1/-; a sensational value at each 9½d. Per dozen, 8/11.

OSMAN TOWELS

2/6 White Turkish Bath Towel with thick pile, 22 x 44ins.; now each 1/11½.
2/11 White Turkish Bath Towel, size 24 x 46ins.; now priced at each 2/6.
2/9 Pastel Turkish Bath Towels, blue, green, gold, or rose, 23 x 48 inches. Now priced at each 2/3.

14/11 BEDSPREADS 11/6

200 Plain coloured Slubb Repp Bedspreads, with hemstitched finish. In rose, beige, gold, and green shades to harmonise with modern furnishings. Single Bed size, 70 x 99ins.; Usl. 14/11; now each 11/6. D.B. size, 90 x 108ins.; Usually 21/-; now each 15/6.

Continental Linens 25% Below Usual

This huge purchase of Continental Table Linens brings to Sydney the very newest and most decorative clothes for summer use. Never before have table linens been so varied and so gaily attractive . . . there are dozens of plain and coloured effects combined with smart multi-coloured check and overcheck borders, especially suited for Sun Porches and outdoor tables. The following are typical examples:

4/11 Cloth, 34 x 34; each 3/6
6/11 Cloth, 44 x 44; each 5/3
10/6 Cloth, 52 x 52; each 7/9
15/6 Cloth, 52 x 68; each 11/6
18/6 Cloth, 54 x 72; now 13/11
21/- 17-Piece Lunch Set; 15/6

33⅓% off Napery Items

HAND WORKED.

32/6 Bridge Sets **21/-**

Any hostess would be proud to possess one of these fine quality Ecru Linen Sets, with exquisite hand-embroideries in lavish designs! What delightful Christmas Gifts!
57/6 Afternoon Tea Sets, Cloth 45 x 45, with 6 Naps, 37/6.
72/6 Supper Sets, Cloth 54 x 54, with 6 Naps; Set at 47/6.
32/6 Bridge Sets, Cloth 36 x 36, with 4 Naps, now at Set 21/-

FOR SERVICE — POSTAL ADDRESS: BOX 503AA, G.P.O., SYDNEY. PHONE M4404

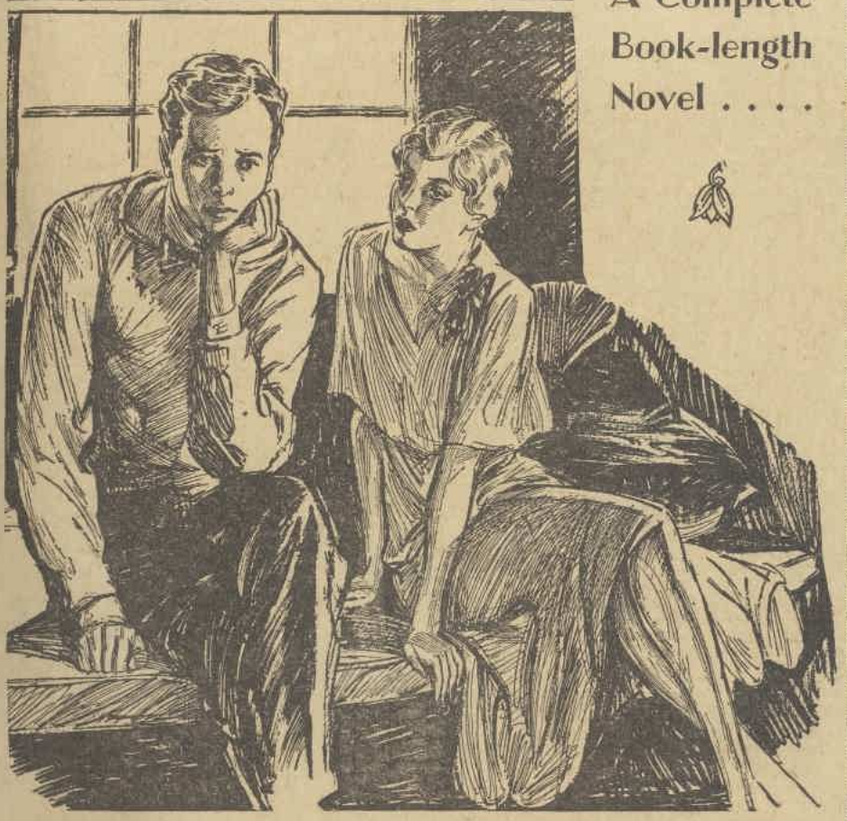
National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602659

Free Supplement to the Australian Women's Weekly

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY
8 NOV 1924
OF NEW SOUTH WALES

FORCE

A Complete Book-length Novel . . . .



By—

Albert Richard Wetjen

To Edith and the memory of April days in Oregon

"My son, remember three things: An idea can only be destroyed by another idea; all force is folly; and the road to wisdom runs through the heart."

This Supplement must not be sold separately.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602660

Force

ALBERT RICHARD WETJEN

CHAPTER 1.

HE was tall and broad and strong. His mind went along smooth and definite lines. He had the knack of quick decision, and invariably his conclusions were correct. Sometimes he pondered, but he never hesitated. Secretly he regarded the world as consisting of himself surrounded by darkness. He had climbed from a penniless boy to the highest rank in the merchant service. He had never had a setback. Life had run smooth and gay for him. He boasted he had never made a mistake. He had confidence, judgment, and vision. It was clear to any man who knew him that the characteristic feature of Captain Mark Bradley was his iron pride.

Not only was his pride apparent from his always immaculate dress. It was in every turn of his head, in every gesture, in every word. He was a fine-looking man, and he knew it. He had the dominating personality and the brain that makes for command. And he knew that, too. He was a favorite of the gods, and they gave him recklessly from their store. Women and men and obstacles went down in the dust before his triumphant strides. At twenty-four he had owned and commanded his ship. He despised weakness. He knew what he wanted, and in that had the advantage of his fellows. He was a feudal baron reborn, six hundred years after his time, or perhaps six hundred years before it. Waldport feared him, the county feared him. He had put the mad sea days away and he was now a power in the State of Oregon. Ten years before he had been a rover of the outlands, and save for his immediate profession unknown. Now he bulked large in a growing country.

His coming marked the beginning of history for the coast town he had made his home. Long after he had gone, fathers told the tale to their sons. For generations he was a legend. He came in the night with one companion. A splintered, half-swamped boat had rocked over the bar that guarded Alsea Bay, driven shoreward by the raging sea and the drive of the screaming wind. At two o'clock in the morning a hammering on the door had awakened the keeper of the Waldport Hotel, who went downstairs in his nightshirt cursing and fumbling with a box of matches.

WHEN he opened the main door two grim men had thrust past him into the lobby and made for the sheet-iron stove, still glowing red from the huge fire of the previous day. They were dressed in oilskins, oilskins that were black and streaming with water and slashed to ribbons. Beneath they wore serges, officers' serges that were stained and torn, also. The hotel-keeper started to protest at the intrusion, and then to curse because his carpet was being ruined by the water.

The taller of the two men looked up and said, quietly, "That'll do."

The hotel-keeper was a burly man, notoriously quarrelsome, but he did not resent the other's tone. He confessed once that there was a light in the grey eyes meeting his that made cold shivers run up his spine. Or it may have been the wind driving through the door he foolishly still held open.

When he had shut the door and come forward and set his lamp down on the counter, the taller man spoke again. "We want a bed and some hot whisky. Can you fix it?"

"But," objected the hotel-keeper, "where did you come from?" Baldy, the ancient old man who was the hotel's night clerk, was awake by this time. He shuffled into the lobby and listened with mouth agape.

The tall man snapped, "If you must know, I'm master of the barque Aida Macree, or was." He laughed harshly, with a bitter note. "She's on the bottom now, Struck a reef at midnight and went to pieces."

"All hands lost," said the other man in a low voice. He added, "I said the course . . ."

"That's enough." The tall man turned on his companion in a cold fury. "You needn't tell me again. . . . I'm sick of you! I never made a mistake in my life. Get out, and don't let me see you again."

He ripped open his torn oilskins, unbuttoned his serge jacket, and removed from his body somewhere a heavy, broad belt with buttoned pockets. It clinked when he tossed it on the counter. He unfastened the pockets, and the hotel-keeper's eyes bulged. He had never seen so much money in his life before. In reality there was about twelve hundred pounds in Bank of England notes and gold.

The tall man counted out half and handed it to his companion.

"That's more than I need give," he intoned curtly. "Now get out and keep your opinions to yourself, Stitz. Not that they'd do much harm, but the insurance men might kick. . . . I'm tired of your complaining. I never made a mistake like that in my life."

The other pocketed the money and nodded grimly. He was, when he removed his sou'wester, a thick-set, thick-chested individual with a heavy black moustache. His eyes were grey, like the tall man's, and his face was tanned to a deep bronze. He shook his head doubtfully.

He said at last, "Aye, sir. I'll forget it. But I've got to sleep somewhere."

The tall man shrugged. "Stay with me for to-night. Beat it in the morning. . . . What's your name?" This last was rapped out in such a tone that the hotel-keeper shook and stammered, "Jones! Jones, sir!"

"Very well, Jones. Bring along the grog. My name's Bradley, Captain Mark Bradley, and this was my mate, Billy Stitz. . . . Now move yourself."

"Yes, sir," mumbled the astonished Jones. He turned on Baldy and vented the anger in him that had been suppressed for fear of the tall man. The old servant hobbled away grumbling and returned after a while with two steaming drinks. Thereafter the strangers retired. Waldport never knew what manner of ship the Aida Macree was, never knew where she had been bound for or from. The past of Captain Bradley was a mystery, as was the past of Billy Stitz, who, in spite of what he had been ordered to do, remained near Waldport and prospered.

THAT wild night was now ten years away. Captain Bradley never referred to it. He allowed no one else to refer to it. He bought the Waldport Hotel from Jones, and after a while gradually acquired store after store in the little coast town. His business coups were sure and brilliant, and netted him substantial profits. He started the first bank Waldport had ever had. He brought in outside capital and organised the cannery that now employed fifty men in the season and absorbed all the fish the rest of Waldport could catch. He became naturalised, claiming British citizenship. He was elected mayor. He won control of the politics of the entire county. He stood high in Masonry and at Toledo, the county seat, met the men who mattered. He seemed as invincible on the land as he had been on the sea.

He had friends in the shipping circles at Portland, who in their turn knew powerful men in the State. He met the Governor in lodge and became his friend. All the strong personality that was his he put forth to attach to himself men he intended to use. He calculated coldly. He was ruthless. He drove to a definite end. Ten years after his arrival he dominated, directly or indirectly, an area of country almost as large as his native land. He was iron. Men hated him, but at the same time respected him. And mostly they were puzzled, not understanding him or his motives. To-day he was to marry Margaret Forbes.

She was his latest acquisition. Like everything else he owned he had taken her from others. As he squeezed land from poverty-stricken farmers and frontiersmen, as he tore power from those who held it, so he took Margaret Forbes. Her father owned the biggest lumber company in Marshfield, which meant the biggest on the coast, and she was sought by every young man of birth and wealth from San Diego to Seattle. And Captain Mark Bradley, the outlander, the stranger from the sea, the newly-crowned baron of Waldport, saw, wooed, and conquered her in a little over four months.

THEY had met first in a dance-hall at Toledo. It was on July the Fourth, and the evening saw a brilliant celebration that the dance wound up. Captain Bradley was not a dancing man; he rather despised the sport. But he wanted to ask a favor of a Supreme Court Judge and there was no way to meet the judge. But the judge's young wife was to be at the Toledo dance, and Captain Bradley attended and watched. He despised no method that gave results. He met the lady and the dominant personality that was his swept her away. He was invited to meet her husband at their home in Salem. In three weeks he was granted the favor he required.

At the Toledo dance the judge's wife had been accompanied by Margaret Forbes. She was dark-haired and her eyes were blue. She had skin as clear as a summer sky at noon, and her hands were white and slender and soft as velvet. She was just twenty-two, merging from a gay girlhood to a somewhat grave and thoughtful womanhood. Captain Bradley knew her father would be United States Senator one day, and his quick brain saw the possibilities. He decided to get married.

He went first to Salem, saw the Governor, and obtained a letter of introduction to John Forbes in Marshfield. In Marshfield he called on John Forbes at his office, mentioned he knew his daughter from the Toledo dance, and because his conversation pleased the lumber king received an invitation to dinner. Thereafter things were smooth.

That dinner marked for Margaret Forbes quite the most wonderful night of her life. She had never before met so brilliant a man. Captain Bradley came attired in the

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602661

FORCE

uniform of a master-mariner, with the four gold bands on his cuff and the gold badge in his peaked cap. There was also a little row of ribbons on his left breast, and each one meant a story. He was at his finest, deliberately, and because the girl had really stirred him. From talking to her father on the future and essential conservation of the West's water-power, and so brilliantly as to make the older man regard him in some awe, he would plunge into a discussion with Margaret over Swinburne or William Morris.

William Morris was her favorite, and for the sheer devilry of the thing, and to make her eyes flash with anger, the captain annihilated him and then gracefully handed him back intact so that Margaret blushed and felt quite confused because she thought she had misunderstood her guest.

He completely captivated Mrs. Forbes, the gentle, white-haired wife of the lumber king, and when the captain suggested driving in the moonlight who was there to object? Certainly the girl was far too dazzled, and Mr. Forbes, thinking of the Governor's letter of high recommendation, had nothing to say. He was rather pleased, in fact, that his daughter should attract a man who was so obviously bound to count.

CAPTAIN BRADLEY was no man to rush his fences unless he was sure of clearing them, but he knew his own power and knew that this night he had the girl regarding him as she would never quite regard him again when she knew him better. He knew, too, from inquiries, that her usual male companions were set in the conventional ways of courting, and he judged her to be a girl not averse to a new experience. He had not trotted the smart bays more than a mile when he slipped the whip back into its socket, transferred the reins to one hand, and laid the other over the girl's white fingers.

He said, simply, "Will you marry me?"

She was astonished and not a little startled. She looked at him half-believing that she could not have heard aright. But he was looking straight at her, without a tremor or a hint of confusion, and he said again, "Will you marry me?"

Any other man and she would have laughed. It was entirely too absurd. She had not known him more than an hour or two, had only met him once before. But she had heard him talk on equal terms with her father, before whom half the State bowed, and she had heard him argue with him, which was a thing no one else dared to do. And he did not seem to be the kind of man whom laughter would shake. She had detected no weak points. He was all-sufficient, and that knowledge had not yet exasperated her with him. She was a little frightened, but she did not laugh.

She said uncertainly, "Captain Bradley, I really don't know what to say. How can you . . ."

He lifted her fingers to his lips and the touch of them electrified her. Yet she had been kissed like that many times before. She flushed slowly and drew her hand away, yet her eyes were bright and they met his bravely and unflinchingly. He half-nodded, as if commending her.

"I know," he said. "You wonder how I can be so sure so soon. But I am. I have always known what I wanted. Life is too short to spend time in hesitation. And you are the woman I have been seeing for years in the night watches, in the compass card when I used to nod over the wheel. It's true. You must know it's true. . . . I love you because I have always loved you, though I never knew where you lived or what you were called. There's something between us. You are not afraid of me. Doesn't it seem as if you've always known me?"

She found herself unbelievingly breathing "Yes," and forgot to protest when he caught her fingers again and kissed them.

BUT the night, the moon silvering the trees where the wind was whispering, the breathing of the horses, his eyes, the rich timbre of his voice fascinated her. He was certainly the most wonderful man she had ever met. He talked on, softly, persuasively. His arm was about her. As in a dream she heard him check the horses. The line of colored ribbons on his left breast brushed against her mouth and then his face loomed close. She seemed to melt into one delicious agony and the memory of it brought the blood to her cheeks many times in the weeks that followed.

It was a whirlwind courtship. She had not a moment in which to think things out. Bradley had won over her mother completely and her father seemed to think Bradley was good enough for a son-in-law. Perhaps John Forbes was thinking what a fine thing it would be to have such a brilliant and able mind in the family, and a man who controlled the politics of a substantial corner of the State. Whatever his motives, whether personal or not, he placed no object in Bradley's way and even made one or two efforts to aid him. Not that Bradley needed much aid, or Margaret Forbes much encouraging.

The inexperienced youths about her were brushed aside like flies before the advance of the sea gipsy. They were still in the

throes of their first loves while Captain Bradley was old in the game. He had squeezed life since his first voyage, when he was ten, and life included love. There were women in far ports and houses who could have warned Margaret Forbes. But she was swept away and no one warned her, or thought it necessary to warn her.

Captain Bradley took her out on Marshfield harbor, in the Forbes' sailing yacht, and sailed the craft as it had never been sailed before. He took her walking along the rocky shores where the Pacific thundered on changing beaches. And he talked to her of bizarre things, capturing her imagination, winning her spirits. He had tales of palm islands in the coral seas, purple nights in eastern cities where the houses were made of paper and nude girls danced quaintly under colored lanterns. Tales of ships and men and adventure, of fighting and wooing and mad, mad sailing days into uncharted oceans.

What wonder the mind of the girl, clean and growing wide with a sense of romance and of the mystery of things, should be subdued by this man who had seen and done so much? He was handsome and strong and successful. He stirred her deepest emotions. He took her in his arms and kissed her and said he would marry her. Her half-frightened protests were like leaves wind-blown before the storm. In her awed fascination she was futile against his imperative command.

SO to-day Captain Bradley was to be married. He had overridden opposition and the ceremony was to take place in Waldport. John Forbes and Mrs. Forbes were there and half a dozen friends. Everything was ready. At 15 minutes to 12 they were all to assemble at the little wooden church at one end of Waldport's one street. At 10 minutes to 12 Captain Bradley would stride down the sidewalk from the hotel he owned, dressed in the master-mariner's uniform he always wore on important occasions and attended by Joe Brown, his Indian servant.

At 12 the bride would come from the house that had been rented near the church. And a few minutes after noon they would be married and Captain Bradley's hold on the city and the State would be doubled and made secure.

Ten o'clock found the captain in his office behind the low-frame bank building, writing letters. The place was simply furnished, a broad-topped mahogany desk, a swivel chair, oilcloth on the floor and a few pictures of ships on the wall. In one corner was a tall hatrack, in another a heavy iron safe. Perched on the safe was a pure white cockatoo with a yellow-feathered crest.

At 10.30 the captain laid down his pen and sighed. He knew he should be on his way to the hotel to change. But he sat for a few minutes gazing at the wall, at a picture of a full-rigged ship scudding before a gale. He sighed again and drummed with strong, brown fingers on the blotter before him.

He said aloud, "It leads nowhere . . . leads nowhere." His eyes were dreaming. At rare intervals, always before some great coup, he felt restless. The sea called him. Pictures were his of blazing days and clean, wide winds crisping the water; sounds were resurrected of creaking blocks and musical ripples under long hulls and men's voices calling faint and far away, voices of men he had known and loved, worked beside, seen triumph or die . . . faint and far away.

Yes, the sea called to him and he wanted to return, to abandon all this pride and power and tread a deck again. The urge at times grew almost overpowering, but he fought it down. And always he said, aloud, "It leads nowhere . . . leads nowhere." Once a man possessed a ship and was a master-mariner he could go no higher. There was no future.

THERE was another and a secret reason why he couldn't return to sea. This thought would come and he would brood over it, his face savagely growing darker and darker.

The cockatoo, as though aware at such times of its master's thoughts, would croak raucously, "Main yard! . . . Full and by!" and shuffle its claws uneasily on the safe top. Then its voice would rise and it would almost scream, "North! . . . Due north, I tell you!" and the voice it mimicked was the voice of its master.

Captain Bradley laughed harshly and ran an arm across his forehead. Whenever the damned bird talked like that it unnerved him.

He had procured the cockatoo years before in Fremantle, on the West Australian coast. When the Alda Macree had gone to pieces off Waldport he thought the bird was lost. But it was found washed ashore, bedraggled and weak, the afternoon of the next day, and the captain had claimed it.

If he had known it would remember that last crazy night on the barque's poop he would have told its rescuer to keep it. But that fact did not crop out until the bird had fully recovered from its adventure. And then the captain felt that to kill it would be a sign of weakness, a gesture to indicate he was not sure of himself. And he despised weakness.

Besides, he would reason, no man knew what the bird was talking of, save Billy Stitz, one-time mate of the Alda Macree. And Stitz kept a road house on the stage route ten miles from town and shipped all his supplies in from Toledo and almost never came to Waldport. He was, moreover, a notoriously close-mouthed man. So the cockatoo, Sultan, lived and waxed fat and old and comfortable, though often on the verge of sudden death.

There was a knock on the office door and Joe Brown came in. The Indian looked from the cockatoo to the flushed face of his master, but made no sign. He had, once or twice, interrupted such scenes before.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602662

"Your clothes are pressed," he said. "And it's eleven o'clock, sir."

The captain picked up his hat and started for the door. The Indian closed it behind him and followed him, lithe and silent and watchful as a dog. The captain had taken him from a poor hovel when a youth, had had him educated and fed and clothed, preferring him to a white man because he was able to keep a closed mouth on his master's comings and goings.

FASTENING his tie in his room the captain was pleased to see that his hair was still thick and smooth and dark. Though he had been ten years ashore he had not lost the clean tan of his smooth-shaven face and his grey eyes were still startlingly clear against the rich color. Margaret Forbes would get a man at least, something better than the white-faced boys who had hung around her in Marshfield.

He felt very contented and pleased. He had won a woman, innocent and young. If he wasn't passionately in love with her at least he liked her and she stirred 'im out of complete indifference with her beauty. And there was no doubt she more than liked him.

Why shouldn't she? He knew how to please women. He was not yet forty and had started into the world of men and adventure when he was ten. He would be good to her, remembering always he must be master in his own home and master of her father as much as was possible. The world still revolved about himself.

Joe Brown handed him his carefully brushed and pressed blue uniform coat. He said, "Eleven-thirty, sir."

The captain was dressed at last. In the upstairs living-room of the hotel he stopped beside the buffet and poured a drink. As he sipped it he laughed. He could see power waiting for him, ready to his hand. This marriage was but a step. When old John Forbes was Senator he would be just one of the levers the captain would use to lift himself by.

The Forbes lumber concern would pass imperceptibly into his keeping. He would enlarge it, build ships for it to carry its own produce, mine its own coal, and make even its own saws. Waldport could be made a city of importance on the coast. Captain Mark Bradley would be the greatest man in the West, one of the greatest in America. He would dictate politics and be the force behind the throne.

"Fifteen minutes, sir," intoned Joe Brown. The captain nodded and put down the glass he had been holding. He fingered his tie. There were lights dancing behind his grey eyes and the muscles rippled in his shoulders under his trim clothes. He swung towards the door.

"Come along, Joe. . . Twenty years from to-day they'll have to ask my permission before they can go to war."

CHAPTER 2

MARGARET BRADLEY had been married only a few weeks when she found there was a side to her husband she had never known. He treated her with courtesy. He gave her well-nigh everything she asked for. He had assured her that the house they were living in was only a temporary affair and he even went so far as to send to Toledo for some architectural plans for a new house of their own. He secured an Indian woman to wait on her and another man to keep the house garden in order, to run odd errands and to take her out in the little yawl on Alsea Bay whenever she felt inclined. But in spite of all this Margaret Bradley abruptly came to realise that she knew nothing whatever of her husband.

He had always, in Marshfield, seemed a very thorough gentleman, a successful business operator, a romantic figure of travel and experience. She had, she thought, been able to handle him easily. She said go and he went, come and he came, always with reservations it was true. But still, he had been a typically devoted if somewhat masterful lover. He had appeared to live for her alone. Now he was changed, not outwardly, but in some subtle and inward manner. It was as if his marriage had been only an episode in his life, an episode that had put him behind in his many affairs.

He spent all day in his office or riding horse-back out along some country road on business. Sometimes he would be all day on the bay with the fishing craft or over at the cannery. And at evening when he returned home he would sit and brood into the log fire, for the nights were chilly, and never say a word. He spared no time for love.

When she approached him, it was true, and put her arms around his neck, he would laugh and kiss her and pat her head. But his spontaneous passion was gone. Of course, that happened in all marriages, but not so soon, not after a few weeks. At first it piqued Margaret Bradley, then she grew angry and finally heart-sick.

She spent long hours crying in her room and supposed she was going through what all women went through. Once men had got them they didn't care. She comforted herself a little with that thought, that many women were like her, and she proceeded to worry about little ways to please her husband, and so hold his affection. Her natural capacity for thought, and the gravity that was hers helped her reach some degree of happiness again through the heart-sick hours.

SHE missed greatly the adulation that had been hers in Marshfield. She missed the gay parties and the yachting trips and the journeys to Portland. But she tried to forget them and learn how to be a model wife. Indeed, save for her husband's lack of attention, she found no definite reason for being very unhappy until the day old Mrs. Carson came to see her.

She was out on the front lawn explaining to the Indian manservant how rose bushes should be trimmed. A nervous voice from the plank walk said, "Mrs. Bradley?" She looked up and saw a white-haired gentle-faced woman in a blue print dress with a black shawl over her shoulders. She went over to the low hedge that separated the walk from the lawn. She smiled and waited, vaguely aware that a man across the street was looking at her. She was beautiful, beautiful and cool-looking and soothing.

"Won't you ask Captain Bradley if he'll let us keep our little place, ma'am," the white-haired woman was saying. "My man c'd pay 'is note if he'd time 'till the fishing's done. Really, 'e c'd, ma'am, if Captain Bradley'd only wait a bit."

The younger woman was bewildered. She didn't know what to say. She thought it a little unfair that she should be drawn into her husband's business, but sympathy welled in her and she stretched out a hand impulsively. The other woman took it in an embarrassed way and dabbed at her eyes with her shawl.

"Supposing you tell me what it is you want exactly."

"I'm Mrs. Carson," the other faltered. "Captain Bradley lent my man some money last Fall. Our eldest girl was sick in Toledo and 'er man was out of work. We had 'ad to send the money . . . We managed th' first int'rest an' the note fell due ag'in last Monday. We'll lose our home." She sagged and her eyes were weary.

Margaret puckered her white brows and thought. She clasped her hands nervously together and wondered what she could do. She said, "Have you told Captain Bradley this?"

"'Tain't no use," replied the woman. She was very tired. "'Tain't no use at all. My man saw 'im yesterday. And if 'e knew I was seeing you 'e'd talk to me, 'e would. 'E says we owe the money an' we ought to keep quiet. But it's 'ard to lose your home, ain't it, ma'am."

"Where is your home?" Margaret asked, perplexed.

"Over yonder." The woman pointed. "Across th' bay an' 'bout ten miles along the trail. There's a little white fence 'round it and some 'olly'ocks growing by th' window."

"I'll see what I can do," Margaret promised brightly, her face clearing. Of course her husband would grant her such a small favor as allowing this loan to run a little longer. "Now you run along and don't worry."

The woman bent her head. She was very grateful, life was grim war for her. She went away a little more erect, her gentle lined face hopeful. Across the street the person who had been watching Margaret Findlay backed into a doorway and breathed deeply.

HE was a finely built man of about twenty-six or seven. His smooth-shaven face was bronzed and good to look upon. His eyes were blue and steady and his somewhat large mouth was gentle as well. Only the bronze and the square jaw prevented him from looking too boyish.

He wore a dark green flannel shirt and corduroy breeches with knee-high leather boots, and his brown hair was almost hidden by a wide-brimmed western hat. He had never seen a woman like Margaret Bradley before, not one so beautiful, so cool-looking white and gracious. She was a stranger to him, for he had just entered Waldport from the hills where he had been indulging in his favorite sport of hunting elk. Actually he was Waldport's leading carpenter and a builder of boats. His name was Bruce Marmont.

On the lawn of the Bradley house Margaret stood in thought for a while. Then, with a little shrug she passed out of the white gate, set in the hedge, and started along the wooden sidewalk towards the frame bank building behind which was Captain Bradley's office. As she turned the corner into the alley beside the bank, and on to which the office opened, Bruce Marmont called to a fisherman passing by.

"Who's that woman, Len?"

The fisherman, whose eyes had been following the white dress, stopped and rubbed his unshaven jaw. He grinned and looked up at the carpenter lounging against the doorpost with his hands in his breeches pockets.

"Just come in, Bruce? . . . Aye, I heard you hit town last night. Seems you missed a lot. That's Mrs. Bradley. The captain got married a week back in the Methodist church."

"Mrs. Bradley?" echoed the other, his brows raising involuntarily. "That . . . that girl Mrs Bradley?"

"Aye." The fisherman rubbed his jaw again. "Shame, ain't it? Wonder how long he'll be breaking her?"

"Poor thing," murmured the carpenter. "Poor little thing." He moved away from the doorpost and went along the plank walk, his head bent, his face frowning and thoughtful. The fisherman looked after him, shrugged and chuckled and went his way.

MARGARET had never been inside her husband's office before. He had pointed it out to her one evening when they chanced to be walking down the street together, but had not offered to show her around. Now she stepped somewhat apprehensively along the single plank that ran alongside the bank building to the point where the office door pierced the wall. She was about to knock when the door opened and Joe Brown came out.

The Indian was a little startled. Somewhere deep in his eyes a flame glowed and

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602663

vanished. He made a movement as though to stop the woman and then thought better of it. He stood aside. He bowed a trifle and held open the door. Margaret thanked him with a smile. She decided she didn't like the man though. He was too silent, too sombre looking.

She found herself in a sort of small anteroom. There were several wooden chairs and a table covered with books and magazines and papers. A sheet-iron stove stood in one corner and a long line of pigeon-holes in another. A door with the word Bank painted on it pierced one wall. Another door with the word Office pierced another. She moved towards the latter.

She heard her husband's voice, cold and hard, as she had never heard it before. There was an under-running rasp to it that made her shiver.

"You'll tell them what I say. . . . . Shaver's to be president of the fishermen's union or I'll smash the whole organisation."

A squeaky voice protested: "But, captain, you know Shaver's not liked. They want a man who'll speak for them and who's not afraid . . . "

"Of me, eh?" Captain Bradley laughed. "Well, I won't have Bruce Marmont as president and that's flat. I promised the post to Shaver and he shall have it or I'll break every union man in town. . . Don't you see, I've got to have someone like Shaver running the fishermen? Otherwise the price of catches would rise and the cannery profits would fall off. I don't want anyone dictating to me what I shall pay for fish."

"Well, I'll do my best, captain. You'll understand it's hard to give the men a head they don't like. Shaver's known to belong to you."

"Never mind. I'll give you a hundred dollars the night Shaver's elected. Go and see Cummings on the paper and tell him I sent you. He'll boost Shaver."

"All right, all right."

MARGARET tapped on the door and held her breath. She didn't want to listen in on business talk. She had an idea her husband would be angry if he found her doing that. Besides, it wasn't honorable.

There was an instant's silence within the room and then the captain called, "Is that you, Joe?"

Margaret answered, "It's Margaret, dear. May I see you a moment?"

Another silence. Then a chair creaked and steps cross the floor. The door swung open and Captain Bradley stood framed in the opening. He smiled, but his wife was aware it was not his usual smile. His eyes, that twinkled on such occasions, were cold and hard. Only his lips curved and grimaced in humor. He came out into the anteroom and closed the door behind him.

"This is a surprise." He kissed her on the forehead and drew her to a chair. "What is it?"

She sat down and folded her hands in her lap. She tried to look severe.

"You're not very busy, Mark?"

"Not now. I was for a while."

"But that other man in there?" She nodded at the door marked Office. He laughed and patted her hands.

"He's gone. . . . There's another door leading through to the bank. But come in and I'll show you where I do all my work and make all the money you spend for me." He took her hand and drew her towards the office. Once inside he dropped to his swivel chair before the desk and watched her with some amusement. Her eyes roved over the place, over the pictures of the sea, over the iron safe and the desk. Finally they alighted on the silent white cockatoo with the yellow crest. She gasped.

"Oh, Mark, what is that?"

"That's Sultan, dear. An Australian cockatoo. . . . Sultan! Here!"

The bird lifted its head as the command rapped out. It shuffled along the safe top and then, as Margaret uttered a little scream of delight, flapped through the air on to the captain's outstretched hand. He rubbed its head and talked to it in a soft voice.

"Stroke him down the back. . . . Sultan likes that."

MARGARET put out a nervous hand and finally touched the snowy feathers. Thereafter and for several moments she fondled the bird. Her errand came to her suddenly. She dropped to a chair near the desk, still warm from some human presence.

"Mark," she started, and paused, her white fingers running back and forth, along the desk edge. "Mark, would you be angry if I asked you to do something for me?"

He sent the cockatoo flying back to the safe with a flirt of his hand. He faced his wife.

"I think not, dear. What is it this time? A new dress? A trip across the bay with the minister's wife? Some more silks from Toledo?"

"I wish you wouldn't treat me like a child all the time, Mark. I'm not really, you know. You're never serious when I talk to you."

He laughed and his grey eyes danced. He reached over the desk and squeezed her fingers.

"What is it, dear?"

"Mark, it's about Mrs. Carson."

There was an awkward silence. His face became a mask and the smile was wiped off as though it had never been. The lilt in the grey eyes vanished. A cold flame took its place. The lips drew to one straight line. The hand squeezing the woman's fingers became still and rigid.

"What do you know about Mrs. Carson?" said a voice that Margaret was sure did not belong to her husband.

She faltered. "Mark! Don't look at me like that. What have I said?"

The harsh face softened a trifle and the hand began to squeeze the fingers again somewhat quickly. The voice softened a tone or two.

"What do you want me to do, dear?"

"Mrs. Carson came to see me, Mark, and she wants you to allow her husband more time in which to repay you the money he borrowed. She was so sweet and she's an old woman. You wouldn't turn her out?"

THE captain was silent for a long time. Finally he clenched his hands to two fists and thudded them lightly on the desk before him. His face was bleak.

"Margaret," he said firmly, "I won't have you interfering in my business. Of course, you couldn't help this as Mrs. Carson came to you. But don't listen to anyone else. Send them to me. They'll all try and win your sympathy if they know you're easy. You must not interfere."

"I know, Mark." She was very anxious to be fair and do the right thing. "I know, and I won't do it again. But you mustn't let poor Mrs. Carson be turned out. I'm sure she's honest."

"That'll do, dear. Mr. Carson has some land that I want. I've been planning to get it for two years now without buying outright. Last Fall he got in a tight corner and I took advantage of it, that's all. He won't starve. He can rent one of my shacks at a reasonable figure and there's always work in the cannery, in the summer at least, and maybe I'll find him a job somewhere else in the winter."

"There's no way they could keep their home, then?" she asked, downcast.

The captain laughed and shook his head.

"No way, dear. They're right on a corner of the stage road where I want to put up a hotel. Now you run along and don't bother. I'll see no one else comes to you with any tales. Run along, there's a good girl."

"But, Mark, you're sure poor Mrs. Carson won't starve? Won't you promise me at least you'll look after them that much?"

"I will, dear. Now run along."

HE rose from the swivel chair and drew her to her feet. He kissed her forehead again and led her to the door.

"I'm going up to Toledo some time next week and maybe I'll take you along," he promised. "Wouldn't you like to do some shopping?"

She nodded, absorbed in thought. Yes, he was changed. She did not know him at all. She kissed him absently on the cheek and was not even aware when the office door closed behind her and she was walking along the plank towards the street and so to her house. When she had gone

Captain Bradley stared at the cockatoo and bit out an oath. This was something he'd never foreseen, his wife being drawn into matters and complicating them.

He strode to the door that led to the bank and half opening it roared "Joe!" The Indian came, silent as a wraith, his dark face betraying no emotion.

"Tell that damned half-brother of yours at the house to keep people away from Mrs. Bradley! You understand? People with tales to tell. And give that squaw the same warning . . . ."

The Indian nodded and turned to go. He was at the door when the captain called him back.

"And tell the driver of the stage to-morrow to warn Carson that if his wife opens her mouth any more . . ." The threat was left unfinished. The Indian nodded again and this time disappeared into the ante-room and so to the street. The captain frowned and swung back to his desk. He'd have to handle Margaret very carefully She might do some harm round Waldport, independent as she still was with the allowance her father made her. She might upset plans. She was a puppet and she must be made to realise that her place was strictly in the home.

CHAPTER 3.

SOME weeks later Bruce Marmont was busy in his little shipyard, trueing up a plank and keeping a general eye on some half-a-dozen other men, Indians and whites, who were swarming over the skeleton of a vessel on the stocks. The sky above was stainless blue. The wind murmured in the pines that covered the hills surrounding Alsea Bay. The drone of the surf to seaward was a low even sound that had a drowsying effect. Occasionally, above the crunch of saws and the thudding of hammers, came the shouts of men. Bruce Marmont finished the plank, straightened himself, sighed, and was content. A month more and this ship would be completed.

It was the biggest order he had ever had, a San Francisco firm placing in his hands the building of a deep-sea schooner. It would net him enough profit to enable him to enlarge his yards and solicit orders all along the coast. The completion of it would make him definitely independent of Captain Bradley and of everyone else in Waldport. He leaned against the clean wood hull of the unborn ship and looked along her slim length. Built for speed rather than huge cargo capacity. He was going to be proud of her.

Someone hailed from the end of the

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602664

yard. He looked up and a man called, "Cap'n I' see you." He laid aside the plank and brushed sawdust from his hands. He strode along the yard. Beside the little frame office he had set up years before, he saw Captain Bradley waiting for him.

He slowed his pace to a more deliberate motion and his jaw tightened. They were instinctive foes. The captain turned as his shoes scuffed the planking. The eyes of the men met and Bruce stopped. They measured each other, the one arrogant and strong and sure, the other placid, calm, and iron beneath his tranquilness.

"MARMONT," said Captain Bradley pleasantly, "I've come to tell you I purchased this ship yesterday." He nodded towards the nearly completed schooner.

Bruce went forward a few more paces and halted in front of the captain. They were almost of a height, though the older man was not quite so broad as the carpenter. There was silence for a while as the eyes met and held again.

Then Bruce said, slowly, almost drawlingly, "Did you say you'd bought this ship?"

"That's right. I negotiated for her with the Union Fruit Co. They let me have her for five thousand more than they were paying you."

The other shrugged. "All right. I'll turn her over to you about six weeks from to-day."

The captain nodded and ran a hand over his smooth face.

"I was looking at her last week while you were in the hills. She's a fine craft, one of the best built boats I've ever seen."

"Thanks," commented Bruce dryly. He put his hands in his pockets and waited.

The captain went on, with a hint of humor, "I might as well tell you, Marmont, that I'm starting my own shipyards on the bay here next year. I'll likely buy you out."

"Good of you."

"It certainly is . . . But about this ship. I'm converting her into a yacht, and there will be some changes to be made. I want you to bring the plans up to the house and have dinner with Mrs. Bradley and myself."

"You understand any changes will mean extra expense."

"Of course. I wouldn't give you the job at all if you didn't have the ship already half-finished. And I'll say that you're the best boat builder I've known. I'll likely want to offer you charge of my yards when they operate . . . That is, if you . . . ."

"If I'll obey orders, be your man, eh, Bradley?"

"Exactly. If you're sensible. The job would be worth, say, three hundred a month to start. And a five-year contract . . . . But, you'd have to bring the proposed fishermen's union into line."

"I thought you'd fixed it, and Shaver was going to be elected president? Isn't he your man?"

"SHAVER probably will be elected . . . . but you can cause me a lot of trouble just the same."

"I'll see about it. But I think you're on the wrong tack, Bradley."

"Maybe." The captain shrugged. "Well, I'll fight it out with you later. About the dinner, you'll be there?"

"I'll have to be. I contracted to build this ship and I'll keep my word. If the Union Fruit Co. has seen fit to transfer it to you I'll do what you want so long as I have it in writing that all changes will be paid for over and above the original price."

"That's correct. We'll fix that this evening. You'll doubtless receive a communication from the Fruit Co. to the effect that I will be taking the ship over."

"All right."

Captain Bradley swung on his heel and strode away, head up, shoulders swinging, his gait still a little of a sway, for all the years ashore had not eradicated the walk of the sea. Bruce Marmont watched the trim figure disappear and then frowned. He was the only man in Waldport of whom the captain was a little apprehensive. Everyone else had been brought in line. And it looked as though the Marmont shipyard would be brought in line too. Captain Bradley could arrange many things with the resources behind him.

Was there no limit to the man's ambitions? He already owned Waldport, body and soul. He was one of the big men in the county, easily the richest. He had mines in the hills and had talked of bringing the railroad in to freight out his ore and his lumber. He was the head of the big fish-canning combine that had all but a strangle-hold on the salmon industry. And now he was branching out into shipbuilding. Why, every scrap of food eaten on the coast, every yard of cloth worn, every foot of timber used would soon mean tribute rendered to him.

IT would not be so bad if Captain Bradley marched along his path of empire with the ultimate idea of benefiting the people and the world. But he didn't. He was building only for Mark Bradley. He had the lust for power. He smashed ruthlessly those who would not give way. Many great American men had gathered power and wealth and justified the gathering by the immense good they rendered.

But Captain Bradley was a looming menace. He was the sort of man who, given moderate luck and sufficient time, would own the government, own the country, become another Caesar. A single weakness and there would be some hope of his falling. A single ideal, and it would not matter if he succeeded. But he stood strong and sufficient, unmoral perhaps, but in no danger from any lust or vice. And ideals he did not possess.

Bruce thought back over the years of bitter fighting he had done to establish himself in Waldport. If he had not had money and watched it carefully he would have been a Bradley employee long since. As it was he had to gather all his orders from outside, and many times when a fat contract had been almost within his grasp a mysterious influence, a word from Bradley perhaps, had checked the deal.

But it had not made Bruce bitter. He was not the sort of man to grow bitter. He had the calm, tranquil outlook of a thoughtful, simple man, of an educated man to whom life was a period of work and movement with the object of making the conditions of life less hard. He had striven in his small way to work toward that end in Waldport, but Bradley was too powerful for him to do much, too ruthless, too entirely the towering colossus to which men looked up, spectacular, glorious, resistless. Such a colossus dazzled the stumbling mind of laboring men and the ideal of service seemed a trivial thing beside it. Bruce was thoughtful and moody all that day.

THE night came, cool and starry, and the song of the surf was very loud. In his house, at the back of the shipyard, Bruce dressed with care in his serge suit. The man who looked after him, a fisherman broken by the sea, polished his shoes and laced them for him while he fastened his tie. He was ready at last, his steady blue eyes startlingly clear in his tanned face, his corded throat like a column hemmed in by the white shirt. At seven o'clock he was walking up the steps to the Bradley residence, a tight-rolled sheaf of plans under one arm.

The Indian squaw ushered him into a dimly-lighted living room, in which soft blue and red seemed the predominating colors. There was a grand piano in one corner with many piles of music on top, showing its frequent use. The carpet on the floor was thick and rich-looking, and here and there on the walls tapestry was hung. It was easily the best furnished room in Waldport. There was a slight sound from the doorway, and Bruce Marmont turned around.

A figure in a dark gown came forward, vividly white arms and shoulders gleaming in the dimness. Another light switched on, and a cool voice said, "Mr. Marmont? Captain Bradley told me you would be here. He has had to go to the office to see someone and he'll be back very soon. Won't you sit down?"

He sank to a chair, amazed, awed and slowly reddening. The vision of her was a distinct shock. His pulse jumped uncertainly. This was the woman he had seen on the lawn talking to old Mrs. Carson. This was the woman he had asked about and watched from a doorway across the street. Even at that distance and not knowing her, she had stirred him. He laid aside the roll of plans he had brought, and clasping his hands together leaned forward to watch her, a little awkward, a little embarrassed because he seldom these days enjoyed feminine company.

THE brighter light brought out the curving contours of her face. He saw her hair was chestnut, glinting gold when the lamp-glow struck it just right. Her eyes were big and blue, not so blue as his own, but rather more of a violet color. Her lips were soft and red and expressive. They seemed to live independently of the rest of her features. When they moved in speech creamy teeth flickered to view behind them. Her hands he saw were long and white and velvety, and the nails polished.

Of course she looked after herself. Wasn't she one of the Marshfield Forbes? He really appreciated well-kept hands though and always took trouble with his own.

She was saying, "I'm Mrs. Bradley . . . You probably know that. I'm really very excited over the yacht. Shall we be able to go very far in it? I mean, to Hawaii and some other islands?"

"You could sail this ship to Australia and back," he assured her. He felt rather excited himself, as if he had made a discovery. There was something to her, real substance, much more than prettiness and smoothness and white purity. The slow gravity of her voice brought him to that conclusion, and the intelligence alight in her eyes and plain across her smooth white forehead.

She was not the sort of woman he had imagined Captain Bradley as marrying, not an ornament, or a toy secured because of some only half-seen end to be realised. Yet that ruthless man never did anything for sheer emotion's sake. The fact that her father was old Forbes, of Marshfield, was probably the reason.

SHE said, with a subtle change of voice, a rather serious inflexion tinged with genuine curiosity, "Haven't you something to do with the fishermen's union? I heard my husband mention it once." She was thinking of the conversation that had reached her from the office behind the bank. The man started. He saw that she was frowning. He wondered what she knew of the inner politics of the

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602665

city. Probably was just idly curious.

"I'm a possible president," he said. Then he laughed. "But I don't think there's much fear of my being that. Captain Bradley's opposing me, and no one can do much round here without his approval."

He was aware of his growing interest in her. There was some subtle attraction about her that held or amused him. She was one of the most beautiful women he had ever seen. He felt acutely sorry for her, sorry for anyone who was under the absolute control of the captain. He thought he saw already the faint beginnings of grim little lines about that wonderfully mobile mouth. But that might be some trick of the lights or his own imagination.

She suddenly said, with a flash of spirit, "Does that matter so much? I should think you would like a fight . . . . at least enjoy a race for any office you wanted. I would were I a man." Her pupils dilated a little and her nostrils crinkled to her quickened breathing.

He laughed uncertainly, shaken, profoundly disturbed, and she was aware his teeth were very even and strong. Looking again she found the man was good-looking and healthy, broad-shouldered and confident, confident in a different way to her husband. He had convictions that he would hold to, she thought, steadily and calmly. He was secure in what he thought was right, and no amount of battering or the harsh clutch of circumstances could shake him. The patent, clear admiration in his shining eyes made the pink rise delicately to her cheeks. For his part he wondered at her vehemence, and noted that her hands were clenched.

HE said, recovering himself, and forcing his pulse to check its mad racing, "That's so. Not much good doing anything if it's easy. Well, I'm not very keen on any office. I've got my hands full fighting for business. I want to get at the head of the union, mainly because it would enable me to war with Captain Bradley."

"I'm sure it would be a good fight," she flashed, smiling. Her eyes were subdued now, because of what she had seen in his. He nodded. "It would." Then he added earnestly, "But let's not talk of fighting." He had no wish to spoil this amazing meeting by any jarring reference to her husband and the war that lay between them.

She was agreeable. They drew each other out on many subjects, books, music, art. She was surprised to learn he was a Harvard man. He was surprised to find she had read and enjoyed, and what was more important, understood, William Morris, Thoreau, Upton Sinclair, and the maxims of Confucius. He confessed to playing the violin, and she to the piano and harp. He confessed to being Socialist and she wasn't quite sure it would work. It was a crowded hour. Unconsciously they drew into closer mental contact. It was as if they had always been friends. Eventually steps sounded in the hall, and Captain Bradley appeared.

He stood in the doorway for a while and his grey eyes ran brightly from the woman to the man and back again. A grim smile flickered about his lips as he saw their eager intent faces. He nodded and strode into the room.

"YOU make a good pair," he said unexpectedly, with a little cynical gesture. "But you'll never get a woman like her, Marmont, because your ideas are all wrong. The beautiful, accomplished kind need attention and clothes and money, and your woman will never get them because you won't fight for them. Other men will stamp on you and you'll work for them all your life."

It was a cold shower upon the warmth of their mutual pleasure. It brought them back to ordinary things. Bruce had risen to his feet and was reddening. He relieved the situation by taking up the challenge. They were instinctive enemies. They were the old order and the new in battle. They were the past and the future ideas embodied in men. And the woman stood between, sensing some conflict, knowing they were diametrically opposed and fighting for what they considered was right.

Her sense of loyalty bade her be with her husband, but her heart and mind were for the more genial, kindly ideas she believed this other man stood for. She took her underlip between her teeth and waited anxiously, frowning a little, with the wish that Mark wasn't quite so arrogantly sure of himself.

"Wrong," Bruce Marmont was answering coolly. "Women want a man who can sacrifice as well as dominate. If a man crushes his fellows to improve his own existence, he is not likely to stop short at a woman or her feelings. We're fighting up from the jungle code, not marking time."

"They don't reason that way," the captain laughed. "They love the men who are ruthless and fighters because they're more primitive. Women are still back in the jungle. They're still marking time. What do they call it, cave-man stuff. That's what they like."

"I think," said Margaret sweetly, "that neither of you know exactly what a woman wants." She was furious that Mark should discuss her even by inference with a comparative stranger. "Some day women will cease being content with an inferior place in life and then they'll speak for themselves."

"That's true," admitted Bruce.

THE captain laughed again.

"Two of you against me, eh? Margaret has this new craze for woman's independence. Marmont. . . . Marmont, my dear, is my enemy in town. He threatens to bother me quite a bit. The fishermen want to make him president of some proposed union and if they do he'll make me unionise my cannery or I don't get fish, see? I'd have to pay unheard of prices or go to the wall. At least, so they think. Also, Marmont informs me he's going to buck me in the matter of shipyards. I was thinking of building my own and hiring him, but he's independent. Not to say we're not going to get along. I respect Marmont as much as anybody." There was mockery in his voice.

The woman was silent and flushed, raging inwardly at this absurd insulting of a guest on the eve of what she had anticipated as a quiet dinner party. Bruce squared his shoulders, sensing her emotions, every fibre of him tingling in sympathy.

"You've been invincible so far, sir. Victory breeds victory and you've a lot of confidence. Some day you may find you're not infallible and I'll be sorry for you then. The blow to your pride will come near to smashing you. You'll make a mistake some day if you haven't made one already."

The captain changed abruptly. He snarled as though the other had struck him. Madness blazed in his eyes. A vein stood out and throbbed down his forehead.

He shouted, with an insistent, challenging note: "What the hell do you mean? That's a lie! I never made a mistake in my life!"

Margaret interposed coldly, though her face was crimson: "Please don't swear. You'll have to discuss the matter some other time, Mark. I think dinner is ready."

BRUCE was taken back. He didn't know what to say. He wondered if the other realised that his brutal manner had hurt his wife. He caught the woman's appealing glance and thought rapidly.

He said, with a good-humored shrug: "Well, I guess it seems that way. You certainly don't make many mistakes round here."

The captain stared for awhile. His face was ghastly and drawn as if a ghost sat on his shoulder. Then the light faded from his eyes and his lips twitched in a smile.

"My nerves are on edge to-night," he forced out apologetically. He appeared to straighten his shoulders as though throwing off some burden. He excused himself and went upstairs to bathe and change, a thing he did every evening. When he rejoined Marmont and his wife he was at ease and mocking again.

They went into the dining-room together, the woman between the two men. She was worried and puzzled as well as humiliated. She understood her husband less every day. His business methods sickened and angered her. She had heard a lot about them. Yet she felt a keen womanly sympathy for him when he acted at times like a man afraid of something, like a man expecting some horror to take form at any moment. Whenever his word was doubted or questioned, whenever his decisions were the subject of controversy, he

flew into a strange, uncontrollable fury. Beneath the fury, though, she had come to discern his terror, and at such times she wanted to comfort him.

At dinner the captain went to the attack again.

"I've got you, Marmont," he chuckled. "You can't wriggle clear of me unless you get out of the Alsea Bay country altogether. You may become president of the union or you may manage to dominate it. I suppose you'll fix a wage scale first off and set canning hours and all that."

Unwillingly Bruce forced himself to talk of it.

"We'll only ask for justice. Any time you want to discuss things the union will be always fair, sir."

"Bah! If I'm paying out money to labor I'll set my own prices. I suppose there'll be strikes, then, eh?"

"Possibly. Or I may start a cannery myself."

"Do you know what I'll do if you try it?" The captain leaned forward and spoke with deliberation, smiling the while. "I'll ship in a couple of hundred Chinamen. I'll do my own fishing and I'll fire every white soul from the canning plant. I can get yellow men cheaper and I can undersell your product on the market. See?"

BRUCE was pale with repressed feeling, but he answered steadily enough. He knew just what the resources behind Captain Bradley were.

"And you'd let the white families starve here, sir?"

The captain laughed. "They wouldn't starve if they worked for me and kept their fool mouths shut. I pay them a reasonable wage."

"Aye," said Bruce bitterly. "And work them twelve hours a day."

"Maybe. . . And I'll go further with you personally. I'll show you my hand, all of it. If you refuse to come into my shipyards I'll stop your lumber supplies. I control the timber stand round here and the sawmill's mine, as you know. You might run for a year on your reserve but after that you're done. If you ship timber in, the expense will break you. You can't compete with me. You'll have to sell at my figure or get sold out for taxes."

"That's clear enough," Bruce managed to say. The captain beamed.

"I must admit I'd rather have you work-

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602666

ing for me than against me. I can promise you a big future if you come in. I might go so far as to promise you the running of this whole town. I expect to make my headquarters in Marshfield later on and I'll need a strong man to look after things here."

"I've never wanted such a job. I want only to be left alone to work and be independent. There are men I'd be proud to serve under but you don't happen to be one of them."

"It's war, then?"

"That's for you to say, sir. I'd like to talk over this union business with you and see if you wouldn't do something to better the men's conditions. Most of the fishermen are in debt at your store because you don't pay enough for their catches. They did try to sell in Newport and Toledo, but . . ."

"But I controlled the market there," the captain chuckled.

"Mark!" The woman's hand struck the table sharply. "Mark! I won't have you dragging your business quarrels to my dinner table. Mr. Marmont is our guest, besides, and you have no right to insult him. Will you please be quiet?" The captain tensed, seemed about to refuse, hesitated, and poured another glass of wine. Then he made a mock bow. "Pardon me, dear." She turned her eyes away, disgusted.

AFTER dinner they repaired again to the living-room and Bruce unrolled his plans. The captain was enthusiastic about his new toy. He drew sketches, other plans, proposed fixtures and arrangements for cabins. Sometimes he asked Margaret's pleasure, but mostly he ignored her. Once he questioned Bruce as to how a certain bulkhead should be placed and then laughingly ordered it placed the opposite to Bruce's suggestion.

He exuded confidence. He fed on his own infallibility. He impressed on them that he had never made a mistake, never faltered. Other men's acceptance of that dogma seemed, strangely, meat and drink to him. His pride irritated those who came in contact with it. It was such a blatant thing. Yet he seemed to wax fat on irritation, seemed to take it as an acceptance of his superiority.

Margaret was puzzled and a little afraid besides, nursing her stifled anger. She had never seen Mark so talkative, so frank about his thoughts and his business as he was to-night. There were moments when it seemed he was openly insulting her, moments when he seemed insane with his visions, swept away in a flood of ideas. She noticed that at the table he had consumed several glasses of wine, and after dinner he took a strong cocktail. Perhaps that accounted for it. Yet she knew he boasted of his strong head, boasted that he could always control his liquor.

The plans were pushed aside at last and the captain stretched his arms above his head. His teeth gleamed exultantly.

"I secured control of the stage line today, Marmont," he said, his thoughts on business again. "I'm building a hotel near Stitz's place and I'll handle the mail and freight."

Marmont was startled. "You mean to squeeze Stitz out?"

"He'll have to go. He'd feeding the stage drivers and horses now and handling the freight. If I take the business from him he'll go broke. I can undersell him, too, on supplies for the settlers and trappers."

"Can't you let any man make a living without your interfering?" Bruce was indignant and appalled. He had the impression of a great, menacing power hovering over him, over all men on that immediate stretch of coast, like a sea poised to break and crush in an utter welter of ruin.

The captain laughed, a sound of sheer enjoyment. "Power, my boy. I'll own the coast before I'm through. Forbes is buying the 'Telegram' in Portland and we'll control other newspapers before long."

"I see," said Bruce abruptly. He set his lips and gathered up his plans in a roll again. "Well, I'll be going."

"Another cocktail? No? Well, I'll drop down the yard some time and see how the ship goes. . . . We'll call her the Margaret Bradley, first of the Bradley line, eh?" He looked at his wife. The personality of him flowed across the room, dominating her, compelling her silence and unwilling assent. He unquestionably had the magnetism, the natural power of bending others to his will.

She bit her lip and turned her head and said, "Yes, Mark," in a low voice. She managed to smile and shake hands with Bruce before he went. Then she sank to a chair and shivered, weak and sick, staring before her and twisting a handkerchief to pieces in her fingers. What man had she married, just what sort of a man? She too had the impression of force, gathered and held in leash, looming over her.

THE captain came back from the front door and sprawled to a chair. He chuckled to himself and examined his nails.

"I like Marmont," he said after awhile. "He has a head full of nonsense, but, properly handled, he'd be a good man."

She looked at him with terror in her eyes and said "Mark," in a low voice. He sat up and looked at her, his face darkening.

"What is it?"

"I wish you wouldn't talk so. . . . I wish you wouldn't make people think you're so . . . so harsh. Sometimes I'm afraid."

"Afraid?" He laughed, rose and crossed to where she sat. He patted her shoulder and his brow wrinkled. "Don't be silly. It's the first time I've ever said anything that would have better been kept quiet. Trouble is, I've been pent up so confounded long—ten years now. I've had to scheme and scheme and think and plan and keep it all to myself. I told your father a bit, enough to interest him. He won his fortune by smart business. But you wouldn't understand."

"Why wouldn't I understand?" she asked in a strange voice. Her tone brought his patronising face down. He frowned.

"You're too easy, dear. You're too sympathetic with the failures. They wouldn't hesitate to jump on me if I was down, you know."

She lifted her eyes and looked bravely at him. "I think you're wrong. I know quite well everything is not nice in business, but I do think you go too far, Mark. Is it necessary for you to fight Mr. Marmont? He seems a fair sort of man." She loathed him for a minute because he sneered and his lips curled at her words.

"That's the trouble. I might, to please you, let some of the others dodder along on their lonesome, but Marmont I've either got to smash or run out of the country. If I don't, he'll smash me. He's the only strong man round here."

"Just what are you trying to do? I don't understand all of it at all. Why is it you want all these . . . these fishermen and stage lines and hotels and ships? Wouldn't it be better to concentrate on one and then retire in a few years?"

HE laughed again, the frown vanishing, and patted her head.

"Let me tell you, dear, just what's going to happen. The more things I control the more influence I have. Don't you see? I'm not worried about money. Money is only foolishness that buys more foolishness. It comes by itself. Influence brings power and power brings money. Your father understands that. He's running for the Senate next year and is sure to get in. One of the things I'll draw from that will be the postmaster's job at Marshfield. That'll be excuse enough for us to live there. We'll build a big house.

"I'll leave some competent man here in charge—I hope it's Marmont—and then I'm going into Portland business pretty hard. Of course, Portland comes after Marshfield, but then your father pretty well controls that. In Portland I'll soon be in the swim and by that time my shipyards here will be turning out big sailing vessels with auxiliary engines. I'll capture first the coastwise trade, then some of the deep-water traffic. After that, the railroads. I've a notion—more than a notion—there's coal up in the hills back of this town. That'd make Alsea Bay the biggest port on the coast if it's properly handled. Oh, it's great stuff. Five years from now I'll build you the biggest home in the West. And if the Governor doesn't please you I'll serve up his head on a charger at the next election." He finished with another laugh. He got up and walked rapidly up and down the room. It was his habit when thinking or excited, a habit remembered from the mad sea days when he had walked the poop.

MARGARET was huddled in her chair gazing at him. Was he insane? She almost believed so, and the thought terrified her. He talked so wildly, so impossibly. Men and matters were to move before him. He was to change the nature of an empire. He was to make himself a virtual king. Always himself. He talked as though no doubt remained, not a possibility of doubt. Time was all that held him back. It all took time. She shuddered and thought of many things. She was not to have her husband and her home. She was not to be an ideal wife and a mother. She was to be the mate of Bradley, the emperor of the West, to run his social affairs, to dress up in diamonds and live in the greatest house and show the world what a success her husband was. All to glorify him, to show his invincible power.

She felt crushed, as if a pall was settling over her mind. She was afraid to think of her own plans, such as they had been. If they did not meet with her husband's approval he would brush them aside as of no moment. Everything, wife, money, other men, himself, and even nations he would sacrifice to reach his goal. He was a man drunk on power. That was the reason, perhaps, he had discarded the sea as giving him no future. He was pyramiding his all, turning new money back to make more money. At the end he would rule, more than a king, beyond opposition or defeat. But should one tiny fragment of the pyramid fall everything would go and crumble to dust.

But the captain was admitting, shrewdly, "I'll never get all I want or go as far as I want. I hope I never do. Once you reach a pinnacle it must be hell! Do you understand? To get on the height and look about and see nothing ahead. It's better to keep a star above you just out of reach than to have it forever in your palm. I'll watch myself. There are a lot of things I can do after I come to the end of the game I've planned."

He laughed, and strode to the buffet and poured out another cocktail. The heady mixture had no appreciable effect on him, save to make him talkative and very bright of eye.

The lamp light fell on him and shadowed his bulk, trim and lithe and powerful. He was Man fighting the world, dominating it, bending it to serve his ends, as his ancestors had fought the jungle and the world of primeval days and striven to master it. Youth was still his, and his blood ran free; and defeat was a thing preposterous and remote. He stood upright, with a clear, cold brain and an inflexible purpose, as one of the old gods come down to walk the paths of glory again.

When he had gone, striding to his room, Margaret Bradley sat for a long time wide-eyed and shaking. It helped her that at heart she was a thoughtful, evenly-poised woman. The last of her girlhood died that night, a little ghost that returned no more.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602667

Love cried alone in the chill corridors of her heart, and the spectre of fear brooded over her hopes of the future. Decisions came slowly, but none the less sure and stable once formed. She rose and went slowly upstairs.

She lay in bed, starry-eyed, trying to imagine what the end would be. She could not sleep. In his room she could hear her husband breathing evenly and deeply, untroubled, placid as a child. How magnificently balanced he was. Nothing disturbed him. He had no nerves, no sensitiveness at all. Perhaps he regarded such things as a weakness, something likely to hurt his business. Why was it he grew so furious when he was crossed or doubted? And why was he so afraid at such times for all his outward anger?

He had been so different when he courted her, so masterful and yet loving, so filled with the desire to make her happy. She had been swept away, of course. She could see it now. She had never had time to think or reason it out. There was the difference in their ages, he nearly forty and she just twenty-three. He was mature and not to be changed, not able to adapt himself, even to the mastery of love. He had to control even his emotions. Control, control, that was all he boasted.

She rose in the morning after he had left the house. She heard him take his shower and dress, and purposely closed her eyes and feigned sleep when he entered her room. He came to the bedside and looked down. He did not walk on tip-toe or make any effort to be quiet. That was his way, she thought bitterly. Himself, always himself. To be quiet would infer a consideration for some other person. She heard him mutter almost as if he guessed her thoughts. "I'm not as bad as all that. . . . If you only understood. But you couldn't. No one could."

HE was silent then for a while. She felt his hand gently smoothing her hair, and was puzzled. Then his lips touched hers, softly, and she heard him sigh as he straightened. It was not until he had gone that she remembered he had left the room on tip-toe. That puzzled her, too. He was a strange man. What was it that bothered him, what was it she couldn't understand? Did he really love her, or was it just one of his little mockeries? Perhaps he had known she was awake. He had an uneasy way of knowing such things, and it would be like him to pretend affection.

She turned wearily and stared at the white ceiling. She couldn't go on living with him unless he changed. Why wasn't he a little like Bruce Marmont? There was a really wonderful man. He remained in her thoughts as a kind of background to everything else. She thought of poor Mrs. Carson, of Mark's terribly ruthless business methods, of the arrogant insults offered to Bruce Marmont, who had been a guest the previous evening. He must be a little mad. No ordinary man would act like that. But what would become of her?

She bathed and dressed slowly, filled with thought. There was no prospect of other than bleak, lonely days ahead. He was always away on business. Waldport was such a sleepy, small town. He said that for the present it was better for him to work in such a place, to remain unknown to the public for a while. It made coups easier. He could always be the dark horse when a deal was brewing. Business, always business.

He had no right to take her from the busy cities and her friends and bury her like this, unless he was prepared to love her and be her companion. There was little hope of her making other friends. All Waldport was afraid of the captain, and afraid of her as his wife. She was the mate of the colossus that devoured all it could reach. Why wasn't he just a little human? She felt sick and ate no breakfast.

The minister came calling just before noon, a pleasant, amiable man with a red face and a paunch. He gave more time to his table than to his testaments, and his work was negligible. He chattered meaninglessly about a bazaar and doing something for the poor. Margaret regarded him curiously and wondered why it was the Church raised no voice for freedom or justice. Surely the wrongs of humanity were the concern of the servants of God. But the Church had forgotten God. She remembered her Schopenhauer and smiled a little.

The Church was busy expounding creeds and dogma and religion was a lost art, as extinct as the dodo, except in the hearts of some few agnostics and thinkers who understood that life was religion and life was given to be lived. The Church was busy taking collections and denying the right of life to move and enjoy itself, busy frowning on the harlot who followed the temperament God gave her, busy frittering the precious years away expounding tin-plate mildewed platitudes from an ancient book.

MARGARET asked, interrupting a flow of words that had to do with shingling the church steeple, "Do you approve of Captain Bradley's methods?" There it was, flat, plain. No beating about the bush. She was curious to know what this keeper of the soul of man thought about it all.

He looked at her, startled, his mouth agape, words dying in his throat. He swallowed hard, and tried to smile.

"Why, Mrs. Bradley," he said, "your husband—er—is a very estimable gentleman."

"But his methods," she insisted impatiently. "Do you think it is right to turn old women out of their homes? Do you think it is right to force men to work for the very lowest wage on which they can feed themselves and their families?"

"Well," said the minister. "Well." He fumbled with his hat and rose to his feet. Captain Bradley fed and clothed him. His Church existed in Waldport by virtue of Captain Bradley's tolerance. Religion these days was a matter of economics. He said again, attempting a laugh, "Ha, ha! Yes, a very estimable man."

He fled then, somewhat scared, and once on the sidewalk he mopped his perspiring face with a large white handkerchief. He never called again after that, except to beg a subscription for something or other. And he never stayed.

In the afternoon Margaret went out in the yawl with her Indian manservant and some of her dull thoughts were banished. The clean, crisp wind singing in from the sea stung her cheeks to color and brightened her eyes. The white surf across the bar was a challenge and she felt the spirit to dare it and go forth and on across the water to the far islands that Mark had once told to her of where life and love ran large and warm. Coming back from the bar, swinging the yawl in a great circle round the bay, she crossed the stern of a yellow-painted dory and recognised the rower as Bruce Marmont. He rested on his oars at her clear hail and looked around, his face lighting to see her. She brought the yawl into the wind and he drew alongside. She laughingly held out her hand and he leaned over and shook it, and his eyes laughed, too.

"WERE you fishing?"

He shook his head and the laughter faded.

"A friend of mine is sick and I went across to see him. His wife is expecting a baby."

"I'm sorry," she said, with quick sympathy. "Where is the house? I'll call and take her something. What does she need?"

"Everything." His face darkened. "Something to eat principally. The man works in Captain Bradley's sawmill."

"You mean . . . you mean she . . . they need food and . . . and things like that?"

"When a man's sick his pay stops. This man has been away from work over a week. He has nothing saved. Everyone here lives on the verge of starvation," he explained simply.

"I was told," she faltered, not meeting his eyes, for she felt that her husband's shame was her own, "that all the houses here belong to Captain Bradley. And the stores."

"You heard the truth. The wages he pays are paid back to him. He has run-out three independent storekeepers. You can't buy a scrap of food or a pair of shoes without paying him a fat profit. He owns the boats. The men pay rent for them because he won't sell. They pay rent for their houses, for their fishing gear. And when they're sick they starve."

She shivered. She reached out for his hand again and caught it impulsively. If only she had married a man like him. The seeds of rebellion that had been fermenting all the previous night burst and budded.

"Oh, I understand," she cried. "But what can we do?" She flushed then and drew her hand away. It was disloyal to talk like that. She shouldn't do it. She had no right to line up against her husband. But the man was watching her with a curiously gentle smile. He was slightly flushed, too, and unsteady because he was under the spell of her again.

He whispered: "I know. You can't stand by and see this go on. You're one of us."

"NO, no! You mustn't say that." She was appalled that they should be talking so, two almost perfect strangers. It was astonishing how these intimacies came about so quickly. She pushed the dory away hurriedly, put the helm over, and with a stifled "Good-bye," swung the yawl for the shore. The man remain-

ed motionless in the rocking dory, his head cupped between his palms, staring wistfully after her. Then he slowly straightened as he grew aware of his own thoughts. He sighed. She was entirely beyond his reach.

Margaret ran the yawl alongside the Bradley private jetty. Impulsively she stood up and looked around. The Indian manservant was long since out of sight. She walked towards the house, for the first time acutely aware that those she met eyed her with pity and a certain sullen anger. Every stitch she wore that Mark had bought was soaked in the sweat and blood of these unfortunates. They sacrificed their happiness and hopes that she might walk in silk and her husband foster preposterous ambitions.

Once in the house she made out a list of things she thought an expectant mother might require. She gave this to her Indian woman and sent the man along to carry the things down to the yawl and to take them across the bay. The woman was to do what she could and to say that Mrs. Bradley would send along a nurse the next day. After that Margaret felt better. The thought cheered her that she could soften some of her husband's harsh ways by little acts of kindness like this. It would be something to do, something worthy. It was immensely better than sitting with folded hands and moralising about it all.

CHAPTER 4

TRANQUILNESS walked over the line of the Oregon coast and the spring sun spouted through the trees of the ancient forests. Gulls wheeled greyly

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602668

against fragrant sky. On the sea-rim a ship drew greasy smoke and tainted the delicate air. Between the natural breakwaters guarding the vast area of Alsea Bay the surf broke low and broad and white. The bay itself was placid as glass, except where morning boats sent ripples bulging to the distant shores. Occasionally a fish jumped, a flicker of curved silver between swirls. The hills round the bay crawled with life—deer, bear, elk, panther, quail and grouse and pigeons, rabbits and fur game, perhaps a rare wolf. The hilly, timbered coast reached from Canada clear to the Californian line, the finest man-country in the world, and the least known.

Bruce Marmont was busy in his shipyard when Billy Stitz came from across the bay in a little dory. He sculled with powerful quick strokes that were obviously not learned on smooth water. From shore to shore of the bay operated the flat scow-like ferry that Captain Bradley owned, charging for transport. But Stitz, on his rare visits to Waldport, never used the ferry. He always borrowed a boat from some friendly fishermen.

Whether this was the natural independence of the man, or was caused through some deep-seated dislike of Captain Bradley himself, no one ever knew. Stitz beached the dory near where the shipyard ways entered the water. He climbed up the gradually shelving bank until he was in the yard itself. Then Bruce saw him and, putting down a blue-print, came forward with outstretched hand.

"How are you, Billy? This is a surprise. I thought you never came to Waldport."

The thick-set, thick-chested ex-sailor pulled at his iron-grey moustache and knitted his brows. "Seldom, seldom, son. . . But what packet's this?"

"BEAUTY, isn't she?" Bruce turned and ran loving eyes along the nearly completed hull. "I designed her myself for the Union Fruit Co. to run supplies to their plantations. Bradley bought her some time back and he's having her converted to a schooner-yacht."

"Aye, she's a queen," muttered Stitz, still fingering his moustache. "And Bradley's got in th' yacht class, eh?"

He added thoughtfully, after awhile, "I hear he's married."

Bruce turned slowly, a cloud in his eyes. "Yes. He married old Forbes's daughter, Forbes of Marshfield."

"I know." Billy Stitz nodded. "Too bad. Is she a decent woman?"

"You mean good looking? You bet. I've never seen a girl . . ." He checked his enthusiasm and went on soberly. "She's a wonderful girl. I've talked with her several times. I wonder how Bradley got her. She's utterly different, gentle and tolerant, and willing to do the right thing."

"He'll break her before he's through," commented Stitz dryly. "Damn women! My wife's losing her head over that long-necked New Englander from Sprong's Butte." He gazed away over the bay where the whitewashed walls of the cannery gleamed in the sun against a background of forest, and smoke rose from the tall thin chimney beside. He scowled moodily. "'Aye you heard about the Carson deal?"

Bruce rubbed his chin and thought.

"Didn't Bradley foreclose on Carson's ranch, mortgage ran out or something?"

"Aye. An' Carson's place is scarce 'alf a mile from mine on the stage road, before it hits the beach an' comes along to the bay."

"Well?"

"Bradley's shipping lumber up there t' build a 'otel. He's got control of the stage line and is taking the business from me. I go under within a year."

"The boys'll stick with you," Bruce observed warmly. "The trappers and Indians and the rest will trade with you in preference to Bradley."

STITZ gave a rumble in his throat that was meant to be a laugh.

"At first, yes. But wait ye till Bradley starts cutting prices. A trapper's got to look out fer hisself first, y'know. An' I can see an Indian paying a dollar for a thing he can buy a mile away for ninety cents."

Bruce's jaw set. His eyes narrowed and glittered.

"He's figuring on smashing me, too, Billy. We've got to stick together in this thing and teach him to leave us alone. You fight! Understand? You fight! I'm with you to the last dollar I've got."

"Money ain't going to help us. He's lots more than we 'ave. What I want is to keep my 'ome and my ranch. I'm married now and I can't go wandering over the country looking fer another location. I came here with Bradley after the wreck of the Aida Macree an' 'e's changed something fierce. He always was cheesy an' 'ard to get along with, but 'e never acted in such a way before. I ain't talked with him for near eleven years, but I'm going to see him now. And if he still goes on building that hotel . . . well, fires 've happened before."

"Don't start anything like that, Billy," warned Bruce, shaking his head. He caught the other man's arm and squeezed it. "Play fair while you can. Whatever dirt we do he'll do fifty times worse."

"Well, I'm not losing my place," grumbled Stitz.

"Maybe you won't," said his friend, with an attempt at heartiness. He slapped the surly ex-sailor on the back and turned to bawl an order at the gang working on the schooner's skeleton deck. Stitz sighed.

"Well, I'll be gettin' up town. I'll let you know what Bradley says on my way back."

"Good luck, then."

"S' long."

BRUCE looked after the squat, thick figure and sighed. Everyone was feeling the heavy hand of the tyrant who owned Waldport. Why was it he ordered his life so? Stitz had known him years before his arrival and the ex-sailor said that the Mark Bradley of the old sea days was a likeable, generous man, ruthless at times, it was true, but certainly no figure of unyielding marble. Well, his end would come. There were limits to human endurance and patience.

The captain was in his office, talking in a low tone to Joe Brown, his personal servant, when Stitz walked unceremoniously in. The captain took one look at his visitor and then sat rigid and upright in his chair. His face went dead white. For an instant stark terror glazed his eyes and his hands shook. The Indian slid out of the door and closed it after him.

"Well?" the captain managed. He appeared to have difficulty in breathing.

"Well?" Stitz said in a hostile voice. They glared at each other. It had been nearly eleven years since they had been together in private. And in all the eleven years they had only seen each other perhaps half a dozen times, though in the old days they had sailed with each other on many ships, and now lived but ten miles apart.

"What is it?" the captain again asked, thickly. His hands were tightly gripping the arms of his chair.

"You don't build that hotel near me," said Stitz without raising his voice. The captain lifted his brows with an effort, looked startled, and then he forced a laugh.

"Really? Is this blackmail?"

It was Stitz's turn to be startled. He pulled his iron-grey moustache and looked puzzled.

"Blackmail? Who said anything about blackmail?"

The captain half rose, dominated by some tense excitement. "You can't bluff me, Stitz. Coming here and demanding I quit building that hotel. I suppose if I don't you'll broadcast that damned lie of yours about the Aida Macree's course."

THE old ex-sailor was badly jolted. He looked dazed. He ceased pulling his moustache and his hands dropped limply to his side.

"Aida Macree's course?" he managed. "I never thought of it. We settled it that night . . . when we landed 'ere."

"Yes, I gave you £600 to get out, and you stuck around. I suppose you'll let everyone know now. Damn you!"

"I've never said a word," Stitz was becoming more and more bewildered. "You asked me to keep quiet in case the insurance guys kicked . . . Why should I tell now?"

"Why?" The captain sprang to his feet, livid and shaking. "Why? Damn you, don't fool with me! You think that now I'm squeezing you you'll get clear by threatening me. Go ahead! No one will believe you. It's a damned lie, anyhow. . . . I never made a mistake that night! I never made a mistake in my life!" He panted, and there were beads of cold sweat across his forehead.

The astonished Stitz choked involuntarily. "But you did, sir! I've a page from the log and the chartroom notebook with the course worked out in your figures. You added wrong. . . ."

"A page of the log." The captain staggered. He supported himself with one hand on the back of the swivel chair, and his effort to remain on his feet was obvious. His face was ghastly. "A page of the log . . . and the notes?" His voice dropped to a thick whisper. "You mean . . . you mean you can prove . . . prove I set the wrong course?"

Stitz was staring at him as if he was mad.

"Aye, if you like. I just took th' notes so as to clear myself in case my ticket was threatened. The Aida Macree struck in my watch."

THERE was a profound silence, one of those silences in which it seems the world stops revolving and time halts in its flight. Slowly a vein grew and stood out on the captain's forehead and pulsed like a live thing. He swallowed hard. The knuckles of his hands gripping the chair-back were livid white. His knees were visibly quivering. He heard behind him the cockatoo on the safe-top ruffle its wings as though listening, and for one instant of horror he feared the bird was going to scream out its racking mimicry of his own words. He believed he would have gone mad had that happened. As it was he clenched one fist and dragged out a slow, biting oath of the sea. He didn't believe it. He had never made a mistake, never made a mistake in his life!

He cried in wild anger: "You —— liar! I'll smash you higher than a kite for that! I should have let you drown that day in Lagos. You damned swine! . . . I'll run you out of the country!"

Stitz had fallen back a pace or two, actually afraid of the man, terrified by his contorted face. Then a surge of anger took him and he stepped forward again and tugged at his moustache. Why should he be afraid? He had known and worked with this man for years, knew him inside and out, or so he thought.

"You're crazy," he said with a hint of contempt. "Clear crazy! I came to ask you t' leave me alone on th' stage road. I'm a married man and I've got to live."

"Get out!" shouted the captain furiously. "Get out before I break in your damned face!"

"You're a hard man," muttered Stitz grimly. He stared at the other and wondered. "Once I respected you an' thought I was your friend. . . . I think the Aida Macree turned your mind." He shrugged angrily and started for the door.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602669

"Stitz!" said a voice, and the old sailor stopped. He turned. He didn't realise it was the captain who had called him until he looked round and saw they were still alone in the office. Then he had a distinct shock. The captain was no longer vibrantly shaking with passion. He was old and wilted and haggard and there was terror in his eyes. Stitz fumbled with his cap and waited, mute and astonished.

"STITZ . . . I . . . Are you sure about that course?" The voice was hesitant, almost timid. Stitz grew embarrassed. How could one talk to such a man? He passed from mood to mood as swiftly as a squall strikes a ship and is gone.

"I am," snapped Stitz. "I've been a navigator for twenty years, an' I c'n read figures."

"It's a lie," whispered the captain, and rocked on his feet. "I never made a mistake in my life. . . . Stitz, you know that." He was pleading now. "Will you give me that log page and the note?"

The puzzled old sailor eyed his ex-captain keenly and thought.

He said at last, "You let me alone on the stage road an' you can have 'em."

"Damn you!" The captain flew into a rage again, like a crossed child. "Don't you dictate to me."

"Since you're set on quarrelling," sneered Stitz, his own anger rising again, "you can go to hell! You'll never get the notes. And, what's more, if you start squeezing me out, I'll tell a few tales around, I will."

"I gave you £600 the night we landed to forget everything." The captain controlled himself by an immense effort.

"I don't want more money. I'm askin' you to let me earn my living in peace."

"I've bought the stage line and I've a right to bed my own horses and drivers."

"You'd 'ave to trade as well, to make the place pay, and that'd squeeze me out."

"Too bad." The captain sneered. "What are you intending to do?"

"I can't do much, but you've give an idea. I can 'it your damned pride. You've got men thinkin' you're Gawd Almighty, never make a mistake. You've got so you believe it yourself. You wouldn't be half so cocksure and 'eavy-'anded if you remembered things."

"THAT'LL do." The captain's voice was very tense and quiet. He had himself tolerably in hand now. His eyes were slits. His mouth was a pale line gashing his face. His hands were gripping the back of the swivel-chair, and the knuckles stood out livid white again.

"If I talk about the Aida Macree to some of the county papers who don't like you," went on Stitz evenly, "it'd make a fine tale for people to laugh at. There's an insurance company what would be interested, interested enough t' take away your ticket anyway. More th'n that, if everyone knew the tale you wouldn't be 'alf so terrible an' chesty as they think you are."

"That'll do," said the captain again, choking. Stitz sneered, and went on. He had looked death in the eyes too many times to be afraid of a man, and anger that he should lose his business and home stirred him.

"And if that don't stop that 'otel goin' up I'll talk about women," he cried furiously. "There's Kitty Meynel in Montreal an' Maura in Levuka. An' that yellow-skinned kid in Hong Kong an' the woman you married, native fashion, in the Banda Sea fifteen years back . . . . You wouldn't be Mark Bradley, millionaire an' political boss. You'd be a laughing stock!"

"That's quite enough, Stitz. Now get out." The vein was pulsing in the captain's forehead again.

"Is that hotel going up?"

"It is, damn you! And your lies won't stop it."

They glared at each other, ruffled like beasts.

"All right. I've one or two more things t' talk about afore my wife and me is kicked out. Mind you ain't making a mistake. Don't be too damned sure you're right, as sure as you were on the Aida Macree. . . ."

There was an animal snarl, and Captain Bradley came across the office with one abrupt gathering of his muscles. Billy Stitz, though old, had handled rough crews years before the captain had won to his command. And he was set and ready for violence. He met the younger man with a terrific and ugly jab in the stomach, received a glancing blow on the cheek himself, and then ripped a knee into the captain's stomach again. They clinched and locked together, reeled over the office.

BOTH were strong men. Both were experienced fighters. But the stronger man was Mark Bradley, and he had youth on his side. He literally tore the other's hold loose and flung him, as he might have flung a sack of flour, against the wall. The cockatoo on the safe top quaked and stood on one leg, but did not look very nervous.

Stitz reared up from the floor where he had slipped, and held his hand to one bleeding eye.

"I suppose you think you c'n shut me up by 'andling me? Blast you! I'll let 'em know what a bluff you are . . . ." The

captain leaped again and they fought toe to toe. The cockatoo screamed, "Main yard! . . . Full and by! . . . North! . . . Due north, I tell you!"

Stitz panted exultantly. "Even the damned bird heard you . . . your own words on the poop that night . . . And I've the page from the log!" He went down sideways with blood all over his face and his grey moustache awry. The door burst in and Joe Brown asked, "Shall I put him out, sir?"

The captain ran one hand over his eyes and gazed at the Indian as though he had never seen him before. He felt abruptly weak and uncertain. It was as though something had oozed from him, emptying him. He sank in his swivel chair and looked at Stitz struggling on the floor, and then at the cockatoo screaming, "North! Due north, I tell you!"

Savageness came to him again, and he hurled the inkwell at the bird. It skipped out of the way and stood blinking solemnly and ruffling its snowy wings. The ink ran down the wall in black trickles, and Joe Brown repeated, "Shall I throw him out, sir?" and looked down at Stitz.

The captain gestured impatiently. "Send for the marshal and put him in gaol. He is charged with wanton attack. I'll try his case in the morning." The Indian nodded and disappeared silently.

STITZ rocked to his knees and cursed.

"Damn you, Bradley! You can't do that. You struck me first!"

The captain snarled through bruised lips.

"I'm justice of the peace here. And the county seat's a long way away. You can lie in gaol and think things over. I'll make a proposition to you after a while."

The marshal came in from the street, a shifty-eyed slovenly man with a huge star on his vest and a revolver holster ostentatiously hanging from his belt.

"Shut him up, Jake," ordered the captain. "And don't let anyone see him. Give him a cell where no one can hear him from the outside."

"Yes, sir," grunted the marshal, and he dropped a hand on Stitz's shoulder. The old sailor appeared for a moment as though he was about to make some resistance. But he thought better of it, and went quietly enough. He said, over his shoulder, "This finishes you, Bradley. I'll spill everything I know."

The captain gritted his teeth, but no change of expression flitted across his face. He merely waved to the marshal, and Billy Stitz was led away. Joe Brown, the Indian, remained in the office and straightened things up. Once or twice he looked at the captain with eyes in which, strangely, there was a new gleam.

The captain slumped in his chair and thought heavily. He hadn't been so disturbed in years. Stitz was going to be a problem. Perhaps it would be better to allow the man to run his store and hotel in peace. It was certain the captain did not want any scandal floating about. There were many sources where such news would be received with eagerness. Of course, talk of women in far-off ports could be denied and never be proven. But the matter of the last night on the Aida Macree's poop and the log page Stitz claimed to have in his possession, was another thing.

SUPPOSING the captain's ticket was taken from him? Supposing as a master-mariner he was blasted in the eyes of the world? That wouldn't hurt him. It wouldn't hurt him materially one little bit. Landsmen wouldn't appreciate or understand. He was sure, or rather he thought he was sure, that the night the Aida Macree had been running up the coast the course was set correctly. Due north! He had worked it out and set it himself. He never made a mistake. But the vague and horrible doubt had gnawed in him for nearly eleven years.

He had tried to forget. He had conjured his long record of certitude. It was impossible he had made a mistake in simple figures. His pride would not let him believe that.

Stitz had insisted that night long ago, standing on the barque's poop in the rain and cold, that the course was north by west. He had shaken his captain's arm, clamoring that he had gone over the captain's figures and that they were wrong. There had been an error. The captain had laughed at him, and as he laughed the Aida Macree had struck. He would never forget the horror of that moment. Fifteen men had died that night.

The captain cursed and clenched his fists on the desk-top. The Aida Macree had been wrecked by drifting, by being a sailing vessel caught on a lee shore, by the current. The course was all right. The thickness of the night had prevented the coast lights being viewed. And a course due north should have taken the barque out to sea and safety. Instead the barque had struck. But it wasn't the course that was at fault. It wasn't that. It couldn't be that. Captain Mark Bradley had never made such a ghastly mistake.

It was very probable that Stitz was pulling a bluff. Stitz knew how a man's confidence helped in life, knew that Captain Mark Bradley had always boasted of his sureness. And it was likely the ex-sailor had said what he had to try and save himself and his hotel.

The underwriters had paid the insurance on the vessel and accepted the wreck as an act of God. What if they found the wreck was caused by a mistake of navigation? They would have the man who made that mistake broken in every port in the

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602670

world. The captain groaned and wiped his wet forehead.

He had always been certain. It wasn't fair he should be tortured and gnawed like this just because one man was a liar! If he could only be positive, be positive!

STITZ must be quieted, gotten out of the way. He'd have to be bought off. If that wouldn't do he must be framed and sent to the penitentiary and kept quiet, and the log page and notes found and destroyed.

The captain forced himself to reason calmly. He must believe that Stitz was bluffing. He must go on, confident and certain. It was a gigantic hoax and a lie, perpetrated against him. He didn't believe it!

Rising unsteadily from his chair, he straightened and walked into the bank and to the little washroom behind frosted glass. There he tidied himself a bit, removing traces of the conflict as much as was possible. He went out of the bank and walked towards his house. He intended to change and bathe before seeing Stitz again. He had always found that a bath and a change of clothing after a crisis helped him to collect himself and feel at ease once more. Walking along the street he could meet no one's eyes. He had a feeling that everyone was discussing him. He muttered under his breath and hurried.

He had almost reached the house when Bruce Marmont stepped in front of him and touched him on the arm. He stopped and his heart leaped. He cursed inwardly at that. Was his nerve gone already, just because he had been reminded he wasn't sure whether he had made a mistake or not, a mistake that had sent fifteen men to their deaths? He swallowed hard, forced his jangling nerves to be still.

Bruce said, evenly, "What's the idea locking up Billy Stitz?"

"Assault and battery," snapped the captain curtly. He made as though to pass, but found an iron hand held him in place. An hour earlier he would have flung the hand aside and strode on. Now he unaccountably and weakly waited to hear what might follow.

"I'll bail him out."

"No bail."

"It's against the law. Assault's not a criminal offence."

"Mind your own business. I'm the law in Waldport." The captain felt better. Opposition stiffened him, brought all his strength into play.

"Do you want me to wire to the governor?"

"You're crazy." The captain forced a laugh. "Do you think he'd credit your information for one minute? And it's a day's journey from Toledo into here. Two days or more from Salem before investigations could be made."

Bruce set his lips. "Listen here, Bradley. Don't start thinking you run the United States. I know what's the matter, or I can guess. You want Stitz out of the way for awhile so that you can pull off some dirty deal. I know your methods. You did the same thing with an Indian once, if I remember. He was in your way and you railroaded him to the pen. Now I want Stitz free inside an hour."

"DON'T intimidate me!" The captain shook clear his arm and walked on. Bruce looked after him and swore. Then he hurried in the direction of the strongly built city gaol. Captain Bradley looked over his shoulder and saw him go and he laughed. Then he hailed Joe Brown, who was following some distance in the rear. The Indian came striding lithely up to receive his orders.

"Go tell the telegraph operator that no messages are to go through to Toledo or Salem. If he kicks remind him he owes the bank three hundred dollars and that I got him his job."

The Indian nodded and turned away. The captain went on to the house. In the living room he found Margaret embroidering some table centres. She looked up as the door opened and rose to her feet.

"You're home early, Mark." Then she gasped. "What have you been doing?" Your lips are bruised. And there's a cut under your left eye."

He brushed her hands aside and muttered harshly, "Leave me alone. It's nothing. Just a little trouble down the street."

"A fight?" she asked, horrified.

He grinned a little and nodded. "Not much of an affair. I must be getting soft. I used to be able to floor a man with a punch and this was an even thing."

"Who was the other man?"

"Name of Stitz. He got sore because I was building a hotel near his and his resentment took on rather—er—strenuous forms."

She looked her husband steadily in the eyes and her lips were firm.

"I suppose you were smashing him, as you call it?"

"Now," he warned harshly, "don't go into business."

"If you were," she went on, very gravely, "I am glad he bruised you."

The captain stood for a moment, undecided. Then anger caused the red blood to surge under his light tan. Every damned thing was going wrong to-day. He grated his teeth. He took a step forward as though about to strike her, thought better of it, and swung on his heel.

HE cursed under his breath and went upstairs. Margaret stood looking after him tense and white. For a moment she had believed he would strike her, had been braced for the blow. Was he really insane? She crossed slowly and dispiritedly to the window and drew back the curtain. She could see over the little wharves and the boat sheds, over the bay to where the bar thundered white between its breakwaters.

The forest ran, she knew, across the crest of the ranges, clear north to British Columbia and clear south into California. Towns made but small inroads on its immensity. It had been there before the white man came, before, perhaps, even the Indian came. There were firs two thousand years old in the river bottoms and spruce older than that on the slopes.

Some day the forest would be gone, or scattered into patches. And rich farm lands would clothe the hill slopes and the valleys between. New cities would rise. The Pacific Slope of America was the ultimate seat of the Western civilisation. The fact was obvious. All the portents foretold it. After that it would merge with the ancient East, and men would start over again on their circling of the world. The harbors that dotted the endless shoreline would anchor the ships of many empires. And where men now gathered in thousands they would gather in millions.

Wars had not ceased but they were becoming rarer. Reason was triumphing over emotion. Men were coming no longer to work for an abstract heaven, but for a warm and human earth. Men were coming to realise that their enemies were not other men, not other races and nations and creeds. Their enemies were the elements, the earth itself. Fire and flood and hail and wind, the earthquake and the sea. Tremendous forces out of control.

There was no room for the man who would control to his own end. The race was first; first, last and always the race. The millionaires, the money barons, the wheat kings and the lords of cattle were passing now. Here and there strove men to revive the old order, such men as Captain Mark Bradley. For awhile they might succeed, but inevitably they would fail. The only ambition allowed to continue in the future would be the ambition of service, creation for the joy of creation, achievement for the benefit of the people.

Men like Captain Mark Bradley and old John Forbes were passing away, crushed under the Wheel, bound to it and swinging as it swung. Nor mattered ultimately any ripple they caused, nor any tears they wasted and strength they spent.

Somewhere inside her Margaret Bradley knew all this, not consciously, perhaps, but she knew it. Her husband was a throwback. He did not belong. He was after his time. Fifty years before he might have lived and died, honored and unnoticed by the people. Now he was a menace because men's minds were adrift from their feudal bonds, a menace to himself. He might gain control, as he boasted, he might be wealthy and wield power, but if it was not for the ultimate good of the nation and race, he would fail.

The king days were over. It was the age of the people, unions, federations, books and . . . schools. The Church was losing hold of the common man's mind and he was doing his own thinking. He was getting religion, the religion that life was good and splendid and beautiful. It was a welter of supply and demand and political and social economy and power running to waste over the waterfall and through the steaming geyser. It was a place of music and poetry and gorgeous sunsets and men bravely facing a Nature into which they did not now fit, which they had to adapt and change.

And in matters of personal contact, with each other, with other races and nations, the watchword was no longer "I'll eat you when I get big enough!" The watchword now was "Tolerance! Tolerance! Help us fight fire and flood and disease and we will help you. We're sorry for you. Be sorry for us. We're all little, half-blind animals running about in a fog."

MARGARET BRADLEY laughed a little sadly and she watched the sun send a shining path of gold across the bay. There was something gloriously magnificent about the old order, the order of the barons and lances and armor. There was something splendid about the falling ranks of the monopolists and the trusts. They had served and ruled royally in their day. Their overwhelming was like a battle from afar, bugles and sound and glory. But behind and beneath, blood and sorrow and tears.

She gestured quaintly and faced into the room again. Upstairs she would hear the captain moving about, pleased no doubt with the morning's work. She did not know he had his ghost chuckling grimly at his shoulder. How could she know? And how could she have understood what the ghost was, had she known?

Definitely she was awakened. The past weeks had given her glimpses into life such as she had not dreamed existed. She understood how her father had obtained his wealth. She understood why it was she was able to dance and flirt and ride and laugh all and every day while other girls, as beautiful, as clean and as young had to sweat in the factory and store for a pittance. Someone had to go to the wall, be smashed when a superman was striding to achievement. She knew it was wrong. She had no idea how it could be

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602671

remedied, but she knew it was wrong. These convictions come unbidden at times.

Always, deep down, Margaret had been a girl of thought, a pensive sort of being. But always before there had been other things to occupy her time. Now, since her marriage, she had had quiet days in the house, she had seen the inner workings of smart business. And what she had seen was ugly and had made her wince. Up to recently, in her marriage relation, she had been obedient and quiet. She had given way to the dominating personality of her husband. But now she was a rebel. As some sensitive natures genuinely revolt against liquor or squalor or vice, so Margaret Bradley revolted against the system of which her father and her husband were two outstanding examples.

She could not respect a man who drove old women, like Mrs. Carson, from their homes. She could not respect a man who talked glibly of smashing other men as though they had no human form or sense. She could not thrill to the power-lust that would brook no opposition, no genial, kindly compromise.

More than all, she could not respect a man who regarded her as a puppet, wanted to dictate her thoughts and her movements and used her only for his own ends.

She understood now that the fact she was John Forbes' daughter was the reason Captain Mark Bradley had married her, which was enough to seal her rebellion. The one revolt had been of the mind, but the other was of the heart.

As a woman, she had been degraded. Mark Bradley had made that mistake, at least. His image was passing from her thoughts and the image of Bruce Marmont taking its place. Margaret had seen him once or twice since that day on the bay and her liking for him was growing. She did not dare think just how much.

CHAPTER 5

AFTER bathing and changing his clothes the captain came downstairs and left the house. He made no attempt to speak to his wife. He felt cool and collected, confident again. Opposition had come and he must meet it, as he had taught himself, shrewdly and ruthlessly. He saw Joe Brown lounging against the wall of the bank and beckoned the Indian to accompany him. Joe Brown always made him feel comfortable. The man was so obedient, so reverent of his master's brawn and brain and infallibility. They went to the city gaol and found Jake, the marshal, sitting on the gaol steps and chewing a burnt-out black cigar. He rose hastily to his feet when he saw who was coming, a fawning sycophant, balm to the captain's feelings.

"Have you seen Bruce Marmont hangling around?" the captain wanted to know. That was important. He'd have to watch the carpenter. He was dangerous. The marshal nodded and scratched his neck.

"He was 'ere not long after I got Stitz put inside. Ravin' an' talkin' about what 'e was going t' do. I told 'im to chase 'iself." The marshal tapped his star in a pompous manner.

"Where did he go?"

"Said 'e was going to wire th' governor or someone."

"I see. . . Well, let me in."

The marshal turned and produced enormous keys. He unlocked the heavy door of the gaol and swung it open so that the captain and Joe Brown could enter the narrow passage on which the cell doors opened. He would have followed them in but the captain took the keys from his limp hand and nodded to the street. He gave the man a small bill.

"Run along and get a drink, Jake. I'll lock up when I go."

The marshal hesitated, his shifty eyes roving from the captain's face to the wall. He badly wanted to hear what was said. Then with a shrug he accepted the bill and shuffled out. The captain looked at Joe Brown.

"WATCH no one comes along," he muttered. The Indian nodded and went out, pulling the door partly shut behind him. The captain walked along the short passage until he reached the most secluded of the three cells the gaol boasted. Stitz sat on an iron bench and glowered at him as he unlocked the door and stepped inside.

"Well?" snarled the ex-sailor, half-rising to his feet. He looked hot and ruffled, because he had no chance to clean up. The captain waved him to sit down.

"Keep quiet. I haven't come to fight again."

"What d'you want then? Why don't you fine me and have me kicked out of town and be done with it?" the other answered bitterly.

"Because I want that log page and the notebook."

"You won't get 'em now." The ex-sailor was triumphant. He knew now that those papers meant a lot to the captain, and they were his advantage.

The captain sat on the cot across from the bench and dangled the gaol keys from his forefinger. He was silent for a long time, as if musing. He could hold Stitz in gaol and search his house. But search might fail and it would certainly antagonise the man further.

"You've got me, Stitz. You've got me in my only weak spot. I'll never be at rest until I know for sure whether I made a mistake that night or not. And you've the documents to prove or disprove it. I'll give you five thousand for them, cash."

"Five thousand dollars?" Stitz was amazed. He managed to protest, "I want my 'ome."

"All right, then." The captain sighed and his jaw tightened. "You give me the log page and notebook and swear to keep a shut mouth hereafter and I'll not build my hotel. I'll give you the stage contract for a period of five years, at reasonable terms, with an option of renewal for another five. Is that what you want?"

"That's all I ever asked, mor'n I asked," Stitz growled, a little pleased now. "I never kept the papers as more than a sort of protection for m'self. I'll hand 'em over soon as I get the contract and a signed statement to the effect you ain't agoing to build a 'otel near my place. I don't want money, I want my 'ome."

"ALL right." The captain breathed deeply with relief. "You can go now. I give you my word you'll have the contract before Fall, when I put my new stage . . ."

"Ow do I know you're speaking in good faith?" demanded the other man.

The captain stiffened. His eyes blazed with the re-ruffling of his pride. "You sailed with me for years. Have you ever known me break my word once it was given?"

"No, that's true." Stitz groped for his moustache. "All right. As soon as I get th' contract signed and testified to, you get th' papers."

"That's right. Now get out."

The ex-sailor walked to the door, opened it and passed down the passage. The captain rose and stood looking after him, fists clenched, nostrils distended. It was the first time he remembered that he had had to back down.

The outer door opened, showing Joe Brown standing with his arms folded and a look of strained intensity on his face. Stitz pushed past him and went down the street. Joe Brown held open the door for his master. The captain gave him the keys to return to the marshal. The Indian eyed his master curiously. Perhaps he had heard. The captain caught the glance and laughed. He nodded his head towards Stitz's retreating back. "There goes a man I wish was dead." The Indian started. His eyes glowed and mirrored a question.

The captain laughed again and made a gesture of dissent. "He guards a little private ghost of mine, and I must see what it looks like, or go mad." The Indian breathed deeply, relaxed, and then went away, silent and lithe as an animal of the forest. The captain frowned, and temptation assailed him, but he shook it off with a grim chuckle.

Stitz found Bruce Marmont fuming up and down by the office in his shipyard.

THE carpenter stopped dead when he saw his friend approaching. His mouth opened and he looked foolish. He had just sent off two burning wires, one to Toledo and one to Salem, to find out what could be done. He never found until long after that both wires had gone straight to Bradley's desk and never reached their destination.

"Why, Billy . . . Why, I thought you were in gaol!"

"I was," the ex-sailor chuckled, biting a chew from a plug of tobacco. "But I ain't now. Bradley backed down. The 'otel's all off."

"Backed down? Backed down?" Bruce doubted his ears and his eyes were wide. Captain Bradley had never backed down for any man. He boasted he never had and never would. It was one of the facts that made men afraid to fight him. They knew he couldn't be bluffed or intimidated. They knew that once he laid his hand to a thing he would carry it through. And now Billy Stitz, obscure storekeeper on the stage road, was claiming that Captain Bradley had backed down for him.

"Well," said Bruce, slowly, "you're out of gaol, anyway."

"Aye." Stitz nodded sagely. "I 'ad something on 'im which I didn't know about. Somethin' that's been aworrying 'im for a long time, I suspect. He let me out and said he'd stop the hotel idea. I'm to have the stage contract as well for five years."

"And I've been raising hell for the last two hours trying to get you out."

"I know." The other's eyes twinkled. "And I sure appreciate it. . . You should 'ave seen the fight we had. . . And I banged 'is mouth up."

"But tell me what you've got on him. How'd you make him back down? I'd like to know, seeing I'm due for a battle myself pretty soon."

"Secret, son," Stitz assured him seriously. "Part of the bargain is that I'm to keep my mouth shut. So don't ask questions."

Bruce nodded and plucked at his lips.

"This'll help the fishermen fight Bradley. They'll get a lot of courage when they hear he's been beaten once."

Stitz laid a hand on his arm. The old sailor had done a lot of thinking the past hour or so. The brief taste of Mark Bradley's power had given him something of a scare.

"Bruce," he said, "don't talk about it. Let it lie. I've a suspicion that you'll find a new Bradley afore long, one with not 'alf this feller's chest. Or, I dunno, maybe with more. Y' know, when a guy's been licked he always roars around to give 'iself guts again. I got a notion that's Bradley, an' he's due for a stiffer jolt yet."

Bruce gave a quick smile. "All right, Billy. I'll take your word. But I think you're an optimist."

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602672

The other only grunted enigmatically, and said, "S' long."

"So long." The ex-sailor went away down the yard to where he had left his dory. He got in, cast off and pulled across the bay. The other side he turned for a moment, waved his hand and then mounted the horse an Indian had ready for him. He disappeared along the beach, round a point of rock. In an hour or so he would be home. Bruce plucked at his lips again, and wondered. What hold had Stitz over Captain Bradley that made the overlord of Waldport change his plans?

AN hour later Bruce looked up from a page of specifications to find Margaret Bradley regarding him intently. She gave a warm laugh and said, "I thought I'd drop down to look over the ship . . . the yacht. May I?"

He laughed in response, and his eyes held hers. The warm blood crawled into his cheeks. Her nearness always disturbed him.

"Sure." He tried to make his voice casual. He held out a hand and she took it, a little hesitantly, and he led her down the yard, over and between great beams and struts, along the smooth, white, wooden hull. He pointed things out to her, explained ship construction. She admired the keen, high prow and the long slender keel. She watched a man tapping oakum between seams, and then Bruce took her up on the ship's deck.

It was only half completed, and they walked warily along the gaunt skeleton. Here was to be a cabin. Below there was the saloon. Here the galley was to rest, and a room for the cook and steward. The poop would be lengthened so as to make it a sort of promenade deck over which awnings could be raised in hot weather.

She was delighted. She planned aloud, voyages to distant islands and queer coasts, while the man watched the play of expression on her face and the lights flame and fade in her bright eyes. She avoided looking at him. They were both self-conscious when together, though she had the better poise. He sighed at last, though, and she caught the sound and forced her eyes to meet his, flushing.

"You wish you could go away like that?" she said, though her heart told her unbidden he hadn't sighed for such a reason.

He laughed, somewhat confused, taking her cue. "Sometimes I do. My father was a ship captain and his grandfather owned a little whaling fleet out of New Bedford. I often get a restless feeling. But I've never travelled, never had the chance or the money."

She put out her hand involuntarily and touched him and said, "Poor boy." She reddened immediately and dropped her eyes. She was aware of a fear that she was betraying her growing feeling for this young giant of a carpenter. She mustn't see him.

BRUCE was disturbing. He made it harder for her to face the prospect of bleak years ahead. She wondered how many more men she was going to like and admire at such short notice. First the captain and then this carpenter. Was she a wanton?

He was protesting, warmly aquiver at her words, but not daring to hope they meant anything. "Oh, I have a good time building ships like this. This is my biggest order so far. It'll make me, I hope. My own designing and all. I was hoping the Union Fruit Co. would order others once they saw this vessel afloat. But Captain Bradley bought it, and I'll have to use pictures and figures of her to sell myself to some other firm. Isn't she a beauty? Wait till you see her afloat!"

She encouraged him, and he talked of his work with greater and greater enthusiasm. He was essentially a creator of things. Ships were like humans to him. He talked of their quirks and ways and structure as some men talked of their brothers. And she understood, and knew that here at last was clean ambition and desire, passion for service and well-doing. He fell silent after a while. She dreamed. She took a deep breath at last and looked around over the bay, and it seemed to her fascinated senses that the ancient forests were nodding and bowing in approval.

After a while she said with a change of voice, "Do you know anyone named Stitz?"

He was startled, and eyed her questioningly.

"What do you know of Stitz?"

"Very little, save that he was fighting somewhere a short while ago." She gave an embarrassed laugh. Her fingers absently played with her gloves.

He looked at her for a moment without speaking. Then, "Yes, he was fighting, all right. He happens to be my friend, too."

She whispered, "I had an idea . . . an idea he was your sort." She flashed abruptly, "Because he was fighting with my husband."

"Yes . . . I wish I'd seen it."

"I suppose there was a reason?'

"I think so. A good reason."

She bit her lip and looked across the bay again. It was hard to have to drag the facts out of a stranger instead of hearing

them from her husband. But she must know. Her voice was almost a whisper.

"I suppose he was . . . being smashed?"

Bruce straightened and followed her eyes across the bay. Some of the fishermen were coming in, their little boats bobbing over the light swells. From far away in the forest beyond the water, yet clear ringing as a bell, came the strokes of a woodman's axe. There was very little wind and smoke from fires here and there rose straight into the clean air. The sun was bright on the water, and the surf at the bay bar dazzled the eyes. Peace walked abroad, and affairs of men seemed far off, trivial and remote. He said, slowly, "I shouldn't speak of your husband . . . to you."

Her hands clenched. She faced him with a quick movement and cried, "I must know! I hate all this secrecy and sordidness. He won't tell me and I must know! I want to trust him and fight with him, but I can't unless I'm sure . . . sure he's square. I found to-day that old Mrs. Carson lost her home and her man had been working twelve hours a day in the cannery and he was very weak. . . . He is dead. . . ." She faltered and flushed crimson. Her husband's shame was still her shame.

BRUCE looked down at her and nodded. He wondered if she knew any more of the Carson affairs, the whole truth. "I understand what you mean." He was astonished. There was depth to her, more than he had thought. She appeared to have emotions beyond those of books and what society sanctioned. She might even use her brains. His feeling for her deepened with his admiration. She was an individual.

She went on, evenly, her voice dropping back almost to a whisper, "I shouldn't talk like this, I suppose. He's my husband and we've been married . . . only a short while. But I don't know a soul here . . . save the minister's wife and she's . . . she's like a cow, dead and slow . . . And you're the only one who might tell me and understand . . . understand what someone called 'the soul of things.' I can't bear to stand by helpless and see people crushed, men and women ground into poverty and despair. It starts a pain inside me—a sort of ache. I suppose I shouldn't bother, but I do. I can't help it. I do. Oh, you understand?"

He was profoundly stirred. He turned his eyes from her and looked over the bay again, beyond the water and wide sand beach, to the eternal hills with their age-old forest growth and their tranquilness and peace.

What could he say? He couldn't tell her just what he thought her husband was. He couldn't attack the man. She was his wife, pledged to him. She must have had some faith and hope in him to marry him in the first place. He couldn't shatter any illusions about him she might have left. And yet he couldn't lie. As though she read his thoughts she cried out:

"Don't be afraid. I want to know! . . . I know how you feel, but it's all right, all right. I haven't much illusion left . . . even so short a time. . . . Did I tell you everything about Carson? He's been working in the cannery, and yesterday he . . . shot himself. An old man! Don't you see I feel he's a murderer?" She did not mean old Carson. Bruce understood that. He felt rather shocked to find she did know the whole truth about the affair.

"THIS isn't the Middle Ages," Margaret continued, choking. "Women don't have to give up their bodies and minds, too to their husbands."

He said, acutely uncomfortable, stammering, "I . . . I hardly know what to say. Captain Bradley is . . . is a very clever man." He would have given the rest of his life to be able to take her in his arms and comfort the poor bruised soul beating bravely against the bars of the accepted.

"It isn't that!" she was crying. It isn't that! Oh, Mr. Marmont, you must realise what I mean. I walk down the street and women look at me with pity in their eyes and the men hate me. I feel that every stitch I have on they've sweated for, even though it's something my father bought me."

He nodded and kept his eyes on the forest. There was sanity there. Even if the laws that ran there seemed cruel they were just, impartial, and inevitable.

"If it would help you any, to live or make a decision, I'll tell you what you want. Stitz fought with Captain Bradley to-day because Bradley was going to build a hotel near Stitz's place and squeeze him out. But he decided against it after the trouble."

"You mean he decided to let Mr. Stitz alone?"

"So I understand. . . . They came to some agreement, anyway."

"I'm glad of that." She was relieved, feeling weak and inclined to laugh tragically at the flat climax. "But that's unusual for Captain Bradley, isn't it?"

"Very unusual," said Bruce dryly.

She nodded and played with her gloves again.

"And will he ship in those Chinamen he talks of and take away the fishermen's livelihood if the union is formed?"

"I expect so."

"And will he squeeze you out of business as he said he would that night at dinner?"

"I'm ready for that."

"I THINK he's an animal. He has no heart." She was roused again and passionately sincere. "My father knew and yet he let me marry him. I am only dirt under his feet. John Forbes' daughter. . . . Oh, I have to talk to someone. . . . Oh, I was a fool!" She beat her clenched fists against her lips and her eyes were wet. Bruce looked hastily over the yard and saw that one of the Indian workmen was watching and listening. He led Margaret to the little office and drew her inside.

"You mustn't say that," he murmured gently, shaking because her emotion had unnerved him. "You are his wife and . . . and all that sort of thing."

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602673

It was hard to know what to say in such a case. Here was a woman he had only met a few times, had only talked with at length once, coming to him and telling him sacred things. He was afraid he might forget himself and put his arm round her. He was uneasy, tremulous. He patted her shoulder clumsily and hoped she wouldn't start crying. He would lose control completely then, he thought. She squeezed her eyes and composed herself and smiled.

"I'm sory, Mr. Marmont. I shouldn't have said all I did. You're right. He is my husband. But I wonder sometimes. . . . Well, it's nothing. I came to you because you're the only one here I can talk with. My friends are all in Marshfield. I know you won't speak of this."

"I hope you'll always come to me," he said gravely, pale with his efforts at control. What else could he say? He meant it anyway.

He took her hand, pressed it gently and moved by an overwhelming impulse carried it to his lips. Their eyes met. Flame wavered and sheeted before them, between them. The man knew he had tempted

himself too far. The woman cried out. She knew now why her heart was clamoring.

They swayed together involuntarily. It was as though the world went to dust and reformed again and understanding throbbed in the new creation. His hands rested on her shoulders, slipped about her. Her fingers laced unbidden round his neck. Their lips crushed together so fiercely she felt the sweet pain stab her like a knife.

THEN fear came, the ingrained terror of convention.

She tore herself free, her lips responding to the last. She whispered, brokenly, "No! Not that! Not now!" and she was gone, half running and sobbing.

She slowed her walk as she emerged from the yard and started for the street of the town where other people would be watching her. She was very agitated and her breast heaved. Instinctively she recovered her poise though, the horrible thought was here that everyone knew and was looking at her. But somehow the burden on her seemed not so heavy, the breath of the lilacs by the houses was very sweet, and the song of the birds was a poem of joy.

How she reached her own house and passed with apparent coolness through the gate and into the hall she never knew. Once inside her cheeks flamed crimson and she leaned limply, suddenly weak, against the nearest wall, she pressed her hot cheek against the cool surface and tried to think. What had she done? What had she allowed Bruce to do? She had not been married a year and another man had kissed her. Not a year? It seemed longer. It had dragged. Neglect had lengthened the months.

She was a loose woman; a wanton. She must never do such a thing again. She must think only of her husband. She tried to conjure up his face, but it was only Bruce she could see, the steady understanding eyes, the gentle lips. Only Bruce. This was the great passion. Somehow she knew, was certain this time. It had overwhelmed her swiftly completely, almost without warning. Mark had been nothing like this to her. There was no awe, no fear, no fascination in this. Only complete trust and the almost aching desire to surrender. But it was wrong, wrong! She was married. She whispered despairingly, "Oh, God, I love him," and the image beating against her closed eyes was still that of Bruce. Then tears came and she stumbled to her room.

CHAPTER 6

SUMMER flamed over Oregon. The forest teemed with adventure and the underbrush rustled with the passing of life. Quail ran through the thickets, pigeons sagged down the branches, the deer were thick on the uplands. Even the garter snakes were abroad, monster fellows, four feet long and thick as a stockwhip. The bays and rivers spawned fish by countless millions, first the sea trout, then the steelhead, then the great salmon. Enough meat to feed a continent. Enough land to harbor a race. Enough timber to house it.

But it was a lonely country, with sparse towns and faulty communications. Primal forces were still at work. Passions were freer and the struggle for existence was sterner than in the soft valleys to the eastward. But here and there men created things, builded and planned and dreamed and achieved with the whispering forest on one side and the thunder of the sea on the other.

In the shipyard of Bruce Marmont there was a tremendous lot of bustle and movement. Men swarmed below the slender, white-painted hull of the schooner. Men swarmed on her decks. A small crowd of sightseers were gathering on the plank walk behind the yard, near the town. On the schooner's poop stood Captain Mark Bradley and his wife and near them Bruce Marmont.

Bruce's face was flushed and his eyes were apprehensive. He avoided looking at Margaret as much as he could. He was in blue and white striped overalls and a cap was pulled low on his forehead to keep out the glisten of the morning sun. Captain Bradley was in full uniform, pacing up and down very smartly and smiling a little grimly as he saw the crowd on the shore. The sullen, lowering glances cast at him were tribute to his power. No man presumed to be his equal.

Bruce leaned over the side and shouted to a man in the yard below. The man waved and replied and then shouted at other men about him. They scuttled like ants out of the yard and Bruce turned back inboard.

"All set, captain."

Captain Bradley stopped short, pulled out his watch and examined the dial with care.

"Ten to twelve," he said. "Have a man stand by the bell ready to strike eight bells. We'll let her go at noon."

"Yes, sir."

BRUCE led the way down the poop companion and along the main deck to the fo'c'a'le-head, where a few of the workmen were still busy caulking the deck. Margaret Bradley was right behind him, her face a little strained and pale, the captain holding lightly to her arm and assisting her over coils of rope and piles of plank ends.

On the fo'c'a'le-head Bruce unfastened a small, black bag left standing by the rail and produced a bottle of champagne, gold-capped and wired. He handed it to Margaret and smiled wryly. She took it quickly and their fingers touched. The woman flushed and lowered her lashes, but her husband was casting his eyes back along the schooner's length and did not notice.

"After you've broken the bottle on the scupper edge just pull this line and the canvas'll drop off the name," said Bruce. It was hard to appear indifferent and casual when she was so near. He showed her the line and then left her. He joined the captain. "Tell me when you're ready, sir."

The captain nodded. He thrust his hands in the side pockets of his uniform jacket and his chest rose unconsciously. He was a master-mariner, wise with the sea. He was capable of taking this beautiful creation of wood and canvas to the ends of the earth. He could read the stars and drag down his pathway from the deeps of the sky. He was a captain, a commander of ships that moved on the face of the waters. He felt proud. He was in his element now on this schooner's deck. Sure he was and confident. He ran true to his decisions and was unbeaten.

He fumbled for his watch, looked at it, then shut the case. He ran an insolent eye over the spectators, over the little town cupped in by the hills. It was his, all his. And all men knew it. He was dominant.

"Let go!" he snapped. Eight bells sounded.

Bruce nodded. Margaret leaned overside and raised the bottle. There was a tinkle and champagne bubbled down the slender prow.

She said clearly, "I christen you the Margaret Bradley," and her fingers jerked the line that dropped the canvas from the golden-painted words on the bow. Those ashore cheered a little, tribute to a splendid ship. Those on the ship stood up and raised their hats and talked excitedly.

THE slender hull quivered. A tap-tapping of mallets could be heard. There was a long groan, another quiver and the Margaret Bradley slipped slowly down the ways. She squelched the bay water before her in two even ridges. She shot astern perhaps a cable's length and then slowly came to rest, floating on a perfectly even keel and lifting and falling slightly to the swell that drifted from the bar.

"Good," said Captain Bradley with some enthusiasm. He dropped down from the fo'c'a'le-head and strode aft to the poop. That was where he belonged. He was a master-mariner. Boats were bobbing alongside, taking lines and towing the schooner to her anchorage where she would receive the last touches. The captain laid his hand on the wheel standard and looked with narrowed eyes away to seaward.

He was aware that some of the younger women ashore were watching him admiringly. He was a fine figure of a man in his uniform with the gold braid. He was very proud of it. He could imagine himself commanding this fine yacht, taking her into great ports where the shipping lay and watched with envious eyes. Then a shadow crept across his pride, an imponderable sort of chilly gloom. He was curiously and acutely aware that a dory bobbed near the schooner and a man was standing up in it and watching.

He sent a glance flickering that way and cursed under his breath. Some of the rigidness seemed to go from his well set-up body. His shoulders sagged imperceptibly under the uniform coat. Uniform! Had he any right to wear it? That man there in the dory could say yes or no. He had already said no. What right had Billy Stitz to come and watch him on this day of all days? Was it to laugh and chuckle to see Captain Bradley preening himself in the uniform he had no right to dress in? He cursed again and his fingers gripped hard on the wheel standard.

HE looked away along the deck and saw his wife talking with Bruce. His face grew moody. She had more than a passing fancy for the man. He'd have to watch her, hold her. She was his great link with powerful John Forbes, and, besides, he was developing for her a strange new feeling, a genuine feeling that worried him and brought him queerly tender moments. Margaret left the carpenter busy with something for'ard

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602674

and came to her husband, strained and smiling.

He grated at her, "You're seeing too much of that damned puppy!" The bare possibility that she liked some other man better than she liked him was galling, a terrible wound to his self-esteem.

She went abruptly white and the smile left her face. She had thought he was pleased and contented to-day. For a moment she had the horrible fear that he was acquainted with her unfaithfulness.

She cried "Mark!" and placed a trembling hand over her heart.

He went on, reckless and savage, with a sideways glance down at the watching Stitz. Did any of them guess that it was during his harshest moments that he was most afraid?

"It's been reported to me that you're always at the yard talking to him. I can't have you associating with my enemies." He set his jaw brutally. "You'll oblige me by staying home in future."

She drew herself up. Anger surged and scattered her fear. "I suppose you've had one of your Indians watching me." Her eyes accused him. "I wish you would stop treating me as if I were someone in your way, someone to be smashed and ruined!" Her voice was scornful and low and it stung the captain to a cold fury.

He knew he was making a mistake. Talking like this would not make her like him better. Yet the very thought that he was making a mistake drove him on. He could not compromise, with Stitz watching him. He clenched his fists and glowered. Was his wife going into outright rebellion against him? He'd had a lot of arguments and trouble with her lately. He'd have to show her who was master. He couldn't have a weakness in his own castle, a someone to pity and aid the others.

He said tensely, "That'll do. I've said what I intended." He was white and strained himself now.

MARGARET did not answer, but looked away over the water. He watched her profile. Something softened in him. She was beautiful. She was his. He saw, as though for the first time, her strong little chin and firm lips, her steady brow. She was very much like John Forbes, the iron old man who had cornered the lumber interests on the coast. He'd have to whip her into line. He'd have to get her working with him.

She was showing unexpected strength and she did control money. He hadn't expected her to oppose him. If she continued to do so, where might it not lead? Surely he hadn't made a mistake in marrying her? Ought he to gave gone on alone, without aid and outside money to help him? No, that couldn't be. He had never made a mistake!

"She's a beauty, Bruce," called a voice, faint and clear and far away. The captain saw that Stitz was shouting to Marmont on the fo'c's'le-head. He cursed.

Ought he to have married this woman? He had seen her among a care-free, joyous, and utterly incompetent throng of wealthy young folks. She had seemed to fit it. She didn't seem to have much of a thought in her head apart from pleasure and romance. Had marriage wakened her to serious things, which he had overlooked?

He set his jaw. He wouldn't let any woman upset his plans or defy him. He'd break her once and for all. And yet he must be tender because he feared she was disturbing him; causing alarming emotions to grow that might warp his future judgment. He cursed again.

Margaret was saying, her eyes blazing, "That's enough of that filthy language." He glared at her like a tormented bear and choked on words that were bubbling in his throat. He wanted to say to her things that he would have said to any of the other women in the past. Savage, flaming things that Kitty Meynel in Montreal and Maura in Levuka would have taken with bared teeth and flung back at him. But realisation came that the woman he had married was different. She was not of the streets and the waterfronts, not of the benches and the dark places.

He looked at her again from a strange and unfamiliar angle. She was a daughter of civilisation, a flower of evolution, the culmination of an aeon of upward-climbing and a reaching toward beauty, as the rose had reached up from the primeval ferns.

Her beauty, flushed and afire with anger, made him catch his breath. Her eyes were pools of violet fire in which contempt burned. Her hair was chestnut and golden and her lips were perfect scarlet curves in her delicate face. The contempt was for him. The eyes and lips and hair belonged to him. But did they? Did she really give herself to him as the other woman had given, body and soul and heart?

Instead of feeding her love he had all but destroyed it. She must hate him. He had never done anything to please her. There was that Mrs. Carson affair. Perhaps he should have humored her at times.

A vague shame crept into his being, causing him to redden, he who had forgotten how to be embarrassed. He dropped his eyes and tingled. He found himself murmuring apologies, he who had never apologised; he who had done every rotten thing there was to be done; he who had spat on life and women and love. He who had never believed in love as a wonderful, undefiled thing found himself murmuring apologies. And he knew he was abruptly in love with his own wife. He grinned inwardly at the thought.

He raised his eyes again and found her watching him, this time curiously and with amazement. She had not expected him to take back his words. She expected him to storm and abuse her. That would be in keeping with his life actions. It seemed she did not know him even yet. He had queer moods. Some light in his eyes made her think unwillingly of that first time he had kissed her and she gasped a little. She turned abruptly and went along the deck to meet Bruce Marmont.

BRADLEY stood and looked after her and the nails dug into his hands. He found himself muttering, "What has she done to me? What has she done to me?" in bewilderment. Flame ran into him. His veins were riots of fire. He watched her slim ankles flickering beneath her skirt. He watched the sun glint from her hair.

It was a revelation. It was the first time almost in his life he had completely forgotten himself, forgotten that he was the pivot of the world. He forgot Billy Stitz down below there in the dory, reminding him he was not entitled to the uniform he wore. He forgot his enmity with Bruce Marmont. He forgot all his schemes and plans and his threats to tame this woman. He only knew that a pain had started somewhere deep down and that it was causing him actual physical discomfort.

He had held her in contempt all this time, taking her for granted, taking her kisses with impatience, dismissing her as a fool. And now he found she was anything but a fool, she was a woman of fire and spirit, fit to be a queen in the kingdom he was going to win. She was beautiful. How the men would look when he took her to Paris and London and Berlin. How men would envy him. And how she would encourage him to fresh victories and sooth him in the event of defeat.

He heard her saying to Bruce, "I think you've done a perfectly wonderful thing building this ship. Everyone says it's a beautiful piece of work. I envy you. I wish I had done something worth while."

"Each to his trade," Bruce answered seriously. "I'm glad this job's finished. I'll be able to give some time to other things. I guess I'll go into the hills for awhile and rest and shoot a few elk and bear."

Captain Bradley came up, slowing his pace. An empty feeling grew in the pit of his stomach because they were looking into each other's eyes and were absorbed. She was looking at Marmont the way she had once looked at him, it seemed ages ago. Had love come too late for him? He thrust his hands in the side pockets of his coat and said quietly, "Well, the launching was first-rate, Marmont. . . . I think we'll go ashore now. Won't you call the boat?"

BRUCE started, half-turned, nodded and crossed in some confusion to the side. The captain took his wife's arm and whispered, "I'm sorry . . . sorry, dear. I didn't mean what I said." But she drew her arm from him and walked to where Bruce had gone. The captain started to follow, but his iron pride came and he remained where he was until the

boat arrived. Rage fumed in him but he no longer had the urge to give it expression. Rather he tried to control it, to hide it from the world.

He must never let his emotions be known. All Waldport would laugh. He went down to the boat first and Margaret followed. She waved to Marmont as the boat chugged away and their eyes held. Understanding hung between them. Captain Bradley merely nodded stiffly and tried not to observe.

When they had gone Bruce Marmont paced aft, his head sunk on his breast, his face drawn and slightly flushed.

He muttered, "He's a hard man. He's breaking her bit by bit. . . . I heard him curse. What can I do?"

But there was no answer to that question. She was another man's wife and she would, to a certain point, be loyal to him. She was not the sort to quit without giving a thing a fair trial and doubtless she would still go on trying to change her husband's ways. What a foolish hope. There were men in Waldport who had known him and tried for years. And iron can't be altered to a softer metal at a woman's desire and whim.

Bruce went ashore soon after the Bradleys had left and met Stitz on the beach. The ex-sailor was thoughtful. They walked together to Bruce's shack and Stitz sat on the bed while the younger man changed into his green flannel shirt and corduroy breeches and gathered together his guns.

"Goin' t' the hills," asked the ex-sailor, filling a stubby pipe. His grim face smiled.

"I'm sick, sick and tired. I want to have time to think," Bruce answered wearily. "The ship's launched now and my head carpenter can finish the odds and ends. I'll be back before they raise the masts. . . . I want time to think something over. The hills are good for that. Quiet . . . quiet."

STITZ puffed at his pipe for awhile. His shrewd eyes watched Bruce's every movement, his every new expression, missing nothing. They noted even a new snapshot of Margaret Bradley, standing on the unfinished schooner's poop, that was propped against the dressing-table glass. She was leaning slightly forward, her white dress fluttering, laughing, holding out one hand as if in protest. Bruce had snapped her without warning, and half against her wish, as it happened.

Stitz said eventually, in a slow and casual voice, "Married women ain't 'ealthy to monkey with."

The other stood rigid for a moment, and then turned slowly and said, "What do you mean?" His face was scarlet and his eyes angry. He had thought it all a

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602675

profound secret. How could anyone know?

"Mrs. Bradley," Stitz observed. There was a brief, hard silence. He added, "She likes you too."

"Don't say that!" cried Bruce sharply. "Don't say that! She's loyal and clean . ."

"I know. But all Waldport knows you're crazy about each other."

"She's not . . . . You mustn't say that, Billy! What do you mean? How can they know? I wouldn't have her name talked about."

"I'm not meaning anything bad. You'd make a better pair anyway, than her and Bradley. But why wouldn't folks know? The way you look at each other. An' 'er always at the yard."

Bruce turned again to the glass, still crimson, and did not answer. But it had never occurred to him that his treasured love affair was gossip in the fishermen's huts and while the boats swayed on the bay swells near their lines. For a moment he was panic-stricken. She mustn't be talked about. Then he blamed himself. What had he brought to her? He must go away for good as soon as the schooner was entirely done.

Stitz went on. "Think a lot, son, before you let anything 'appen."

"What do you mean?" Then slowly, in a steady voice, "I am, Billy. I'm thinking a lot."

"You must be careful . . . . I know you're clean, as clean as she is. But things 'appen, sudden-like in these affairs. I know. I've not knocked around the world

for nothing. I wouldn't a come t' day t' see the launching, but I 'ad a row with my old woman over that long-necked New Englander again. I'll 'ave t' shoot 'im in the end."

"I'm sorry you and Mrs. Stitz are having trouble." Bruce suddenly faced about and tightened his belt. "Nothing's going to happen to us . . . me, I mean. I wouldn't let anything happen. There's not been a word said . . . ."

"I know." The old sailor nodded. "But you want to remember that Bradley can smash you, and me too, if 'e 's a mind. An' when a man's young and a woman sick . . . Yes, she is . . . Well, you've seen a cut tree toppled with one more axe-stroke. An' it's the last extra press of a squall that carries the tops'l clear."

Bruce laid his hand on the other's shoulder. His face was gentle and normal now.

"I know you're speaking for the best, Billy," he said. "But I'm going into the hills to think it all over. I don't want to make a mistake any more than you want me to." He hesitated and then burst out passionately, "I . . . God help me, but I love her! . . . And I shouldn't! and I shouldn't!"

OLD Stitz shook his head for a long time and gazed moodily at the floor. He had seen so much of this on the open road around the world. He was experiencing it now in his own family. And always there had been tragedy waiting round the corner. He was afraid, afraid for his young friend. His own affair he thought he could straighten out. But all he could say could do no good. The matter would work itself to conclusion for good or ill. He stood up and laid a hand on Bruce's shoulder, and Bruce squeezed his arm.

They stood thus in silence for a long moment, in accord, friendly and sympathetic. The old sailor said goodbye at last and went towards the town. His heart was heavy within him, and his own incipient troubles faded almost to insignificance. He liked Bruce.

Outside the bank he saw Joe Brown, and his own affairs were recalled. He called to the Indian and drew him into the bank doorway.

"Tell the boss, Joe. I got the signed contract 'e sent down. I'm having a lawyer in Toledo look it over and see if it's legal and binding. Soon as I hear I'll sign one copy an' send it back, and I'll send with it the papers the boss wants. 'E'll understand."

The Indian nodded and resumed his place outside the bank. Stitz went along to the saloon, took a drink, and talked a while with one or two friends. After buying some tobacco he went back to his dory and sculled across the bay. As he dragged his boat up the other side he saw Bruce Marmont, gun in hand, knapsack on his back, start up the trail behind Waldport that led into the well-nigh unexplored hill territory along the coast range of the mountains. He sighed and wondered where it would all end.

CHAPTER 7

THAT evening, as the lamps were lit, Captain Bradley came in the house from the bank. Margaret was in the kitchen, talking to the squaw, and he waited for her to come into the living-room. She arrived at last, very flushed of face from bending over a stove, a trim white apron round her and a cook book in her hands. Something of joy seemed to fade from her face when she saw her husband.

The captain's eyes lighted strangely. He made to put his arm round her waist and she suffered him to kiss her, though there was no warmth in her relaxed body. He smoothed away a half-born frown and smiled, though there was a queer twist, almost of pain, to his lips.

He said, in a gentle voice: "I'm sorry about to-day, dear. I was out of my head to talk so before you."

She answered, nodding, "I can understand that," and bit her lip, wishing she could keep the coolness from her tones. How could she tell him it wasn't only the swearing? It was all the other things, the indifferent almost contemptuous way he had treated her for so long, the tacit confession that he hoped to control her father's money, the ruthless way he conducted his affairs.

Why hadn't Mark tried to temper his iron code with a little humaneness? If only to please her. If only for his own sake. She did not think she was a woman who demanded great sacrifices. She wanted to be reasonable.

She found herself saying, in an amazed voice: "What is that? Oh, Mark, they're beautiful."

He was holding before her wide eyes a velvet flat box and a touch of the spring had disclosed as the lid flew back a rope of small but exquisitely beautiful pearls nestling in white satin. He held the stones up, dangling them from his forefinger. He said, and his voice was a caress: "I brought these from the bank for you. . . A man left them nearly a year ago as security. He'll never claim them."

She took them wonderingly, spread them over her palms, and gurgled with delight at the sheen and the warmth of them. Then her brow puckered and she regarded her husband with grave eyes. Did he merely want to decorate her as a boast to men of his wealth and power? Or was he . . . was he sincere? She had not seen those lights in his eyes for many months.

He said, almost shyly: "I thought you might like them . . . to show I'm sorry for what I've said and done."

He looked very handsome now that the harsh lines of his mouth were softened and the watchfulness was gone from his eyes. She felt the enormous personality of him reach out to envelop her again but some capability of response had left her. She was changed or he had changed her. She had grown abruptly since her marriage from a fascinated girl to a disillusioned woman who had well-nigh lost all faith in the man to whom she had delivered the best and all of her. Yet she retained some sense of loyalty still.

He fed and helped clothe her and she owed him something. He put out his hand, hesitating somewhat, and she remembered Mrs. Carson, and it seemed the hand was tinged red. She shuddered a little, but controlled her feelings and gave him her fingers. Not willingly yet could she hurt him.

"IT'S good of you, Mark," she said slowly, as he drew her to him, "I'll wear them for you." She wondered if the man who had deposited them at the bank had been forced to shoot himself, too.

"I want you to love me," he whispered. "I want you to look at me again as you used to in Marshfield when I came for you."

She looked up at him, up at his strong throat and jaw and his lightly-tanned sailor's face, and the color drained from her cheeks. There could be no mistaking the warmth of his voice, the slight, almost imperceptible quivering of his hands, the light flecks in his eyes. She felt afraid, rather horrified. He loved her. After a year of indifference he loved her again.

He expected her to love him, he was asking her to love him. But he had strangled her affection, slowly forced it to wither and die. Was it just or fair of him now to expect her to return unquestioning to the old intimacy? Yet she must . . . must. Bruce could never be anything to her.

She had married Mark in all sincerity and faith and, as long as she was able, she must stick by him. She did not yet hate him. Perhaps some relic of the old fascination remained, or perhaps she was still sorry for him. Her main feeling about his presence was that he was a stranger, a person she did not really know or care to know very well, almost a feeling of indifference, tempered only by the knowledge that she was his wife and that complete indifference she could never achieve. She must go on, make the best of matters. Perhaps happiness could be regained. She must not ruin Bruce's life. And there were great potentialities in Mark. Doubt struggled in her. Was he good underneath or was he bad? Could she bring him to humanity and reason? Or was the task beyond her? She must not resign herself to life with him till she was certain. She could never go on in the old hopeless way forever. She must not let him gain an easy victory over her this time. She wanted to be fair though, as fair as it was possible.

She drew away gently, so as not to offend him.

"I can't do that . . . yet, dear. I can't think the same of you, Mark, not the same as I did once, unless you change. Don't you see, dear, I can't love a man who's hated and feared by everyone. I can't love a man who would turn old women and men out of their homes because he wanted their land. Not give them a chance. You say sometimes it's all for me, that I'll be able to have a great house and all I can spend some day because of it. But that doesn't count. Perhaps I'm silly, Mark, but your money will always be evil to me and your success will be at the expense of other men."

"Life's all that way," he protested, trying to be patient. "Life's all fight and crushing and smashing. I started at sea when I was a little nipper, no money, no clothes, no friends. And I worked my way up by fighting and hanging on when I reached a certain point. I can't change."

"You must change, dear. You mustn't be so . . . so brutal. You can run a busi-

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602676

ness without destroying everyone else near you, can't you? You don't have to ruin people. Why don't you try and help others sometimes? . . . And to me you haven't been much different, Mark. You've dragged your business and your methods into our home. You've hurt me many times and never thought that love could make it right. You've never tried to make it right. You were all I had when I came here, dear, and you left me alone. I can't go back a year right away. Don't you see? Something's not the same, our love, my faith in you."

EXASPERATION surged in him. All the hot and hardly-controlled temper of him rose to the surface. His pride clamored that he should not quibble over his motives with a woman. He set his teeth and fought for calmness. He wanted this woman. Love was not gained without sacrifice. She could feel him trembling and saw the growing flame in his eyes. She drew away and shook her head wistfully. He was not so made he could compromise or be tolerant.

He was wondering savagely whether he dared to give way and change. The secret ghost chuckled on his shoulder and little beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. He said at last, thickly, "I'll try and explain later . . . I'll make you see my point sometime."

"I hope you will see mine," she said sadly.

He looked at her and saw that she was good and sweet, and for a moment the ghost vanished. Warm wells overflowed in him, drowning his anger. He had never known a woman could affect him so. He managed to say, and he stripped his tortured soul naked in the saying: "I will try . . My God, I'll try and please you, Margaret. . . But I'll smash myself . . . go down . . . to the gutter again. If I can't rule I'll go under."

He touched his throat as though he was choking. The ghost came back and whispered in his ear. His eyes were hot and terrified.

"I can't explain to you. . . You wouldn't understand! I'm afraid to change, afraid! I'd begin to think I was a coward then, if I did, that I wasn't sure of myself. So long as I keep them all afraid and smash them and win, I'm all right. I'd go insane if any of them thought for a minute . . . I didn't know what I was doing, that I'd made a mistake. Don't you see? I'm trying to make them believe in me . . . so that I can believe in myself. . . . But how could you see? How could you!"

He shook his fists in the air. He sat down heavily, as if exhausted.

He glared at the woman, almost as an insane man might glare, but behind his eyes there was a desperate appeal and, moved by some impulse which she could not define, and strangely without terror over his outburst, Margaret sank to his lap and drew his head to her shoulder.

She stroked his hair, soothing him as she might have soothed a child. And all the time she was cold towards him, miserably aware that some mysterious thing barred him from ever changing. But she must stay and help him. That was her duty before God and man.

THERE was a long silence. Mark buried his working face against her breast, recovering his control. Shame swept him. He mustn't act like this. He mustn't let a woman stand in the way of his accomplishment. He mustn't give away the ghost that walked with him.

There were many women, many as beautiful and as sweet who wouldn't be so particular. Was he crazy all at once? Panic came. His confidence must be slipping. He'd have to bring her to heel. His agonised brain worked and raced. He had lost control of himself. He had betrayed weakness. Of course, he was a fool. He could win her again, if not by force then by love. He'd get her crazy about him, and then she'd be blind to his actions. He'd win her faith and confidence and then send her to live in Marshfield, where he could spend week-ends with her and think of nothing but love and laughter. That was the way out. Why hadn't he thought of it before?

That his own wife should fall out of love with him was a blow, of course, but it had occurred merely because he had not paid attention to that matter. Now he would win her again and hold her and see she didn't know too much. He'd work under cover while she remained in Waldport. That was it. He must handle this affair with care and grimness. Once she was in Marshfield he'd come out and fight again. But none of that would ease the ache in his heart. He wondered dully if anything ever would. He felt very tired. Was any of it worth it after all?

Margaret was saying, gently, stroking his hair, "Let's dress for dinner, Mark." And he answered, so normally that she wondered if what had gone before had actually been said, "Yes, dear. I feel rather hungry. And I have to hurry back to the office."

She hesitated and then lightly kissed his upturned forehead. His arm tightened

around her for a moment. Then he sighed, released her gently, and after she stood up regained his own feet. She adjusted her hair, regarding him gravely the while.

She ventured, "Mark, won't you tell me . . . what it is that worries you so? Perhaps I could help."

He shot a startled look at her and fumbled with his tie. He averted his eyes then and smiled twistedly.

"You wouldn't understand, dear. If you could love me again you'd help me. It's something that shouldn't bother me at all, I suppose. But I'm made queerly. Must be. I've got to be always sure. . . . Something to do with my last voyage at sea. Some day, perhaps, I'll tell you."

"If I only knew—" she suggested with puckered brows, regarding him strangely. What was it that had marred him so in those days before she had met him? He was shaking his head.

He said gravely, "Don't bother about it. It's nothing terrible, like a murder." He laughed without mirth. If it only was a murder it wouldn't bother him at all.

She bit her lip and looked out of the window. Yet he meant well. She wanted to be fair. She turned to him with a smile, but he was already starting for the doorway to go upstairs and change. She sighed and stared after him.

She wondered what Bruce was doing, if he was thinking of her. Poor boy, he was so badly in love. What would he do? She would have to leave town, insist on residing in Toledo or Marshfield so he would not see her.

It would be torture for both of them to constantly meet in Waldport, to live only a few hundred yards apart, with their love a flaming thing and denied any expression. And then men were apt to do queer, reckless things when love was denied them. She had been terrified for days that Bruce would come to the house to see her.

She had been angry with him as it was for twice sending her flowers and a note that he must talk over the yacht plans with her. Yacht plans! As if they talked of such things at such times.

She had gone to the yard to see him, of course, but it was indiscreet, almost dangerous. Mark knew, of course. His Indian told him everything. But at least she could still look him in the eyes and be angry because of this espionage. She had never allowed Bruce to touch her again when they were alone, never allowed him to kiss her.

IT was exquisite agony to sit opposite him and not be able to smooth his temples and nestle against his coat and plan the future. But there was some small relief and joy in having him watch her every movement, love her with his eyes and with every word that fell from his lips, even if they talked of ordinary things. But she mustn't see him any more. She was only a woman, and very weak in his presence.

She went upstairs at last to change, flushed a little, her eyes starry because of her thoughts. The sound of Mark in his room brought her to herself and the brightness of her eyes slowly faded.

She entered the dining-room with Mark, and they sat silently through the meal despite several cocktails he had taken. She expected that he would spend the evening with her, though he had mentioned once he had to go to the office. But still he might cancel that appointment and give her some time if she asked him.

She said, rather diffidently, "You'll take me to the Smith's to-night, dear? We've promised to call." Mr. Smith was superintendent of the sawmill. Mark drank half a glass of wine before replying, and when he did it was slowly, as if each word had been weighed.

"I'd like to, dear. Perhaps to-morrow night. But I've a meeting at the bank with four of the ranchers, and I expect to close a deal. Ought to net me five thousand. I'll try and be home early."

She nodded without visible emotion, though she felt like laughing. Be home early. She knew these meetings with ranchers. Everyone drank too much, sometimes played poker until late. Mark loved her, but he couldn't miss a business deal.

CHAPTER 8.

IN the quiet hills Bruce Marmont sat with his hands clasped over his knees and watched the dawn flame pale against the night. He could see far off, over other crests that billowed and rolled below him, the glitter of the starlit sea. All around him was the silence that precedes the day.

The treetops were silver in the growing light. The valleys were black, and under the branches the shadows were purple and shifting grey. The grass that clothed the clearings was heavy with dew, and there were dew-beads on the moss that rested where the grass had failed to grow.

As the light brightened, somewhere behind him Bruce heard a deer rustle and step daintily. He was so still that a little woodmouse ran out of its hole two feet away before sensing the presence of a human and darting back again. The campfire was dull white ash. Unused blankets were still in a roll against a knapsack. At Bruce's feet lay his rifle and a small-gauge shotgun, flecked with rust along the barrels where the dew had rested.

He picked the rifle up, wiped it with an oily rag, and absently put it down again. He repeated the process with the shotgun. His face was haggard and drawn, his eyes hollow. His lips were the lips of a man who had gone through strange places, places of horror and indestructible memory, tight stretched over the teeth, with lines as brackets in either cheek.

The dawn blazed cream and gold above the hills. There was no sun as yet, but the forest tops were quivering with orange light, and the black valley shadows were turning blue. A bird called. There was the mutter of a river far away and the slow commencing hum of myriad insect life.

Bruce Marmont stared away towards the sea. He had reached a decision before

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602677

leaving his shipyard that afternoon. He had thought all night, and his decision remained unchanged. He loved Margaret Bradley. He believed she was on the verge of loving him, if already she did not admit it to herself.

He had looked in her eyes, he had felt her hand tremble in his. He had felt her lips for one mad minute answering his. He knew, **knew**. And he had decided that if she wanted him to be would take her away. His desire for her was such that he could not endure it, could not fight against it with her presence constantly feeding it.

There were marriage vows, of course. There were laws of convention, it was true. But love was a fact of life before either. And it was a stark matter of obviousness that a woman who lived with a man against her will, or because of convention, was nothing better than a prostitute. Still, Mar-

garet might not look at it that way. She might consider she ought to live out her life with the man she had married. But then, again, she had said once that women were not men's slaves any more. She had observed that this was not the Middle Ages.

BRUCE had been in Waldport four years, and he knew Captain Bradley's character as well as any outside man could know. He knew the man's inextinguishable pride, knew his manner of boasting, his reputed, and so far, except for the Stitz affair, unchallenged infallibility.

The man had tackled some big tasks. He had wrested wealth in an alien country, and from alien people. He had matched the best financial brains of the State, and so far come off best. He knew what he wanted, and he drove to his goal, letting nothing stop him. He brushed men and women and opposition aside as if they did not exist. Matters were so now that men believed the Captain was unbeatable, invincible, and so were afraid to oppose him.

Now he was married to a woman who, in spite of general opinion, refused to be dominated, refused to sit meekly by and watch her husband grow powerful and wealthy and hated without wanting to share the battle, the glory or the blame. He was linked with someone now who did not approve of his methods and his ruthlessness, who took no stock in his mad schemes. Someone human, with a pitying heart. Someone with strength of mind. Something would have to break when strong wills met. Men had expected it would be Margaret. Now they were not so sure.

Bruce Marmont alone was certain that the captain's wife would never bend to his will. And he alone knew that she would suffer mental torments, perhaps some physical violence, if she continued to oppose her husband. He would be, in the end, as ruthless with her as he was to others.

The break would come, must come. The captain would do something unforgettable, something that would horrify Margaret Bradley to such a degree she would take a determined stand. And when the break did come Bruce wanted to be there to comfort and protect. He knew, by opposing the captain he would assure his own financial disaster. He might even have to get out of the county, and perhaps the State. And there would be no hope for the woman to get free. Bradley had influence and power in the courts, and he wouldn't let a divorce go through. He dare not. He would lose potential control of the Forbes money if he did. And gone would be one of his main steps to power.

Bruce had thought it all out. He was determined to go his own way. He was an idealist, an insane radical some people called him. He would fight for the common people, for the fishermen and the settlers and the trappers. He would help them organise against this gigantic octopus, Bradley, that threatened to control not only their bodies but also their souls.

It was already known that Bradley dominated the elections. The sheriff was his man, and the county judge, and the governor himself was under obligation. He was the power behind the throne. The Forbes connection had strengthened him. He had the law on his side, or what was called law.

Well, Bruce Marmont would fight, fight with every dollar and ounce of strength he possessed. And he would fight, not only for the principle in which he believed, but for the spirit and the free soul of Margaret Bradley. He would help her keep her own idealism and her faith. And when the fight became too much for her, when Bradley was unbearable to her, then he would take her away somewhere where they could begin over again. He must first help the fishermen in their fight, and then he would be free to go away.

It never occurred to Bruce that Margaret was the daughter of wealth, and heiress in her own right, while he would be penniless and an outcast. He was a young man in love for the first time, and there were no obstacles save the marriage bonds. His thoughts, for all his idealism, were based on selfishness where his love was concerned, though he honestly strove as much as he could to think of the best way out for the woman.

The full dawn came at last and the red sun peered over the lip of the world. Birds sang as though they had never been asleep at all. Deer moved in little herds in the glades. Once a bear crashed through a thicket, and a pigeon cooed monotonously high up an ancient tree.

Bruce sighed and rose to his feet. He stretched and winced with the pain of aching muscles. He had been awake all night, sitting and smoking, staring into the fire, pacing back and forth, and gazing into the darks of the forest. Now he was utterly weary and spent once decision was his. He spread his blankets, rolled himself in them, and tried to sleep. New doubts assailed him, and he was a long time banishing them and closing his eyes.

IN Waldport, Captain Bradley was in conference with the editor of the little local paper. A group of men sat in a back room behind the old fashioned press. The air reeked of ink and stale cigar-smoke, of new paper, and the fumes of whiskey. Huddled in a wooden chair, one arm resting on the keys of a battered typewriter, was the editor. Opposite him, standing, his hands in the side pockets of his jacket, was the captain. Sitting by the captain was Shaver, a thick shouldered, beefy sort of man with a scrubby yellow moustache and little blue eyes. He was dressed in a rough blue-wool jersey, blue overalls and rubber thigh boots. His hands were thick and gross and misshapen. He was slightly drunk and appeared to have only a hazy idea of what the proceedings were about.

The editor was saying, hopelessly, and in a dull sort of voice, "You know there'll be a lot of opposition. Marmont's popular and they think he'll talk up to you."

"Never mind." The captain was coldly insistent. "You do as I say, Cummings. You support Shaver, write up a lot about him, and the day before the union is to be formed put out an extra urging the fishermen to vote for him."

"I think Marmont's the better man," the editor whimpered doggedly. His eyes were heavy, but now they showed a flash of spirit. "It's against newspaper ethics. I ought to support the best man. I worked on the 'Oregonian' once with Harvey Scott . . . ."

"Yes, I know." The captain sneered. "News editor, weren't you? Got kicked out for boozing . . . Well, you're down now to this Waldport sheet and you'll do as you're told. I'll remind you your machinery is all tied up on a note, and I can chase you out any time. There's a lot of men would like your job."

The other put a shaking hand to his jaw and wiped it slowly. He half-sneered. Sometimes men thought he was a little crazy. Often he thought so himself.

"I know. I know . . . I suppose I've gone so far I might as well help to send the rest to hell . . . But it's against ethics and I was a newspaper man once." He mumbled on incoherently about his past glory, that job he had once held that was to him a yard-stick.

THE captain muttered with impatience. He bent suddenly over to Shaver and drew a flask from that worthy's hip pocket. He handed it to the editor and snapped, "Here, for God's sake stop that whining. You'll do as I say."

"All right. I'll write up Shaver." The editor reached for the flask and uncorked it. "If I e'd leave it alone . . ." Some vision brightened his eyes until the captain sneered. Then the vision faded, and he licked his lips. He drank long and deeply.

The fisherman, Shaver, leaned forward and growled, "Hold on. That's my licker . . . . And you leave Marmont t' me. I'll beat in his lily face afore I'm through."

"That's settled then," said the captain. He teetered back and forth on his heels for a moment and thought. "Now don't rush things, Shaver. When you're president act as if you were going to lay down the law to me. You can even pull a bluff on me about that in front of the men if you like. That'll get some. The main thing is to hinder and stop any resolutions and keep the men working. Savee?"

"Aye, sir," sullenly.

"And keep reasonably sober. You talk too much when you're drinking."

"I don't need to be told. An' you need not start bossing me around . . ."

An iron hand gripped the fisherman's shoulder and he found himself gazing into the captain's set face. He wilted, whimpered. Deadly terror contorted his features. He was abruptly sober.

"You scum! You'll take what I give you, see? One whisper more from you and you go to the pen for that smuggling business. Get that and shut up! The day you get elected president you get fifty dollars, and if you manage to keep the men working I'll give you some more."

"Yessir. . . . Ow, leggo my shoulder. I'll see to it, sir."

The captain removed his hand and brushed it down his coat as though to remove a stain. He nodded to the editor who was breathing hard and staring at the half empty flask.

"Now you'll both understand. Well, I'll leave Shaver with you and you can get some sort of story out of him. You've only a week to go before the fishermen are to meet." He swung on his heel and left the office. He was scowling. He disliked using such men as Shaver, but nearly every other fisherman on Alsea Bay was his enemy and not to be bribed. He thought he could manage Shaver so long as he was strict with him and didn't let him get too familiar. And there was always that efficient threat of the pen.

AT lunch Margaret asked him a question that nearly made him curse at her again. He remembered himself in time, though, and tried to smile, tried to make allowances that she was a woman and therefore curious. Besides he loved her. He had to make her love him.

"I heard some women in the store this morning, Mark. They said the fishermen

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602678

are going to form their union the end of this week and they want to have Bruce Marmont as president. But they said you're backing a man named Shaver and . . ."

"Dear," he pleaded, "please don't go into business. No one's going to be smashed or hurt or anything this time. I've just got to get control of that union or I'll lose a good many thousand dollars in the cannery season and in the fresh fish season, too." He reached across for her hand and held it for a moment.

She frowned and dabbed at her meat with her fork. She took a drink of water and commenced again, smiling a little.

"I don't want to make you angry, Mark, but I can't help thinking you've got some other idea in view besides just getting control of the union. Why don't you help Mr. Marmont?"

"Because he's too independent. Don't you see I'd be tied hand and foot once a union gets a foothold in this town? I've got to make the thing a failure. If the fishermen get started and succeed I'll have the trappers and the farmers next getting into a combine. And the fishermen in Newport and all along the coast will start. This sort of thing spreads." He hated to have to explain anything. It was a sort of justifying of a man's acts and Captain Bradley's acts should never need justification.

"Well, the men must have a reason for forming a union."

He made a gesture of irritation. "It's just a lot of foolishness. It's just a scheme on the part of men like Marmont to oppose me and get a bit of extra money for themselves."

She was indignant then. "Mr. Marmont told me he was not going to accept a penny from the men if they elected him. He just wanted to have a scale of prices fixed that would allow a fair profit to the men and to you."

"So you've talked it over with Marmont, eh?" His face darkened. "As my wife you might at least pretend to confine your interest to my side of the proposition."

"I can't help it, Mark, I can't help it all. I'm made that way, I suppose. I don't think Mr. Marmont influenced me so much either. I really think the men have right on their side. I asked one of the women to explain it to me and I can see that with the price you pay them for their catches they can't possibly ever get out of debt. They have to rent their boats from you and their nets. They live in your houses and pay you rent. They have to buy at your stores at your prices. And you won't let them sell their fish in Newport. Can't you imagine what a sordid, hopeless life they must lead? Can't you be satisfied with just a little less money and see people happy and liking you?"

He gritted his teeth and managed, "Well?" He was getting angry. Yet he must be gentle with her.

"Mr. Marmont told me once that your net profits on the canned goods averaged one hundred and fifty per cent. And your fresh fish profits were nearly half of that."

"It's no more than the other canneries make."

"But that isn't the point. Can't you be reasonable, Mark? I'd be much happier if you were on good terms with the men instead of always warring with them. Can't you be content with a fair income and let them have an income, too? I should think you'd rather have independent workmen than slaves. You drive them to desperation. Look at old Mr. Carson. He would never have shot himself if you hadn't taken his little farm and home away."

"Don't let's go into that again."

"But, Mark, I do want to try and respect you and love you, and I can't do it if you go on as you have been doing. Why, some of the little children in the fishermen's houses haven't even shoes to wear. Some of them stand around the saloon doors and wait for drunken men to come out and give them money for candy. Their own parents can't afford any."

"It's a free country. Their parents can get out and work elsewhere."

She shook her head. It was so hard to talk to him, to reason with him. He must know that the talk of a free country was only a sophistry, a sop to the people. Bruce had convinced her of that. How could a country be free when men were still slaves? She tried again.

"But I'm sure if Mr. Marmont controlled the union he'd be reasonable. He wouldn't want to ruin you. He's only after a fair living for everyone."

"That's enough!" Anger overcame the heartache, the desire to be gentle and patient with her. His pride was hurt again. He rose to his feet and flung down his napkin. His clenched fist struck the table. He said hoarsely, "I want you more than any woman I've ever known, Margaret, but I can't let you ruin me. I'm made that way, too, I suppose. Why can't you just forget all this and leave it to me? Will you go and live in Marshfield where you won't see it all?"

"I couldn't forget it," she whispered in a strained voice. "Mark, the women talk to me sometimes and I can see they feel sorry for me. They ask me things, what you're going to do next. They're afraid of you. They look on you as a malevolent devil. They hate you. I'm afraid some of them some day will kill you! . . . I've taken them clothes sometimes, and baskets of food."

"Have I ever objected to your charity work?"

"They shouldn't need charity. The men work all hours, from dawn to sunset, and they should have enough to be independent of any help. It's the children that I pity most of all. Half of them have never been to school. Their mothers keep them home to hoe their little garden patches and to mend their fathers' nets."

"I don't want to hear any more. What you want me to do would ruin me. My income would drop to nothing. I've got what I've got in open competition with all men and it's their own fault if they can't make the grade."

"I wish you'd just talk things over with Mr. Marmont some time. . . ." She stopped short, suddenly aware she had gone too far, had not approached the thing rightly.

He burst out in fury, knocking his cup from the table.

"Damn Marmont! That man has bewitched you. You can't think of anything without he doesn't come in. I'll smash him higher than a kite and chase him out of here. Until he came four years ago there was not a whimper out of the men. He's filled up their heads with a lot of foolish ideas about rights and now they think of nothing else. I won't have my wife consorting with his kind. That's flat. You're half crazy about him already, and next thing I know you'll be going down to live in his shack!"

"Mark!" Her eyes were blazing and she had risen from her chair. All the suppressed feelings burst forth into flaming rebellion. "How dare you imply such a thing! I respect Mr. Marmont more than any man I know. I hope you appreciate that. **More than any man I know.** Because he's fair and you never are. You profess to love me and yet you want me to be like those fishermen, not whimper as you'd call it. Well, if you can't be fair to them you'll never be fair to me. I suppose I shouldn't expect it." Her voice cut like a whip.

He was unable to understand. His anger faded a little. He was really trying to please her. Great perplexity winged through him. He spread his hands.

"My God! What are those men to you? You don't suffer, do you? You don't have to listen to their talk. Why don't you stay in the house and buy yourself pretty things and let me love you? What does it matter if a thousand men starve to death? There will be ten thousand born to take their place. Life's cheap. I'll look after you. . . . I wish I could see your viewpoint, but it's beyond me. You're filled up on that socialistic stuff. You want me to share all I've got, I suppose. Margaret, can't you just let me love you?"

She shook her head helplessly. They would never understand each other. They belonged to two entirely different ages and schools of thought. She sat down, and her hands fluttered at her throat. She could see their ultimate separation looming closely now before her, and the scandal and the heart-break, and she was appalled. And it was her fault this crisis had been precipitated. Why hadn't she kept quiet about the union. To change him if he could be changed would be a slow process.

Anger had taken hold of him again and he raved.

"It's that Marmont! You'd never have such ideas but for him. Well, I tell you I'll break him. He'll never be head of any damned union round here. I own the paper. I control the damned thing anyway, and it's going to back Shaver. And I'm going to send Joe Brown round to tell every fisherman that if Marmont's elected head I'll close on every note I hold and send the price of fish down again. Get that! And as for you," he shook his fist in the air, "I'll bring you in line. I love you!"

He choked and stopped for breath a minute. "I love you more than I ever thought I could love a woman. But, by

God, I'll love you in my own way or not at all. I thought I might try your way, but I can't. You talk about how you are made. Well, I'm so made I've got to rule or die. You hear, rule or die!" He hammered on his chest. "I'm in hell in here, fighting all the time. You're making things worse, tormenting me more, adding another issue to the fight. I'm not going to have my career all shot for anyone, not even for you. Stay with me and I'll make you the most envied woman in the world. I'll make you a queen if you want to be one. I can do it! I'll tear up this whole damned county by the roots if you want me to. But you've got to leave me alone."

He stopped for want of breath and sat down, burying his head in his hands. He rose again immediately and crossed to the buffet. He poured a drink and tossed the liquor down. The vein in his forehead was pulsing like a live thing.

Margaret said, quietly, "I think you're a little unbalanced at times, Mark. Won't you sit down and talk to me and be reasonable?" She was a little shaken herself now. She was amazed how indifferent she felt towards him, as if his last outburst had wiped away every vestige of past love and almost the memory of it.

He glared at her, slammed down the glass he held. Then he laughed and his mouth went in grim lines. It was so ut-

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602679

terly hopeless that she couldn't understand. What did she know of the "Aida Macree and a mistake in navigation?

"I'm through . . . I've told you what I think and feel. I'll always love you, though you mayn't believe it. You want me to be like that pup Marmont, I suppose. Love you in some damned puppy way. Kissing all the time and doing whatever you ask. Well, I can't, that's all."

He strode away with a swagger of furious pride, and she heard the stairs creak as he went up to his room. She sat still for a long time, gazing at the white tablecloth. She was to blame perhaps as well as he. She had taken him blindly, trusting, for better or for worse, and his ideas should be her own. Yet she couldn't live as he lived, hated by everyone. The Indian woman came in to clear away the dishes, a little afraid of the hot voices she had heard. She shot a covert glance at her mistress and, being married herself and wise, she gathered up a plate or two and vanished.

Finally Margaret laid down her napkin and stood up. She crossed to the window and looked over the bay. Her husband's declarations and anger had left her unmoved. She was not even frightened. She knew that she did not love him, had never loved him. She knew now she never could.

CHAPTER 9

THE inky-faced boy who set type for the Waldport "Bulletin" scampered into the office behind the antiquated press, gaspod "Lady, sir," and scampered away again. The editor rose with what dignity he could muster, acutely conscious of his collarless shirt and ruffled hair, and bowed as Margaret Bradley entered. She started to sit down in a chair when the editor stopped her with a grimy hand. He hiccoughed and reached for a sheet of clean paper.

"Spoil that dress," he said thickly. "Ink all over."

She sat down at last and smiled gratefully. The editor resumed his seat and pushed an empty whisky bottle under the desk with his foot. He picked up a pencil and looked interested.

"You have some news for me, Mrs. Bradley?"

"No." She regarded her shoe intently for a moment. "No, I haven't." Then she took from her handbag a folded newspaper, opened it and spread it on the desk, holding it flat with little, gloved hands.

"Did you write all this about this man Shaver?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"It's really all a great lie, isn't it?"

"Well, ma'am . . ." The editor rubbed his long-unshaven chin and squinted up at a smudged calendar on the wall. The question seemed to suddenly get home to him, for he started, gaped, and then mumbled in a confused way, "Well, I wouldn't say that. . . . We aim to print only the truth and . . ."

"Yes," she broke in impatiently, "I know. But why are you opposing Bruce Marmont? Everyone in town tells me he's the best man."

"Bruce Marmont?" The man's fogged brain cleared a little and he regarded her with some astonishment. "Don't you know, ma'am? Why . . . well, he's not the right man for the head of the new union."

"Don't lie to me." The little hand resting on the desk clenched into a fist. "Mr. Cummings, you're afraid of my husband and he's made you do this."

"Oh, no." The huddled, drunken figure in the swivel chair waved indignant arms. "Not at all. It would be against newspaper ethics for an editor to be intimidated." He would not meet her eyes, though, when she leaned forward.

"Then why don't you write the truth? You know a fishermen's union, with Mr. Marmont at the head, would be the salvation of Waldport."

"Why?" started the editor weakly. Why? . . ." He looked up at the calendar again. His hands gripped the arms of his swivel chair. His drink-glazed eyes looked down the years and saw another newspaper office; alert, keen men; himself at a huge desk with responsibility heavy upon him. He sighed half-involuntarily. That was over, that glory was past. He was nothing now but a bum, a middle-aged failure, beyond hope and entirely lost to faith.

THE woman said impatiently, "Well, why don't you? Why are you afraid of my husband?"

The man stared at her and gave a twisted smile. He knew, of course, that she was in love with Bruce Marmont; all Waldport knew or guessed that. But surely she wasn't going to ask him to support Bruce against her husband.

"My plant's all mortgaged to him . . . payment's been overdue for years. He could kick me out to-morrow. . . . I've got a kid, young boy in college. . . ." His voice trailed to a whisper. It always did when he spoke of the boy. It was as if he spoke of God, of someone so far above him as to be mentioned only rarely and with reverence.

"If you were independent again, would you speak the truth?"

He looked at her dully. Hope flickered and died. He was a middle-aged failure, ruined. "I don't aim to be independent again."

"What do you owe Captain Bradley?"

He shrugged. He said with cynical laughter, "Must be near four thousand dollars with the interest."

She leaned further forward and laid a gloved hand on his knees. He winced curiously at the touch.

"Mr. Cummings, I understand you were a fine newspaper man once."

He straightened unconsciously. The years opened to let his vision through. "The best news editor in the State. . . . I was on the 'Oregonian' with Harvey Scott."

"You can do it, then. I will trust you. I want you to help pull Waldport out of the slough it's fallen into. When is your next issue coming out?"

"Before the union is formed. I'm getting out an extra the day before. We only publish twice a week, y'know. . . . But I couldn't say anything . . ."

"The union's to be formed next Friday—is that right? This is Tuesday. Can a messenger get to Toledo and back by Thursday, in time to take up your mortgage before the bank closes?"

"Eh? Toledo? Yes, I suppose so." The editor was bewildered. "It's near 30 miles. . . . Hard riding. But . . ."

"I'll have 5000 dollars here by Thursday then, and you can sell me your paper. You pay off the mortgage, keep what's over to . . . to help that boy in school and stay here as editor and be independent."

"Independent?" echoed the astonished man. "Are you proposing to buy me up over your husband's head?" He was quite sober now and hope was flooding back and jostling unbelief.

"I will if you promise me to stop drinking."

"Stop drinking?" he gulped. His eyes wandered all over the office. Then they came to rest on Margaret Bradley's face and his own face reddened.

HE said quietly, "I'm pretty much of a failure to invest in. I started when my wife died. I . . . loved her, you see, and I couldn't forget . . . things. For the boy's sake I came down here. His college is in Portland and he mustn't see me . . . now. . . . I'll try to stop. God knows, I'll try. It'll be easier . . . after what you've said. But 5000 dollars? Can you raise that money?"

She laughed. "Oh, yes, Mr. Cummings. . . . But this must be a complete secret. Even after you've lifted the mortgage you mustn't say who's backing you. Understand? And now you write a long article saying why Mr. Marmont should be elected head of the union, all ready for that extra. It'll be a surprise to everyone and have that much more effect."

It took nearly half an hour to convince the editor that fortune had really come. He was entirely dazed, happy, trembling with high resolve. Then, when Margaret had gone, he looked at his typewriter and whispered, "Miracles do happen. . . . And you were on the 'Oregonian' once. It's a chance to pull clear. Something to leave the boy." Thereafter he day-dreamed until dusk came and, putting on his hat, he went to his room in the Waldport Hotel and bathed and shaved and changed. Where hope is, life has vigor, and hope had just come to Cummings.

Margaret Bradley sent a fisherman to Billy Stitz with a sealed envelope. Inside was a cheque on a Toledo bank for 5000 dollars, a 50-dollar bill for expenses and a note that said: "Dear Mr. Stitz, I know you're a friend of Mr. Marmont and I want you to do me a favor. Send away and have the enclosed cheque cashed immediately and the money delivered to me personally before 3 o'clock on Thursday afternoon. Please don't mention this to anyone. This is very important.—Margaret Bradley."

And Billy Stitz, much mystified, but following his code to help even the friend of a friend, had a horse saddled and went to Toledo himself. The fear was his that perhaps Bruce and the woman were planning definitely to run away. What else could the money be desired for? He would have liked to talk with Bruce first, but there appeared no time. He rumbled oaths in his throat and spurred his horse on.

ABOUT the time Stitz was climbing into the saddle Bruce was striding down the trail into Waldport after a week in the hills, two haunches of venison slung across his shoulders and peace written on his face. In his eyes there was a calm and steadfast light. He was bound on the Wheel of Life and was being carried to an inevitable conclusion. And instead of fighting he was running with the swing.

He washed up and changed in his shack and then went down to the bay to get a boat and look over the schooner, on which the men were still working. He walked over her with his head carpenter, gave advice, ordered one bulkhead to be torn down and built up again and then returned ashore satisfied. A fisherman approached him as he landed and handed him a folded newspaper.

"Some o' Bradley's work, Bruce," the man commented sourly. He leaned on one foot and waited. The men of Waldport had come to rely on the young shipyard owner. Bruce opened the paper and scanned the badly-printed headlines. He smiled. The whole paper was filled with matter about Shaver, his life history, his achievements as an honest fisherman, his belief in the workers' cause. It was urged he be elected president of the proposed union by an overwhelming majority so that he would carry authority whenever he was called upon to uphold the workers' rights.

"Bunk!" said Bruce. He handed back the paper. "No one believes that. Every fisherman here knows what Shaver is, personally, and the few that are coming down

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602680

from Newport and the little coast towns are strong for me."

The fisherman pushed back his sou'-wester and scratched his thick hair. His eyes were moody.

"Aye, but that ain't 'alf. The fellers from the outside'll vote for you solid, but there ain't more'n a dozen of them. And there's near 30 odd in Waldport 'ere that'll vote for Shaver."

"I thought they wanted me."

"They do. But Bradley sent around that Joe Brown of 'is to say that if you wus elected we'd all lose our houses and the price of fish'd go down another couple o' cents. What c'n we do?"

"I see." Bruce looked across the bay and his eyes did not lose their steadfast calmness. "Well, you tell the boys this." He paused and made rapid calculations in his mind. The fisherman kicked the sand dejectedly with his seaboot, shamefaced and bitter that they should all have to desert the banner of this open-faced, kindly man.

"YOU tell 'em," said Bruce slowly, "that I'm going to start building fishing boats either in my yard or in a Newport yard, and every man in the union can buy them on easy terms, terms which won't hurt them—I mean by delivering to me so many pounds of fish each day for a certain number of days. I'll organise the whole thing. That'll enable them to be independent of Bradley for boats."

"Good idea," commented the fisherman. He brightened up. "You're sure a decent guy, Bruce. I 'magine we'd most all throw up our 'ands and work for ever on the same conditions if you wasn't behind us. We'd a scheme afore you came by which we all chipped in every three months and sent a man an' 'is woman an' kids out of this. When 'e got work 'e sent in 'is whack for the next man. We'd 'ave all been out of 'ere by this time, mebbe, but Bradley got wise an' stopped it. Don't ask me 'ow. 'Ow does 'e stop everything?"

"Aye," Bruce checked the flow of chatter. "Well, you can tell the rest this too. I'm putting what little money I have into a small ocean-going ship. She's not much of a craft, but I can fix her up. I saw her in Frisco when I was down there getting the order for the Margaret Bradley. The men can turn over their catches to me and I'll pay them what Bradley pays, cash down. Then I'll take four or five of you and we'll run the ship each day up the coast and express the catch in on the train to Salem and Portland. If the price we get is bigger than what I've paid we split all around on the difference. We might have to salt some of the fish down, but that can be fixed. I'll go out to the valley towns some time next week after the election and see if I can't rustle up orders. We'll try it, anyway."

There was a lot more and the fisherman ceased to look shamefaced and bitter as the plan unfolded. Bruce had spent his time in the hills in thought. He believed he had a way by which the hold of Bradley over Waldport could be broken. The fisherman believed it too and he went excitedly away to tell those who could be trusted. Bruce had warned him, "Don't let too much get out right away."

Bruce went into his shack and sat on the bed staring at the snapshot of Margaret that had stood on his dressing-table and which he had taken into the hills. She was worth fighting and suffering for. They would be very happy together. Why hadn't he met her before Mark Bradley? He was recalled to the present by the soft click of the door-latch, and he hastily thrust the snapshot out of sight. He called "Come in," and wondered who could be trying to enter without the conventional warning knock. Joe Brown stood in the doorway.

BRUCE stood up. Captain Bradley must have sent a message. But the Indian did not speak. His swarthy face was a lowering mask. Only his eyes glittered with some deep passion and gave to Bruce a sort of half warning that made him frown quickly and tense. The Indian shut the door with his foot.

He said, gutturally, "You have caused trouble since you came. You have darkened his heart and troubled his lodge."

"What on earth . . .?" started the amazed Bruce, and then he understood. Either the captain had sent the Indian or the man had come from some perverted sense of great loyalty. The Indian's hand flicked to his shirt and a knife shone silver in the little room. Bruce uttered an astonished, inarticulate cry as the Indian leaped, silent as a cougar; deadly as a mad wolf.

There was no time to do anything save brace the legs and hit straight. More by chance than design Bruce's clenched fist struck the other a slanting blow across the temple, staggering him so that the first quick, savage stab of the knife ripped open the left side of Bruce's shirt instead of his stomach.

He went sick with horror at the narrow escape, and as the Indian struck against the side of the bed and clawed for balance Bruce leaped to the corner where his guns were stacked, jerked up a Springfield, and, not thinking to shoot, dropped the butt heavily against the Indian's chest as he leaped again.

The blow almost knocked the man down, certainly took all his breath. He dropped to his knees, swayed, almost collapsed, his glittering eyes set on Bruce's face. Then with an effort he recovered, lifted his knife to throw, and hurled it into the wall near the ceiling as Bruce flung the rifle into his face and jumped right after it. He landed on the Indian's chest and bore him right back to the floor. There was no further fight. The Indian panted and strangled, and blood flowed stickily from a slit down his cheek. Bruce shook him angrily.

"What's the idea?" he shouted. "Did that damned Bradley send you? Answer me, or I'll wring your neck."

"Not him," wheezed the Indian painfully. "I came alone. He said nothing. . . . I love him and you are his enemy. You have taken his wife."

"Shut up!" roared the carpenter furiously.

WAS his heart public property? The Indian subsided into a stoical silence. He did not seem to care what happened to him. He had a faith that whatever did happen his master would soon set right. But Bruce merely propelled him resistlessly to the door, opened it, and threw him out. He fell heavily in the dirt and lay panting, his eyes never leaving the white man's face.

Bruce threw the Indian's knife after him and slammed the door. He slipped the bolt and then went about tidying himself up. He shook a little from the excitement and from a certain anger that burned him. He did not believe that the Indian had come to kill him of his own volition. Well, he'd face Bradley with the facts, anyway.

He slipped a revolver into his pocket by way of precaution, unbolted the door, flung it suddenly open and stepped forth. The Indian had gone. Bruce, after a quick glance around, set towards town, and his usually good-humored, kindly face was not pleasant to look upon. Also he walked like a man bent on some distasteful errand, but one which now he had set his hand to he would accomplish to the bitter end.

Captain Bradley was standing on the sidewalk of the main street, near his saloon, talking to two of the men who ran the card tables for him. He looked up as Marmont drew near, laughed and nodded with apparent perfect friendliness. Bruce stopped and said curtly, "I want to talk with you."

The captain took a second glance at the other's set face, tightened his own lips because of the raw antagonism sensed, and spoke short words to his gamblers. They moved away, casting curious glances back, talking in low voices. The captain snapped, "What is it, Marmont?"

"Did you send your damned Indian to kill me?"

The captain was astonished. His jaw dropped. His eyes were mystified. He choked, "What? Kill you? . . . Has that fool been trying anything like that?"

"He stepped inside my shack not half an hour back, said something about my being your enemy, jerked out a knife and started in. I had quite a fight before I threw him out," said Bruce, somewhat re-

laxing, mollified because it was practically certain the captain was innocent.

"I'll see him," snapped the captain. "By God, I'll teach him to act without orders. . . . You won't be bothered again, Marmont. When I feel like killing you I'll come and do it personally, and I won't need a knife."

Bruce laughed and shrugged, his resentment fast vanishing. He believed the captain.

"I'll be ready, sir. But tell your Joe Brown to behave in future."

"He will," the captain said grimly. "And you try doing the same."

BRUCE started. He faced the captain squarely, and they stood not a foot apart, two quietly hostile specimens of manhood, smiling grimly into each other's eyes.

"I beg your pardon?"

"I say try behaving. You've only a few more weeks in this town and I wouldn't want to make them unpleasant if I were you."

"You mean you're running me out?"

"Of course. I've tolerated for so long because of the excitement. You certainly kept a man on his toes. . . . But there's also Mrs. Bradley."

"I . . . beg your pardon?" Bruce managed again.

"She doesn't like you," said the captain. "And I try to please her." He laughed in his throat. Bruce looked at him for a long minute.

Then he said, nodding, "I think I understand. Good-bye."

He turned and strode grimly away, and the captain's laughter followed him. He was too furious at knowing the captain was aware of his feelings to hear the bitter note that hid behind the mirth.

Two days slipped by and then a thunderbolt fell over Waldport and the surrounding country. Men were stunned. It was as if someone had opened the door leading to whispered and awesome possibilities. The "Bulletin" turned completely round in its policy and had issued an extra backing Bruce Marmont for president of the fishermen's union. Captain Bradley had been out of town all the morning, visiting a rancher up in the hills. When he returned he was met on the outskirts,

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602681

near the little sawmill he owned, by one of his cronies waving a paper.

The captain read and was speechless for a moment. Then he swung down from his horse, flung the reins to the man who had stopped him, and strode on foot down the street to the bank. He burst in on his cashier like an avenging presence, terrible in his anger.

"Get out the 'Bulletin' mortgage. We're foreclosing!"

The cashier looked at him curiously and then shook his head.

"You're too late, sir. The mortgage was taken up this afternoon at one-thirty."

"Taken up?" The captain was staggered. It was as unbelievable a miracle as the sea going dry.

The cashier for answer walked to the big safe against the wall behind the counter. He pulled open the door and groped inside. He turned and held up four new thousand-dollar bills. The captain choked.

"Where did Cummings get that from?"

"I didn't ask him, sir. I presumed that was his business and that you'd be glad to have an old debt taken up."

"You fool! You damned fool!" the captain shouted. "You should have waited for me to come in." There was a chair

near his hand, and he hurled it against the wall, so that it split and fell on one side. Had the cashier spoken he would have struck the man, but luckily for himself the cashier did not.

THE captain flung through the bank and into his office beyond. He hurled his hat across the room, kicked the waste basket aside and sat down before his desk. Some measure of coolness came. What was wrong? Cummings had raised four thousand dollars from somewhere, had taken up his mortgage, and was now speaking his mind.

Good heavens! Where would it end with an unthrottled newspaper loose in Waldport. A newspaper with a circulation that reached to the larger dailies, some of whom hated him. He'd be likely to start printing things that would attract attention throughout the State. Cummings was a brilliant man when sober. Well, that could be prevented. He called and Joe Brown came silently from the anteroom.

The captain spoke to him in a low, intent voice. Then he took a large bill from a wallet and handed it to the Indian. He muttered at the end, "Now, don't try any fool killings, mind," and the man assented sullenly and went as noiselessly as he had arrived. The captain sighed with relief. At least Cummings would be throttled again for awhile. Now to find out where he had procured the money, Marmont? That was likely enough the source of it. By God, he'd have to get that man out of the way!

The cockatoo rustled along the safe top and started, "Main yard! . . . Full and by! . . . North . . ." but the captain shouted, "Stop that, Sultan! I'll wring your —— neck if you say that again!" And the bird subsided for some reason best known to itself. The captain cursed. That reminded him again. He was to get that log page and the notes from Stitz in a day or so. He half-dreaded receiving them; supposing he worked out the Aida Macree's position from his old notes and found he had made a mistake?

But he hadn't. He was a fool to think so. Stitz had been bluffing all the time. The notes would show that . . . The damned fool figured on blackmailing him. He knew. But he'd never rest, never be sure of himself again until he found just what had happened that night of storm and wreck. He'd have to kill the blasted cockatoo. The bird was getting on his nerves. Strange how easily his nerves got upset since his marriage. Was he losing his grip?

HE got up at last, recovered his hat and set off for the shipyard. He found Bruce drawing some tentative designs for small fishing boats and smoking slowly his pipe. The carpenter put away set square and tablet as soon as he saw his visitor, and rose warily to his feet. He thought for one swift moment that Bradley had come about Margaret, but the first words made him forget such a thing. "I didn't know you were so crazy over the union as to pay four thousand cash for the presidency. Bought out the paper."

"What the devil do you mean?" Bruce was astonished. "Bought out what paper?"

"Here!" the captain thrust forward a copy of the "Bulletin's" extra and Bruce nodded.

"I've seen it," he said calmly. "I took it you'd changed your mind about backing Shaver."

"Changed my mind?" The captain was speechless and the vein swelled and pulsed in his forehead. "Changed my mind? You damned puppy! I'll smash you now if it's the last thing I do."

"I expect that. . . . But what's the idea then, Cummings writing me up at the last minute like this?"

"Don't pretend you don't know. You bought Cummings out!"

"You mean bought the paper?"

"I mean gave him the money so he could lift his mortgage and be independent of me."

"I never gave him any money."

"Bah! Don't tell lies!"

They faced each other white-faced and angry. A touch and they would be at each other's throat. Their muscles were crawling, their fists tight. The captain was insane with fury that he should not only be thwarted but that he should also be lied to. Bruce was raging inwardly because of the unwarranted accusation that he was buying the presidency of the union.

They glared. A hoarse voice said: "What's the game, cap'n?"

They both looked round, as though jerked by the same string, and saw Shaver. The fisherman had been drinking again and his coarse face was blotched and unhealthy looking. The captain gestured with spasmodic disgust.

"Get to hell out of this. I'll attend to you later."

The man only leered and put a familiar dirty paw on the captain's immaculate coat.

"You'd a contract wi' me 'bout that presidency. Where's me fifty dollars gone, eh? That's what I want t' know. Le's be gentlemen 'bout this. Where's me fifty dollars? That's what I——"

THE captain's face twisted with rage. He cursed deep in his throat. Pent-up fire burst in him. He pivoted lightly on the balls of his feet. There was a crack and Shaver staggered, doubled at the waist, and pitched forward. A red splotch grew on his unshaven jaw, apparent even through the scrub of dark hair.

The captain spurned the groaning figure with his foot and faced Bruce again. The carpenter had not moved. And save he was a little whiter he did not appear affected by the incident.

"Listen," said the captain, with an effort at calmness. "Someone handed Cummings four thousand dollars so that he could pay off his mortgage. I believe it was you. It means a serious blow to me and my business. I'll be frank about it and admit that I can't have an unmuzzled paper here."

"I didn't buy Cummings over," answered Bruce quietly. There was an ominous silence. The captain paused and looked him in the eyes. Then he intoned, simply: "I think I believe you, Marmont. Do you think it could have been Stitz?"

"Stitz wouldn't interfere with you unless you bothered him."

"Perhaps that's right. But who else round here has four thousand dollars to spare?"

"I suggest you see Cummings."

The captain forced a laugh. "Now, why didn't I think of that at first? By the way, Marmont, you'll not get the presidency in spite of this." He tapped the paper he still held. "I've still enough influence round here to stop you."

"I think you're wrong," Bruce commented with irritating indifference. The captain shrugged and moved away. He turned back again almost immediately.

"Another thing, Marmont. Don't put any more ideas in my wife's head. She's trying them out on men and it's not comfortable. For the sake of her own good name I'll ask you not to speak to her again."

Bruce flushed a little but his eyes remained steady.

"I'll be as frank with you as you profess to have been with me, Bradley. I think more of Mrs. Bradley than I do of anyone living. But I'll give you my word that I won't make any effort to speak to her again. When I wish to I'll do so in your presence or with your permission. I can't vouch for her not speaking to me."

"Thanks," the captain nodded curtly. "Your promise is enough. I hope you can keep your word. Just remember I always keep mine."

He bent and jerked the now mumbling and groaning Shaver to his feet. "You come with me." He added to Bruce, over his shoulder: "And remember, too, what I said once about shipping in Chinese labor."

BRUCE did not reply. He wondered if he should have given that promise. But then captain had put it in such a way. For the sake of her own good name. Yes. That was fair enough. When this union business was over with he could give his promise back to Bradley. The captain went away, half-dragging, half-carrying the semi-unconscious Shaver. When he was out of earshot he shook the fisherman savagely, jerked him to his feet, and slapped his face until he betrayed glimmerings of intelligence.

"Hold up, you dog! Listen to me! You go right among the men and talk fast. If I catch you drunk again I'll put you in gaol. You go among the men and tell them Marmont's bought out the paper just so he can get publicity for his bid for office. Understand? Just put it that there must be some motive behind it when a man pays four thousand dollars for a plant not worth three. Now beat it!" He sent the man staggering with a shove. He called after him: "You'll get the fifty bucks just the same if you do as I say."

Shaver mumbled to himself and nursed his jaw. Some day he promised himself he'd go up behind the captain with a piece of lead pipe. But he obeyed orders and went down among the fishermen's houses, where he bullied and swaggered, and would have been thrashed again had he not enjoyed immunity because of the captain's economic power.

Going back down town on his way to the

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602682

"Bulletin" office, the captain dropped into the saloon. The barkeeper bustled up to him, a glass ready in his hand. The captain shook his head.

"Not now. Give me a flask. But see that Shaver gets no more liquor until I say so. Pass the word round."

"Yes, captain. You bet," acknowledged the other, and he called to a half-caste Indian sprawled on a bench. The captain grunted satisfaction and continued his way. He strode in to the "Bulletin" office with a frown on his brow and the flask of whisky on his hip. But he found a strangely new and unfamiliar Cummings in a strangely clean and tidy editorial room.

"IT'S against newspaper ethics," said Cummings clearly when he heard that the captain wanted to know who owned the paper now. "I'll have to consult my employer, who wishes to remain unknown." He waved away the proferred flask, though his eyes gleamed. His collar was clean and his suit free from grease. His mind perhaps was a little cleaner, too.

He put his hands in his pockets and smiled quizzically.

"You know, Bradley, I had an idea I was licked when I hit Waldport and you kept on telling me I was. Everyone believed it then until I doubly believed it myself. I tried to fight sometimes when I thought of my boy, but you always came along and laughed and bought me another drink. But now I've got a different idea. Someone's got a notion I'm not licked. They've given me a chance. And I'm beginning to believe I'm not licked either. You know, a man can never get rid of one fool idea until he's got another to take its place. And that's me. This little paper'll be talked about pretty soon and then maybe I'll get on the Toledo sheet . . . you c'n never tell, and I know my job . . . Portland'll . . ."

"Shut up!" snarled the captain, furious. "Who's the owner? I'll pay five hundred dollars to know."

The editor blinked and for a moment he hesitated. Five hundred dollars would take him out of this town and give him a fresh start. He had spent Margaret Bradley's extra thousand paying old bills and some he had sent to his boy. But now someone trusted him. He had always written his boy and told him to keep his word. "I can't tell you. It wouldn't be ethical. . . No, I don't want a drink. . ."

The captain bit out through white lips, "Ethical be damned! What's a drunken bum like you know about ethics?"

"I was on the 'Oregonian' once," said Cummings placidly. "News editor. Did I ever tell you?" He smiled. He had confidence once more.

CHAPTER 10.

THE extra issue of the Waldport "Bulletin" appeared late Thursday afternoon. The following day was to prove the most momentous in Waldport's history, and in the lives of many of its citizens. Friday night the fishermen were to meet and listen to Bruce Marmont and others urge them into forming a union to protect themselves against the tyranny of corporations in general and Captain Bradley in particular, though no names would be mentioned.

Bruce had been working to that end for a long time. He was not a labor organiser in the ordinary sense. He was really just a young and warm-hearted man with a strong sense of justice and the fitness of things.

For four years, ever since his arrival in Waldport, he had contemplated a day when the working men of the surrounding country would combine and put a stop to the abuses Bradley was making of his power. When the men found he was in sympathy with them and, though an employer of labor himself, a man from whom justice might be expected, they came to him often with their troubles. There were many families he had helped tide over rough times.

Bradley had not thanked him for that. But he found it impossible to help everyone. He was not a rich man. So he came to urge the union and the formation of a sick benefit and a death fund. For the sake of their families he urged it first, then for their own sake and self-respect. At first they had thought he was wildly idealistic and they waited to see Captain Bradley blast him as he had blasted every man so far who ventured to speak against him.

But Bruce had arrived on the coast with a little money of his own, and he did his banking in Toledo, and bought most of his supplies there. He had never had occasion to go to the Bradley interests for help.

And so nothing happened to him, and men wondered and came gradually to have confidence in him.

He looked forward to this last impromptu meeting as being the first of a series of organised ones, each to deal with the various problems the fishermen had to face.

IT went without argument that the first presidency and control of the thing belonged to Bruce Marmont. The union was his child. No one doubted he would be elected unanimously until Captain Bradley showed his hand. Then Shaver had made a bid, and the long months before the first election was planned were mainly occupied in private meetings in fishermen's houses and out on the bay when two boats chanced to get together. Shaver had a few friends, of a like kidney to himself, and they were active in spreading propaganda.

Still, everything had favored Marmont being the union head, even after the "Bulletin" articles. Then had come Joe Brown in his silent, Indian way, dropping quiet hints and masked threats. Notes would be called, mortgages closed, credit stopped at the stores. Men would lose their homes. And gradually the determination that had taken so long to build up started to slip. The women and children must not starve and suffer.

Bruce's promise to build the men boats and market their supplies checked things. Hope revived. The fishermen from other little coast towns and hamlets were strong for Bruce. He was known along the coast as a friend to the working man. It looked as though he would get a majority in spite of all.

Bruce waited with impatience, but with a pretence of calm he did not feel. He knew that if Shaver were elected the union would be still-born. The movement would die, be sold out. Bradley would resume control and stamp out the last flickering embers of independence. The union might be kept alive in name, but it would be only another controlled machine as the Waldport church and the paper had been controlled. And they were the only other outlets for expression of opinion.

The trouble was that the captain had behind him not only his own money and interests, but the Forbes interests as well, and that meant half the money power in the State.

BETWEEN the time when the "Bulletin" extra appeared, supporting Marmont and opposing Shaver, and the Friday night meeting, many things happened with appalling swiftness. It was as if for eleven years the world had pivoted and swung on the career of Mark Bradley and that now the swinging and pivoting was growing jerky and about to stop. For eleven years the man had battled and built and ruled, and an accumulation of things was about to overwhelm him.

On Thursday evening, as dusk was falling, there was a knock on Bruce's door, and Stitz walked in. The ex-sailor's face was haggard and lined and his hair seemed to have turned several shades greyer. His mouth was a grim slit. He crossed unsteadily to Bruce's cot and sat on the white counterpane as though dazed. The brown, paper-covered packet he was carrying he placed on the floor, saying no word.

Bruce put down the book he was reading, removed his pipe, and said, startled, "What on earth's the matter?"

The other grinned twistedly and waved. In some subtle manner he seemed to have reverted back entirely to the sea. He produced a gnawed plug from his pocket and bit off a chew. He started to talk in a low monotone, utterly unlike his usual loud and clear voice.

"I came into town t'day on a commission for a lady . . . . went back an' found . . . . an' found my wife gone."

Bruce put aside his pipe and leaned forward, his hands clasped and his face intent. He was braced against the shock.

"She'd gone off with that long-necked New Englander from Sprong's Butte. You remember 'im? I've talked of 'im afore. He used to trap a bit and farm a bit. Got clear away while I was gone. Must've left soon after I went t' Toledo last Tuesday. Found a note when I got back that she was over t' Mrs. Kelly's, looking after a sick kid an' I didn't stop, but came right on to Waldport. Got back late this afternoon, and an Indian told me th' truth."

Bruce got up and crossed to his friend. He laid a hand on his shoulder, patted it awkwardly.

"I'm sorry, Billy," was all he could say, and the words sounded flat and utterly futile. The old sailor laughed shortly and spat tobacco juice on the floor. He rubbed his grey temples with his calloused hands.

"Don't matter . . . . If she wants 'im let 'er have 'im. But I take it hard she didn't tell me straight when I was with her last. I wouldn't 'ave cared so much. But to run away . . . . An' I bucked Bradley for 'er sake. Stuck with th' business fer 'er sake."

BRUCE pursed his lips and shook his head. It was hard to know what to say or do.

"Aw, hell! I'm goin' back to sea," Stitz went on. "That's where I belong, anyway. Bradley can 'ave my 'otel fer all I care . . . . I've got something here fer him. His stage contract and some papers 'e's crazy to see."

"If I can do anything . . ." Bruce commenced. The old sailor shook his head. "You can't. I oughta known I couldn't make any sort a job outa this shore life. I was at sea when I was a kid, 'bout ten, an' I've sort of missed it all these years. . . You're a good kid, Bruce, an' I know you're wrapped up in that union of yours. Well, you tell th' boys that I'll give 'em five thousand if you're president, as a start-off. I ain't got no use for it now."

Bruce exclaimed, "You mustn't throw up everything like that. You've worked that hotel and store of yours into a fine busi-

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602683

ness. Why don't you wait and sell out and then come in with me in the shipyard? We'll expand and build real ships, and we can have a good time together."

Stitz laughed and ruffled his iron-grey moustache.

"I don't aim to wait. I'm tired of this." He swept a knotted hand around. "I've been sick for th' sea a long time. It's nigh eleven years since I sailed. I want t' feel a deck under me and get 'old of canvas again. I wanta stick my jaw inter the guts of a gale an' drag the old hooker clear. I want to live again. You wouldn't understand, Bruce, 'cause you've never sailed. I'm going back. . . . And, mark my words, if you lick Bradley, 'e'll go back, too."

"Won't you wait for a few days before you do anything? You'll feel better after a bit. . . ."

"You mean well, son; let be, let be. I wanted to tell you, that was all. Now I'm agoin' on a bust, like th' old days, and then I'm agoin' back t' sea."

Bruce paced up and down the shack thinking desperately of some way he might drag his friend back to an interest in life. He was shocked to the core because he had always thought the Stitzs were a devoted

couple. Mrs. Stitz had been some dozen years younger than her husband, a pretty quarter-breed, and they had been married nearly seven years. But that was life. So many marriages ended in disaster. Were they worth trying to patch up?

IN spite of arguments and coaxings the old sailor went on into town at last. For one thing, he said, he had to deliver a package to Captain Bradley. For another, he wanted to get drunk—drunker than he had ever been in his life before. Nor could Bruce stop him.

He walked with him to the door of the saloon, pleading and arguing, and the old sailor would not listen. He seemed dazed and very set in his mind, like an animal moving almost without volition towards the gleam of some distant light. He went over the street to where Joe Brown kept his seemingly endless vigil outside the bank, and handed him the package he was carrying. The act was purely mechanical, an innate desire to fulfill a promise given.

"That's for the skipper, see," he told the Indian. "Don't lose it. It means more to 'im than his life." He laughed hoarsely. Then he said to Bruce, "I've given Bradley a damn sight 'arder blow than you'll ever give 'im if you chase 'im out of town. But you wouldn't understand, being a carpenter . . . S'long." He went back to the saloon entrance and disappeared between the swing doors.

Joe Brown regarded Bruce quietly for a few moments, without malice, without any apparent venom. Then he said in a strange voice, "I wish I'd killed you. I would now if he hadn't forbidden it. And I ought to burn this." He flourished the package. Bruce stared at him, alert in case of attack, wondering. There seemed to be some mystery about the package.

The Indian added, "He has been good to me." He appeared pensive. He fumbled with the knife inside his shirt, looked at the package, and then at Bruce, who waited ready for anything. But the Indian shook his head and sadness crept over his face.

Presently he stared down the street to where the short masts of the fishing vessels could be dimly seen through the gathering dusk. Bruce shrugged and walked away. The Indian looked after him with regretful eyes, shook his head again, and turned and went into the back office of the bank, where he laid the package on the desk.

He stared at the white cockatoo and jeered in sudden fury, "Go on! Go on and laugh at him!" He shook his fists. "North! . . . Due north I tell you!" he mimicked. He was gone, as silent as a wraith, and the cockatoo stirred uneasily and rustled its spotless feathers.

BRUCE was level with the Bradley house and in the shadow, when he involuntarily slowed his stride to look into the windows of the living-room. Margaret passed before the lamp once and disappeared. She appeared again, in a white apron, carrying some silverware, evidently laying the table for dinner.

Bruce felt sick at heart. It all seemed so homelike, so utterly and obviously the greatest thing on earth. If only she were laying table for him, putting on a neat apron and doing up her hair to please him! He moved away, and his pulses were hammering. He must not think of such things at least until his duty to the fishermen was past.

A man brushed by him, then another, running. He looked round, startled, and saw a dull glow through the dusk from the other end of the town. Someone caught his arm and shouted:

"Come along and lend a hand. . . . Paper office's afire."

Bruce found himself running with a small crowd. Then he was in a bucket-chain and sniffing at the plain scent of oil that drifted from the doomed building. Nothing could save it. Groups drew off and stared with curious or excited eyes. Captain Bradley was there with three of the men who ran stores for him in the town.

Bruce heard him saying, "Well, Cummings was insured for a few hundred, I believe. But he'll never be able to replace his plant. Maybe I'll start a paper of my own." Everybody laughed.

A paper of his own! As though he had never had a paper. Bruce cursed. It was very plain to him. That fire was never caused by any natural means, not by any accident. It was set, deliberately set. The oil reek bore that out. And why? Obvious.

Cummings had in some manner raised the money to clear his paper of Bradley's domination, and this was Bradley's answer. Bruce strode away, sick at heart again. He seemed to be like an ant trying to tear down Mount Everest. What was the use of fighting? Everything that seemed to favor him for a moment was instantly converted to favor Captain Bradley. Poor Cummings. To be lifted up and out of debt and to be suddenly plunged into ruin again.

He found himself striding along the well-nigh deserted street of the town, back towards his shack. It was dark, and the stars were beginning to show. Everyone was down by the fire. A white figure drifted before him and a voice said, "Mr. Marmont, what is the matter? Is it a fire?" He cried, without thinking, "Margaret!" and she looked nervously round to see if anyone had heard.

"YOU mustn't say that," she admonished. But her quick smile took the sting from her words. She laid a hand on his arm and said earnestly, "Where have you been? Have you been avoiding me?"

He shook his head. He had promised her husband he wouldn't try and talk with her. Well, he hadn't. She had come to him.

"I've been hunting in the hills—hunting and thinking."

"Thinking!" she laughed. "What about? Was it so serious?"

He nodded, and his eyes brooded into the night.

"I'll tell you." A flurry of passion and fury shook him. "I'm sick of this double-dealing and hiding and bribery and rottenness." He squared his shoulders and she drew back half a pace, startled. Her eyes were wide upon him. He caught her hand and kissed it passionately.

"I don't care what they think, any of them! I want you, Margaret! I want you so badly I'm in agony all the time. It's like an eternal pain. If you want me ever to help you, I'll be waiting. If you ever find you can't stand it any longer I'll take you away. Oh, you must understand. . . . I wasn't going to tell you until after . . . this present trouble was settled. But I'm mad when you're near me!"

She drew her hand back and held it to her breast.

"You mustn't say that! You mustn't say that, Bruce!" She used the name unconsciously. "I've never wanted to let you suppose anything like that. . . . You mustn't say such things." She was trembling violently. He swayed towards her, menacing, passionate, almost insane.

"Don't you understand, dear? I want you more than anything in the world! I can't have you hurt and tortured and living with that . . . that man. He'll smash you in the end as he smashes everything. He's like that. He has to conquer or die."

She didn't know what to do. She wanted to run, but her knees quivered and she felt as though she would sink to the ground. And she wanted to stay, too. She loved him. There was nothing but the night and the stars and the far-off voices of men and the lonely street and his face! His face blotting out everything and sending wave on wave of fire through her. She did not know how it happened, but she was in his arms and he was kissing her lips and she was clinging to his neck and sobbing.

"Oh, Bruce, dear. . . . Dear, Bruce. It's wrong, and we shouldn't. . . . Not now . . . here. . . ."

"I don't care. . . . You were meant to be my woman, not his. He doesn't know how to love you. Let me take you away. . . ." They were both entirely mad, and the world rocked and swung around them. Stars might dissolve and echo into silence, but their love was eternal. It was always so, since sex began and speech came to utter the thought.

"SO you couldn't keep your word, Marmont," said a voice, quietly, without heat. They slipped apart, panting, flushed, exultant. Bruce thrust himself between the woman and Captain Bradley. The man had come along from the fire, alight with triumph that the unmuzzled paper was no more. He stood now with his feet wide, his hands in his side pockets, his face thrust forward a little. His cheeks were ashen. There was harshness and fire in his grey eyes and his shoulders were tense.

"I never break my word," said Bruce as quietly and as much without heat, though he was shaking in every fibre and he could not keep the tremor from his voice because of the hot blood pumping into his throat. "I met Margaret accidentally."

"So it seems." The words were a sneer.

Margaret cried, "Not here! Don't make a scene in the street, Mark. It was my fault, all my fault. I shouldn't have let him . . ."

"It was my fault, mine!" cried Bruce. He flung out his hands as though inviting attack. The captain smiled thinly.

"Don't worry. I'm not going to hit you. I wouldn't have Waldport know this. My wife," his voice sickened, "kissing other men on the main street, in public. . . . And you both seem to want to take the blame, which leads me to believe . . ." He paused and smiled again, this time mockingly . . . "that you love each other."

"I love her more than anything else in the world," said the other man slowly. He chose his words with care. "And I tell you now, Bradley, that nothing you can do will stop me. I can't help it any more than you could help burning down Cummings' plant . . ."

"Cummings' plant? The paper? Did

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602684

you burn that down, Mark?"

Both men turned to look at the woman. Her eyes were dilated. Her hands were clenched to little fists.

"So Marmont said," the captain answered coldly.

"Smashing another man, I suppose?" she said with bitterness, and her embarrassment at being caught with Marmont appeared to have vanished completely.

"If you like. Some fool gave Cummings money and he got too independent."

Margaret put one hand out and rested it on Bruce's arm. Her voice was quite steady now. Once and for all she had made her decision. The step was inevitable and quite irrevocable.

"It's the last straw, Mark. I asked you, pleaded with you to fight fairly in future. I would have stood by you and tried to love you if you had pleased me that much. But you couldn't. I gave Cummings the money."

THE captain whipped his hands from his pockets and Bruce took a step forward thinking he was going to strike his wife. But he only stood limp and rocked on his feet shocked to the depths of his soul. It was the bitterest blow of all.

"You . . . you bought me out! My wife bought me out!" He laughed at the stars and cursed without order or sense. Both his listeners shuddered. He was a madman, shaken with terrible spasms and fantasy. "All right. That finishes us, I suppose. From now I go my own way and I don't want to hear your whining. Get in the house. I'll decide what is to be done later. . . . And you, Marmont, don't expect any mercy. If you get control of the union, whether you're elected president or not, I'll break you. I'll break you, anyway. I'll stop your lumber supplies. Maybe I'll set a fire in your yard one night. I'll ship in Chinamen the minute you make a move to start the men against me and I'll break every white soul here. By God, I'll be master now if I die for it. Get out!"

"I'll fight you," said Bruce steadily, "until I'm smashed. You may win, but you'll know you've been in a battle. . . . Will you come with me, Margaret?"

"Let her get into the house now. And get out! Do you want this all over Waldport by to-morrow, you fool?"

The captain was right there. Margaret squeezed Bruce's arm and with a half-sobbed "Good-bye, dear," she was gone, her eyes wet and happiness struggling with terror in her heart. She hadn't made a mistake. Oh, she hadn't. She really loved this time. Bruce said to the captain, "If you so much as lay a finger on her. . . ."

"Get out" the captain spat. "I'll leave her alone. . . . You damned puppy, I love her myself more than you ever will!" He rocked away after his wife and the night swallowed him till he was but a shadowy mass down the street.

Bruce returned to his shack, his head in a whirl and a savage determination alight within. The end was in sight. It was to be war, red war and the woman had already chosen her side. Cultivation against the jungle, the old order and the new, hate against humanity, the prosperity of the race and the prosperity of the individual. The stars were big.

ACROSS the bay the surf hammered and throbbed on the bar. The lights of a few night fishermen twinkled and bobbed on the slow swells. The wind sighed through the forests and somewhere among the houses a woman was singing an old song of the sea. And in the Waldport saloon Billy Stitz was getting drunk and boasting of shouting nights in other towns and startlight on other waters and other ships and islands and women and wars.

By his shipyard Bruce stopped and thought and let the cool wind lave his hot face. Looming in the dark, only a riding light at her masthead, he could see the Margaret Bradley, finished now, ready to put to sea; even part of her stores were aboard. She looked like a phantom ship afloat in the night. Her masts swayed gracefully and gently against the stars.

She was Bruce Marmont's finest achievement. Her hull held the best of him, his heart and brain and sinew, the dreams of a year. But to-morrow he was to attempt even greater things. He was to start in motion in Waldport a force that was already at work throughout the world, upsetting empires, destroying kings, crumbling the feudal days to dust and the overlords to ruin.

CHAPTER 11

THE early hours of Friday seemed to drag and linger and Bruce thought that evening would never come. He went up to the Bradley house in the morning, but Margaret sent word by the squaw that she was worn out and would see him later in the day. She could not explain by the the squaw that the captain had kept her awake all night, pleading, arguing, threatening, acting like an insane man again. He could vision not only the loss of his wife and some of his pride, but also the Forbes millions slipping out of his grasp. Everything seemed to be crumbling. He had slept at last towards dawn, but his wife found no rest until long after sun-up.

The captain spent most of the time between breakfast and noon holding a conference in one of the rooms of the hotel with Shaver and a few other fishermen and cronies whom he could trust. He dismissed them at last to spread the warning that, if the union was organised with Bruce Marmont at the head, a telegram went off to Portland and two hundred Chinamen were to be shipped in. They would not only take over the boats Bradley rented out, but they would replace the cannery workers and some half a hundred families would be thrown out of work, penniless, with not even enough saved to pay their way out of the county.

The captain ate lunch in the hotel, the thought of facing his wife again being for a while distasteful to him. He ate well as a matter of duty, taking no pleasure in food. He was a grim, haggard man, strained of face, sombre of eye. He felt at moments that he wanted to cry out, to beat his hands against his head, to swing his fists into the faces of those he talked to who could not grasp his meaning right away.

The only thing that prevented him from making an exhibition was the remnant of his iron pride. It served him in good stead now. All Waldport might be chuckling and predicting his coming downfall. He would walk nevertheless straight and unyielding. If he was to go down he would show them how a man could go down, without whining and crying for mercy.

LUNCHEON over, he went to his office behind the bank and spent a few idle moments scratching the cockatoo's poll. On his desk he saw a brown, paper-covered flat package, and he turned it over curiously. He unfastened the string and a long, white envelope fell out. He looked inside and found a folded paper. His signed contract with Billy Stitz about the stage run. He had sent the ex-sailor two copies. Well, if the contract was back, signed by Stitz and approved, the other document . . . this thin, flat, folded sheet . . . this squat water-stained mass of papers must be . . . **the log page and the notebook of the Aida Macree!**

The vein stood out and pulsed slowly down his forehead. The blood pumped in his throat. He stood very still for a long time, so long that the cockatoo ruffled its feathers and cocked its head at him. His face was a rigid mask. The last time he had seen the log and the notebook had been when he left the Aida Macree's chart room to go on the poop and alter the course. Now, after the years, they had returned to him. His fists tightened.

Somewhere in those papers lay the truth. Had he set a wrong course or had he not? Had he broken his record of never making a mistake? Was his boast an empty thing? Was he entitled to wear the blue serge uniform with the gold-braided cuffs and cap, or was he not? Was he fit to navigate a ship? Above all, could he face the world with his pride intact and the inner knowledge that his judgments were right, his brain not failing him, his supreme confidence that he could not fail unshaken?

He swayed a little. He started to unfold the log page but shut it again. He fumbled with the pages of the notebook and caught sight of a series of pencilled figures. He was afraid, deadly afraid! There was sweat on his forehead, cold sweat. His collar was sticky. **Abruptly**

he cursed and picking up the papers carried them across to the safe. He swung back the door and stowed them away.

He told himself he hadn't time to look at them yet. Besides, he'd have to get a chart of the coast. He was conscious of a sinking feeling inside him. He knew it was stark, utter fear that forbade him to look. The cockatoo started, "Main yard! . . . Full and by! . . . North! . . ." when the captain, with a sudden enraged sweep of his hand, knocked it fluttering to the floor. The bird hopped about and settled in a corner and its beady eyes blinked. It was silent.

"Damn you!" screamed the captain. "I can prove you wrong now. See! In here!" He hammered his fists on the safe top.

THEN with an oath he made for the door and went out on the street again. His knees felt shaky. He was very nervous. He found himself shivering all over now and then. He was on edge. He caught several groups of men looking at him covertly and he wondered what they thought. They had never bothered him before. Once a young fisherman, a burly, strong youth nearly six feet tall, smiled at him.

He set his teeth and strode up to the fisherman and grated; "Are you laughing at me?" and knocked him down with a blow that was heard a block away. No one interfered. No one spoke. The young fisherman scrambled up, his face red and his eyes smouldering. He clenched his great hands and looked for a moment as though he would annihilate the smaller captain. Then he sneered thickly: "You'll get yours t'night. You're finished here, see? You an' yer lording ways and yer mighty airs."

"That'll do," grated the captain, harshly. He took a step forward and the fisherman backed and then fled. Someone laughed and the captain turned like a tiger. But every face was solemn. He raged inwardly. He'd show them! But there was a gnawing in his brain, a queer uncertain gnawing. Would he show them? Could he? He had made a mistake before. His lips shaped the word "Liar!" He would get a chart at once and disprove that.

He brusquely entered the first fisherman's cottage and tapped on the shoulder the man eating at the table.

National Library of Australia https://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602685

"I want a chart of the coast," he said.

The man looked up and set down his knife. His wife stopped ladling soup and listened by the open hearth. Two goggle-eyed, frowsy children sucked their thumbs and crouched in awe of the great man. But the fisherman's awe was gone. He was aware that to-morrow he would lose his home and his boat, but a new spirit of independence had been imbued in him.

He drawled calmly: "Ye want a chart, please."

"I . . . Damn you!" choked the captain. "I'll ram those words down your throat. Come out of this house . . ."

"Aye, ye're powerful mad nowadays," commented the fisherman, rising. He crossed to a drawer set in a battered table. "But I'll be more kind to ye in this hour than ye ever were to me. Take your chart and go."

He tossed a greasy, crumpled and folded sheet of thick paper on the table and

resumed his seat. He went on eating, totally ignoring the other. The captain stood for a moment undecided what to do, fuming, impotently afire. Then with an oath he picked up the chart and left the house. He'd have them all crawling again before long. By God, they'd pay!

HE met Stitz coming from the saloon and he stopped. His face darkened. Had his old ex-mate come to taunt him? Stitz swayed in front of him and peered into his face.

"T's all ended," said the sailor thickly, his voice blurred with drink. "You an' me both. We'd better get away t' sea again, trading down south or runnin' guns inter Chile as we did afore . . . Then there's Maura in Levuka. You'll mind the house we built, an' you said you'd be back . . . She 'ad a sister too . . ."

"What's the matter with you, man?" the captain snapped. "Stand aside."

"Matter? . . . My woman's left me same as yours . . . Don't get riled up . . . the 'ole town knows it . . . Ran away with a long-necked New Englander. I'm a free man and I want t' smell salt water. When you're ready, skipper, come fer me."

"You're drunk," was all the captain said, though his brain was on fire. He tried to push his old mate aside.

"Aye, I'm drunk. First time I've been drunk in eleven years . . . An' did you get th' log? . . . What's this. Chart o' the coast, eh?"

"Will you let me go?" The captain's voice was iron hard.

Stitz laughed good-naturedly and started to say something else when he was thrust violently out of the way, and the captain strode on. A man chuckled. Stitz picked himself up from the plank walk and shook his head.

"T's crazy since 'e lost the Aida Macree," he mumbled. But no one listened or paid much attention to old Billy Stitz, who had lost his wife, and was drunk for the first time in eleven years.

Once again, before he could get back to his office behind the bank, the captain was delayed, this time by Bruce Marmont.

The young carpenter was as haggard and as strained as the captain. His voice was hoarse and his hands shook unless he steadied them by a deliberate effort.

"Bradley, you won't ship those Chinese in if the fishermen elect me?"

"Who says I won't?"

"I'm asking you if you are!"

"Why shouldn't I? I said I would and I never break my word. Why shouldn't I? I can get rid of all these whiners and go ahead in peace. Chinks don't start unions. And they haven't had their heads cluttered up with a lot of fool ideas about rights. They'll work and thank God they can work, and what they earn they'll live on and be satisfied.

"I'M telling you, Marmont, those Chinks come in! They start as soon as I hear what the election result is. Even if you don't get the presidency, if your minority is strong enough to cause trouble and give you any influence, I act! Get that! And after I've wiped the slate clean with the Chinks I'm going out to smash you. I've talked about it long enough. I gave orders to stop selling you lumber. You can't even buy supplies in this town. Your money's no good. And if you persist in fighting, then your shipyard goes up in flames."

"You rotten hound," snarled the younger man, clenching his fists.

The captain laughed queerly. "My back is against a wall, and I'm not particular how I fight."

"I don't give a damn about myself, Bradley, it's the fishermen. If they're driven from the bay, they'll starve. Half of them haven't got enough money to pay stage fare out to Newport, and what would they do even if they got there? There's no work."

"Let them ask you that, since you seem to be their boss."

"Before you came in here and got them in debt and encouraged them to borrow money, they all were happy and made a living."

"They still can if they shut up."

"Listen, Bradley. Let's sink our personal differences. You can't ship in Chinamen. Do you know what'll happen if you do? There'll be trouble, fighting."

"I'll ship in some gunmen."

"They'll only add to the bloodshed."

"Then I'll ask for martial law. By God, Marmont, I'm boss around here and I'm the law. I could even prevent your union meeting to-night."

"Only it'd be no good . . . But never mind. Won't you promise to wait and hear what the new union will propose?"

"I'll wait and hear results, if that's what you mean."

"Well, I'll warn you. I won't stand any dirty work. And I'll hold the men in control as long as I can. But if you persist in this there'll be bloodshed. You're making a bad mistake."

"MISTAKE? . . . Mistake! I've heard that blasted word for eleven years!" The captain's face was livid and his lips worked. Everyone seemed to be goading him. There was madness in his eyes. He crumpled the chart in his working hands and flung it aside. The veins stood out on his forehead and swelled in his throat. He quivered with passion.

He shook his fists in the air and half-screamed, "Keep your damned mouth shut! I had a republic once in the hollow of my hand, down in Chile. Did I make a mistake? I've taken ships into unknown seas and brought them safely home! I've bucked more games and things than you'll ever see and I never came out worse. I've taken women and land and gold and ships and I'm still alive. You blasted puppy! I never made a mistake in my life. I'll be fat and laughing when you're bumming in the gutter. If I went smash to-night I'd have a million within five years . . . And you tell me I'm making a mistake. Get out! Get out before I knock you down!"

Bruce sprang at him, what little control he had snapping like a taut thread suddenly cut. He swung his fist into the sneering, working face before him, and the captain sprawled on the sidewalk. He was up again like a rubber ball, and Bruce's cheek spurted red as a ring on the captain's hand cut the flesh. They fought insanely, drawing hissing breaths between their teeth, standing toe to toe and slugging like raw boys.

Other men came running. There were shouts up and down the street. Marmont was fighting Bradley. A crowd circled them. A fisherman thought to repay an old grudge and picked up a stone to hurl at the captain's head, but Marmont gasped, "Keep out of this, damn you!" and another fisherman wrested the stone clear and threw it away.

But Bruce could not stop them shouting and they cheered for him. He ceased slugging abruptly, ducked a blow, and smashed the captain over the heart. Bradley strangled with agony and countered with a vicious uppercut that snapped Bruce's head back and almost dropped him. He came on doggedly though, and clinched, but Bradley excelled at close quarters, and it was a bloody, bruised and nearly beaten Bruce who eventually tore himself clear.

The captain was after him like a tiger, savagely exultant. It was sheer joy to feel his fists smash the other's face. Each blow was a salve to his injured pride that this man had robbed him of his wife. He grew careless and Bruce evened things by putting every last ounce of his failing strength into a wild right swing that chance connected with the vital point just below the breast-bone. The captain staggered, swayed, and his eyes turned glassy. He remained on his feet only by a supreme effort of will.

BRUCE was rocking towards him to finish the fight when hands gripped his shoulders and hauled him clear. The captain was gathering for a leap when other hands gripped him, and twisting furiously round he saw that several fishermen had hold of him. He cursed and struggled, but they would not let go. The city marshal, Jake, and the man Shaver were holding Bruce, who was furiously struggling too. Jake and Shaver, Bradley's men, had stopped the fight at the moment they thought the captain would be beaten. Once stopped, the crowd surged in to take a hand. A few minor fights started. There was a confused roar of angry voices.

The two principals dragged their captors forward until they faced each other in the crowd, and though their arms were held their mouths were free. They glared, bruised, bleeding, sweating, and Bruce Marmont looked equally as much a savage as Mark Bradley.

The captain gasped hoarsely at last and relaxed and lowered his fists. Bruce fought for control and was breathing deeply. Then slowly he relaxed, too.

The captain jerked, almost calmly, "All right, let me go. . . . I'll finish him some other time."

The fishermen looked at Bruce, who nodded assent and the captain's arms were released. He snapped, straightening his tie, "Let him go, Jake. It's over for a bit." Bruce was released, too. The shouting subsided. The minor fights ceased. Men crowded in to hear what was said.

The carpenter grated, "If you bring in those Chinamen or pull one more rotten trick I'll fight you with everything I can lay hands on. If you want to let the bars down I'll more than meet you. You're the biggest damned failure I ever saw, Bradley, and you don't know it!"

"Failure?" The captain choked and his throat swelled again. He swayed forward, but a dozen hands clutched him and he subsided, shaking the hands off. He struggled with himself for nearly half a minute. Then some degree of calmness returned. He even sneered.

"Pull any tricks? You poor swine. What could you do? You've too much to learn.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602686

I suppose your idea of a decent trick is stealing my wife?"

"Never mind her," Bruce reddened for a moment. "Don't you mention her name! . . . In this crowd you ought to know better. . . . This is between me and you and women don't enter in."

"That'll be enough. Let me by."

Bruce stepped aside, pale again and shaking.

"There'll be bloodshed if the Chinese come. I'm warning you."

"And I'm smashed if they don't. Now leave me alone." The captain pushed through the crowd and strode on, the fishermen cursing him as he passed, not caring now what happened. None offered him violence, however, though in his mood he would have almost welcomed it.

BRUCE made a motion to follow, thought better of it, and went in the opposite direction. Men clung to him, asking questions. Hands clapped him on the back. He shook them all off eventually and walked on alone. He was met up the street by the squaw who worked in the Bradley house. Margaret wanted to see him. His heart lightened. He increased his pace, and the bruises of the recent fight ceased to pain and throb. He hurried to his shack to clean himself up.

He felt rather annoyed about the fight. It was true the last few days had been trying on his nerves, but that was no reason for his fighting. There never was any strictly valid reason for fighting. All force was folly. His combat with Captain Bradley had produced no results. He shouldn't have fought, he of all men should have kept control. Wasn't control and reason the spinal cord of his philosophy. But he was only human. He had not reached the stage of supreme tranquilness and peace yet.

Margaret was waiting for him in the big living room of the Bradley house, dressed in a frock of some creamy stuff that brought out her slim lines. Her eyes were big, and there were circles under them. She held out both her hands and let him kiss her, though at first she displayed no warmth.

She said, "I'm afraid Mark's insane, Bruce. He'll go to any lengths to stop you and the fishermen. He still talks of bringing in Chinamen to work for him. . . . Why, have you had an accident?" She touched the court plaster on his cheek that covered the gash made by the captain's ring.

"No accident," said Bruce wearily. "I met Bradley down the road. We fought. I shouldn't have lost my temper. . . . No, dear. Not over you. . . . The Chinamen. There'll be bloodshed if he brings them here. The men won't stand for that. They're tasting freedom a bit and they know they're due to lose their homes and all, and they don't care what happens. In an ugly mood all of them. They might even come here to-night, after the meeting."

"You mean . . . you mean? . . ." she was startled.

"To see the captain," he finished.

She said, "But the fight . . . Oh, Bruce, I don't want you to be like that. You mustn't fight. There's nothing bad enough for that . . except self defence, I suppose. . . . Were you hurt? Was he hurt? Tell me how it happened."

HE told her in detail and she covered her face with her hands and shuddered so that he stopped and laughed and took her in his arms and kissed her hair.

"They mustn't touch him. . . . Those men. . . . They mustn't. And you mustn't fight him. I know you've all been driven to the verge of desperation, but you see, Bruce, you see . . . I liked him once."

"I'll hold them as long as I can," he promised her. "You must make him get away until this blows over. Get him to stop talking about the Chinese."

"But he won't, Bruce. He won't. I've no influence with him at all. I don't think I ever had. He told me last night that now he'd lost me he supposed he'd lost my father's support, or would do so as soon as father heard. And he said he'd borrowed money, more than he could repay on the strength of his new credit, on the strength of my father's name. He borrowed to buy up timber lands and some coal mine he said had been discovered in those hills back of town. He's so heavily in debt. And if those he owes money were to hear he's in trouble with me . . . with father, they'll

call in their notes and ruin him. He explained everything to me. He even pleaded with me. It was terrible. All night. He was nearly insane. Isn't there any way we can help him? I think he loves me, Bruce, in his own way."

"I know." He lifted her face, kissed her lips and held her close to him. "If only he would see reason, listen to the men and give in to some of their reasonable demands, he could go ahead and grow rich and powerful and still be at peace. But he won't listen. He's a throw back. He's an old time baron come to life, and he wants to make his own terms and laws."

"What can we do? We must do something, Bruce." Her fingers laced about his neck. "Is there no one who can talk to him?"

"I don't know of anyone. He never made friends. Every man who knows him is his enemy. Billy Stitz has known him longest of any of us, and when I told Stitz what was going to happen he only laughed and said the captain would return to sea before very long. I don't know if he's said anything to Stitz or if Billy was just guessing."

"I heard about poor Mr. Stitz. Isn't that a terrible thing? . . . His wife. And they'd been married seven years. . . . And yet, Bruce, I'm doing the same as she did."

"Hush, dear. It's different altogether. Besides, his wife was quarter-Indian. Perhaps it was in the blood."

"People are talking about her. Do you think they are talking about me?"

"Of course not," he lied. "How should they know? It's a secret between us."

HE was glad she hadn't heard the town scandal. Of course, the Indian servants had started it.

She looked up at him and her eyes were swimming.

"I wonder if I should have given way to him," she whispered, perplexed, womanlike, doubting even now. "We could have been happy then, there would have been nothing of this . . . this insanity of his if I'd only let him go his way without interfering. I might have gained some influence over him in time, enough to stop him."

His arms tightened round her. Not even a saint could hold her in his arms and persuade her to go back, tell her she had perhaps done wrong.

"You did try to check him, and now you've done right, dear. I don't mean that because it led you to me, though I think of that, too. But you did right to stand up for the women and the children and the poor little homes along the bay shore, and Mrs. Carson and all."

She nodded and stroked his hair. "Yes, I've never quite forgotten, and Mr. Carson shooting himself. It showed just what misery Mark was causing."

"There was no need of that, no need at all. He could have bought Carson's place at a decent figure instead of foreclosing on him. I think sometimes he likes to see people suffer, likes to exercise his authority. It satisfies some desire he's got inside. He is drunk with power, insane on it. He has to command or die."

She looked up into his face and nodded again, seriously.

"That desire, Bruce. I wonder what it is? There's some secret in his life which he won't let anyone know about. It worries him. It terrifies him. Do you remember the first time I saw you, the night you came to dinner, how he flew into a rage when you said that some day he'd make a mistake? He always gets angry when anyone mentions that word. I wonder why?"

"I don't know," answered Bruce, frowning a little. "I believe Stitz knows. I believe it's something to do with their sailor days together, but what, is a mystery."

"Perhaps we could help him if we knew," she whispered.

Bruce kissed her for answer, stopping her lips. The most patient man grows tired of hearing the woman he loves, the woman in his arms, discuss another man.

ON the broad sand beach beyond the Marmont shipyard fires were springing up and men were gathering. They grouped together in fours and fives and between the groups moved emissaries of Shaver and Bradley, and one or two men loyal to Bruce. Beyond the light from the fires stood a silent, upright figure, arms folded and dusky face set. Joe Brown was there to see how things went and to send a report back occasionally to the bank office by one of the two Indian boys crouching at his feet.

In the saloon Stitz was drinking steadily and roaring old songs of the sea. Cummings, the editor of the late "Bulletin," was keeping him company.

"What's the good of fighting along?" the editor was saying. "You can't beat Bradley. S' long as I behaved myself I made a living. Now I'm out of a job. I ought to have known. . . . Bradley'd get me some way . . . But did I tell you, Stitz? I was on the 'Oregonian' once!"

"Aye, I've heard of it. Lemme tell you, Cummings. Bradley usta be a decent sort. 'Ard, o' yes, 'e was 'ard. But 'ed be decent to a man. The Aida Macree sent 'm dotty. It was 'is first time to go under, see. I've seen 'im 'andle a South American revolution. I've seen 'im tackle jobs that 'ad me scared stiff. An' lemme tell you, Cummings, 'e 'd pull 'em off. Luck! Say 'e never did come a cropper till the Aida Macree."

Stitz rambled on, giving pause now and then so that Cummings could speak. They hung affectionately together at last drooling over old times.

Down on the beach the first speeches were being made by a wild-eyed fisherman from Marshfield. The water lap-lapped on the sand and the fires sent red shafts dancing across the bay. The wind moaned through the forest and a cloud sailed across the velvet of the night sky. Beyond the ruddy-faced men, huddled in a shapeless mass near their houses, were the women, mothers and wives and sweethearts, waiting to hear what the men decided. To-night would mean much to them, better conditions or worse, loss of their homes or securing of better ones, independence or greater poverty than ever, perhaps even utter ruin. But they drew a certain grim comfort from the fact that whatever happened they couldn't sink much lower.

MEANWHILE the schooner-yacht Margaret Bradley swung at anchor, trim and slender under the stars. Her stores were aboard, ready for the

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602687

trial run. Some of her sails were already bent. Certain special fittings were to be shipped in Portland, where Captain Bradley had planned to take her after the present uncertainty was ended.

So she lay at present, a virgin to the sea, young and clean and beautiful like her namesake. Even in the heat of argument some fisherman now and then spared a glance from the beach to where she loomed like a moth at rest on the shining water.

For the sea was deep in the hearts of these men, deeper than they dreamed, and a glimpse to them of a clean-built ship, even in this hour of stress, was like a breath from the purple meadows beyond the horizon, where money and ruthlessness and power did not count, only strong hands and coolness and a brave and simple heart.

CHAPTER 12

IN his office Captain Bradley was pinning to his desk a chart of the coast, a new chart he had sent Joe Brown for after the old one had been trampled underfoot during the fight with Marmont. His fingers fumbled because they shook with excitement and because the task of pinning charts had been so long unfamiliar to him. He had already secured the log page and the notes from the safe and with only the cockatoo for company he was starting to plunge into navigation and into the rough darkness that covered his soul.

It had taken tremendous will-power for him to look at the notes. Twice, three times he had put his hand to them, shuddered and drew away, the sweat cold upon his forehead. It was not until he caught the cockatoo's eye, unblinking and cold, glittering with mockery, it seemed, that he cursed and went through them with set teeth and rigid jaw. The air itself seemed charged with forces that locked and interlocked in cosmic war.

The captain was tortured, had been tortured for years by a doubt—a doubt as to his own sureness. He was afraid, shakingly afraid to test himself now. He would rather have done anything in the world than gone back over the course of the Alda Macree on paper, in black and white. His iron pride would not sanction that, he should admit that, even to his innermost secret being. But he went ahead at the last, not because of pride, not because he forced himself to go ahead, as he believed, but because he had to go ahead or perish. Because he was so made that it was easier for him to go ahead than not to go ahead.

If you had lived for a long decade in the next room to a ghost, and feared it, and had had your whole life altered by it; and if there came a time when you were allowed to open the door or not, as you chose, you would find, as surely as the night follows day, that you would have to look.

So Captain Bradley, cold sweat on his brow, his tongue rough and dry as sandpaper, and with the pit of his stomach flat and empty, dropped at last to his swivel chair and thumbed the water-stained pages of the old notebook. Close together he found two pages with hasty figures scrawled all over them.

One page was in his own writing and the other was in Stitz's. One page was the captain's working of the course and the other was the mate's hasty verification. The captain opened the log page. The last noon observation was marked there, the last point of dead reckoning, and he pricked it off on the chart. Then he went into intricate sums, checking and rechecking his figures.

HE forgot where he was, forgot the office, Waldport, his wife, the impending storm about to break around him. For a while at least even his fear was forgotten and he was back again on the Alda Macree, in the little chartroom on the poop with the deck lifting and lunging underfoot, his wet oilskin glistening in the light of the lamp.

For an hour nothing was heard save the whisper of a pencil touching paper and sometimes a short, audible breath. Once the captain uttered a sharp exclamation. The cockatoo, remembering perhaps other days when he had seen his master thus occupied, sidled along the safe and perched at last on the desk on one corner of the pinned chart. The captain did not notice the bird.

The whisper of the pencil ceased. It dropped to the chart with a soft plop! and rolled and stopped. The cockatoo's wings rustled dryly. A chair creaked. Somewhere in the woodwork of the office an insect went tchk! tchk!

Bare feet padded on the planking outside the anteroom door. Someone entered the anteroom, opened the office door after tapping, and piped, "They talk an' propos' Shaver, mistah."

There was no answer. The voice piped again at the silent figure before the desk. There was no answer. The captain was a graven image, mute, insensate. No answer at all save the rustling of the white cockatoo's wings and the creak of a chair. No answer save the insect in the wood . . . tchk! tchk! The little Indian boy whom Joe Brown had sent turned and ran into the night, his eyes wide with an unknown fear. Cosmic forces clashed and rocked the silent office.

The white cockatoo was still. The insect ceased its clamor. After awhile the creak died from the chair. There was an aching hush. There was that sort of immense silence that tortures the nerves far more than any noise, the silence that appears to contain in its depths, as a sort of half-sensed background, the deep rolling roar of passing Time itself.

Then abruptly the captain laughed! The sound held no humor nor any human note. Fingers scuffed on the white paper of the chart as his fist closed slowly and in pain. The springs screamed in the swivel chair as the captain moved. He said strangely, "Well," and stopped. He had both hands clenched now and it was as if he strangled a ghost to death.

THERE was cold perspiration running down his face. His eyes were bitter pools in which light and hope were not. His lips were curled slightly back from his teeth and he seemed to be holding his body stiff as though afraid it would break. He groaned again, the noise no more than a breath.

Stitz was right! Captain Mark Bradley had, by a mistake in navigation, lost the Alda Macree. And fifteen men had died that night. Fifteen men in the thick dark, in the driven spray, in the surf . . . blotted out. He could see their dripping white faces with the plastered wet hair, and the fingers pointing. ". . . You! You!"

He shivered. He was not infallible. He was not sureness itself. He had handled a revolution and taken ships through unknown seas. He had broken men and made men. He had dared impossible ventures and brought them laughing to a careless fruition. But when failure had come, his first failure, he was not allowed to go out in thunder and blood, in glamour and glory, like some grim old pirate going down before a ship-of-the-line. No. The gods had not rendered him that last service. He had trivially, added two figures wrongly together.

He had made one minute mistake that would, if the facts were known, cause him to lose his rank of captain. He was guilty of the greatest crime of the sea, next to mutiny . . . Carelessness!

The numbness of the first shock slowly passed. The quick, hot and bitter thoughts died. He wanted to scream: "I never made a mistake in my life! It's a lie!" but he suppressed himself in time and he knew it was no lie at all. What did it matter, anyway, what it was? It was over, over and done with.

The gods had lifted him up, and the gods had cast him down. His pride was a little withered thing lost between the cold spaces of his soul. He was only a man, like any other man, subject to pain and joy, sorrow and laughter, success and failure. He was undoubtedly a monstrous joke, a gnat trying to build a mountain, a madman delirious over his mirage.

He had been tortured all these years over a phantasy. And now he had seen it and

it was no phantasy at all. Not even the shadow was left. Nothing. The altar was gone. The god was dust. The floor of the shrine was riven and there was no light. What was it Marmont had said? "You're the biggest damned failure I ever saw, Bradley, and you don't know it!" He laughed again, thinly. Well, he knew it now.

HE had failed on the sea, killed fifteen men. He had failed with his woman, lost her because of a phantasy that had pursued him and called out all his energy and force to repel so that she was a little thing in its path. He had had to back down to Stitz for the same reason he had lost his wife, because the phantasy was greater to him than either of them.

It seemed that now he was in his greatest fight, this fight of the fishermen to organise against him, because in repelling the phantasy he had repelled all men, too. He had spent eleven fruitless years fighting an idea. He had tried to quell an idea with action and force. He had attempted to grasp and throttle the intangible with tangible things. And now he had found that the phantasy, the idea, the intangible thing was true, that it could never be repelled again. He knew now, knew!

He put his head down on his hands. Harshness and rigidness left him. No more doubt, no more god, no more struggling to keep his pride intact. No more terrible fears. Peace stole over him and he relaxed.

It seemed his brain slept, his brain that had been twisted and writhing and pained all these years. It slept and was soothed. Pictures rose to his eyes, many pictures. Ships and the sea and men he had loved long ago and far away. Islands rose and faded, women who would be glad to kiss him once more, adventures that would well-nigh run across the world to meet him.

He thought of Maura. She might still be in Levuka. He had been happy with her once in the light-hearted way of the south. She would be old now, of course . . . women faded quickly in the tropics . . . but there would be other Mauras. There would be other ships, too. He had never realised how acutely he had missed the sea. The thought of it was a veritable hunger within him. The suppressed yearnings of eleven years were clamoring for expression. All

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602688

the open roads were calling. The salt was in his blood. He laughed softly.

Pictures still came. He saw other men and ships once more. Tom Nelson of the Lament of Joan. Nelson, he remembered now, had lost his ship one day in the Banda Sea through a faulty compass which he hadn't allowed for. And there was Harry Lark who put his steamer on a rocky shore in a fog, misjudging his distance from land. Why, there were a lot of men like that who made mistakes. He wasn't the only person who had made a mistake in the world. And other men didn't let it bother them over-much.

He'd better get out, out of Waldport and the coast country. He didn't belong, any-

way. He was a sailor. He even wore his uniform still. And there were still the same islands and the same men and women friends all waiting over the rim of the world. A sea gipsy had no business ashore.

THERE was Stitz; look what grief had come to him from the land. Lost his wife, lost his youth. Now he had discarded his hotel and was drinking. The captain sighed. It came to him that he had, after all, more in common with Stitz than anyone else in Waldport. They had been comrades on many ships in many places. He had saved Stitz's life once, in Lagos, and Stitz had saved his two or three times since. . . . He looked up at the stars and was glad it was over. The night wind sent shivers of fire through his veins and his blood danced. His feet were itching for the water-paths and the feel of a deck rising over the swells.

He crossed slowly to the big iron safe that stood in one corner of the room and opening the heavy door he abstracted certain papers and a thick bundle of money which he placed in his pocket. The cockatoo watched him with its head cocked on one side, and then for the first time in years gave vent to a different utterance. It rustled its feathers, shook its crest and croaked: "Eight bells! Lay aft the watch!"

The captain laughed. "Ha, Sultan. You will see Australia again and eat ripe mangos." The cockatoo clucked as if laughing, too. Bare feet pattered on the plank sidewalk along the alley and a little Indian boy cautiously approached the office doorway. He appeared relieved to find the captain up and moving about.

He piped, "Joe Brown says, mistah, that Mistah Marmont is president."

"Marmont?" echoed the captain. Oh, he remembered. The fishermen's union. So Bruce Marmont had been elected president had he? Well, that was good. He was glad, yes, genuinely glad.

Bruce was a steady, clever man. He could pick up the threads and run things as they should be run. The little Indian boy was waiting still, balanced on one foot and very awed. The captain laughed and crossed to his desk. He found an envelope, placed several bills inside it, and sealed it. He gave it to the waiting boy, and with it a silver coin. The boy's eyes gleamed.

"Take that envelope to Joe Brown," said the captain. "Tell him it is finished. That's all. Just say it is finished." The boy chattered the message to make sure he had it correctly and then darted away.

The captain stood sunk in thought for a while, and then smiling, he bestirred himself, without undue haste, quietly, surely, as a man set on some definite task that nothing must be allowed to hinder. He walked to the street, forgetting even his cap, and leaving the office lighted up. Yes, it was all finished, and he felt very grateful.

HE went along the plank sidewalk with measured strides, and did not notice the little group of fishermen coming towards him until they jostled him and jeered.

He was beaten, licked. Marmont was head of the union. They'd get their rights now. And if any Chinamen came they'd get killed. A hand struck him across the mouth, a fist split the flesh over his cheekbone, and the blood oozed thickly.

He made no effort to defend himself. He kept resolutely striding on, smiling a trifle, and from sheer surprise they let him go. They had expected anything save indifference. The design of humiliating, and perhaps beating him seemed flat now. They looked at each other a little frightened, and then, in a quiet, puzzled body, moved across to where the saloon lights were bright against the darkness.

The captain stopped at the gate of his own house, and looked along the street both ways. It was deserted now. Most of the fishermen were still down at the beach celebrating and talking.

He went up the steps and opened the door. For the last time, he thought calmly. All he had to do was to pack. There would be a lot saved out of the wreck even after his creditors got through. Margaret could have it. There was nothing to hold him, not even his wife. He didn't blame her. He'd been dreaming and mad, slave to a ghost. He could make Margaret happy now, could see and appreciate her viewpoint. But it was too late. It was far too late. He could now only do the decent thing and the thing that fitted in strangely with his own new wishes.

He'd take the yacht. He could make a living with her, convert her to a cargo boat again. He knew many places where a schooner would pay her way, New Guinea, Tahiti, and the Paumotus. He had an ache for the sea and the islands again, palms and music and the throbbing surf and the danger.

He walked quietly down the hallway. He looked into the living-room and saw Bruce and his wife. Bruce was holding her hands and telling her something and her eyes were eager. They were startled when he came in and more than startled when they saw his face. It was tranquil and placid and the lines were gone. The eyes dreamed. The lips half-smiled. The tan seemed deeper. It was the face of the sailor and not of the financier. It was the face of a gipsy and a rover and not the face of a city dweller or one surrounded by walls. It was the face not of a master of men but of a man who has mastered himself. It was the face of the sea.

"YOU can get a divorce," he said, "on the grounds of desertion. I'm going away."

"Mark," she said, alarmed, "what has happened?" She moved towards him. He shook his head and smiled. "Nothing has happened. It's over. Don't worry about the Chinese, Marmont. You can have Waldport, all of it. I'm going back to sea."

"You mean you've changed your mind?" Marmont cried, incredulous. "You're not going to fight us? I was just telling . . . your wife . . . that the fishermen had elected me head of the union. Perhaps now . . ."

"If you like it that way. You wouldn't understand. I was sick and now I'm well. I'm leaving Waldport." He smiled again and it strangely sent peace to their hearts. Tranquilness walked abroad.

"But, Mark!" She was really distressed. "You can't just go and leave everything!"

She was near him now. He bent forward and kissed her calmly between the brows. "You'll never understand how I've loved you. . . nor why I love you . . . but remember that I did," he said. He appeared not to have heard her words. He didn't care. He turned at the doorway, smiling, and said: "You'll be very happy now." He left the room before she could speak again. She looked at Bruce, dazed, and he shook his head.

"I don't understand," he said wearily. "I don't understand him at all."

"But where will he go?" she wanted to know. Bruce was as much at a loss as she was. Strangely enough he did not doubt the captain's word, did not suspect some trick, some pretended submission. There was that about Mark Bradley that dispelled such thoughts. He started abruptly and looked at his watch.

"I think I'll be going. I just came to tell you the news about the election. . . The men will be glad to hear of . . . of Captain Bradley's decision. I suppose I can promise them, in your name, that they will be listened to and that there'll be no Chinese shipped in?"

SHE looked bewildered. She could hardly grasp yet what it all meant, what it was all about. "Why, yes, if it's for me to say. . . But do you think he'll go, Bruce? . . . Don't you think he is just saying that? Why he can't go . . . just drop everything."

"God knows what he means to do, but it will keep the men quiet to-night. I was afraid they'd come here." He kissed her and was gone, running down the short passage and down the steps to the street. She heard his shoes pattering on the sidewalk, hollow on the boards, and then they died away. She stood motionless, trying to straighten things out. She could hear sounds upstairs where Captain Mark Bradley was packing.

She did not understand and because she didn't and because for days she had been highly strung, she dropped to a chair and cried, and felt apprehensive. She couldn't conceive somehow of Waldport without Mark. She couldn't conceive of his just leaving everything and going away. It was so utterly unlike him. Had he actually gone mad now?

She heard the creak of the stairs and hastily drying her eyes went out to the hallway. The captain was opening the door when she appeared and a wave almost of sadness swept her. He really cared so little he was going without one last word of good-bye. , That is, if he was going.

She whispered, "Mark! Are you really going? . . . I can't believe it. There's the bank and hotel and . . . and everything. What shall I do? What shall I tell my father?"

He paused with the door half open and looked back at her. He shook his head. He answered gently, "Does it matter, Margaret? I've been a sick man and now I am well and going back to sea. You have Marmont. You love each other. It's too late for me to talk of what we might have done together . . . Now I'm better. Never mind. You will take everything over. Most of it's in your name, anyhow. I had it transferred in case . . . I got in a bad jam sometime and had to go bankrupt. Let Marmont handle it . . . Your father? Tell him nothing. He wouldn't understand. . . . Good-bye, dear."

SHE was held immobile in the grip of an amazement. Yes, he really intended to go. She heard her white lips murmur, "Good-bye" in a dreamy sort of way, and then the door shut. He was gone. He left the house and her life

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602689

as quietly, as completely as if he had never been.

Once, years afterwards, he sent her from some unknown address an exquisite rope of matched black pearls with a pendant rose pearl shaped like a heart. After that, utter silence. He faded to a dream, a memory, a legend heard long ago, and far away.

It was a long time before it dawned on Margaret what his strange desertion meant to her. It meant peace and happiness with Bruce. It meant she could go ahead and soothe and heal those raw wounds of a decade from which Waldport had suffered. It meant the happy solution to everything that had bothered her and well-nigh driven her frantic for one tumultuous year.

And, once she understood all that, she came to think of Mark Bradley with a wistful sort of sympathy, almost a tenderness, and she would sometimes ponder over his strange periods of terror, over the secret something that haunted him. If only she had known what it was perhaps she might have helped him. She cherished no bitterness nor sorrow that she had known him. She always hoped he was happy.

If a thought of his brutality and dominance came to her, she banished it with a thought of that first wonderful night when they went driving, when his arm was about her and his lips to hers. And always the remembrance of it brought the blood spraying to her cheeks and lights of tenderness to her eyes. For the rest she loved Bruce, without reserve, without regret.

CARRYING a grip in each hand the captain stopped outside the saloon and set them down on the broad step. He entered the swing doors, nodded at the barkeeper and asked for a whisky. The white-aproned man looked at him strangely and groped for a glass. Even he could sense some change. The fishermen standing and drinking ceased their talk and watched him with openly hostile eyes.

Stitz was at the other end of the bar still with Cummings. They were both very drunk, and talking confidentially. The captain walked up to Stitz and touched him on the shoulder.

"I sail at dawn, Mr. Stitz. Will you come with me?"

The old sailor turned round, swayed and blinked. For a long time he said nothing, only fumbled at his grizzled moustache and stared out of drink-dazed eyes. Then it seemed that the liquor he had consumed ceased to fire his blood, the effect leaving him. His eyes shone somewhere in their deeps and lines stood out harshly each side of his jaw. His voice was thick, but he did not blur his words.

"Aye, sir, sailing at dawn."

"And we go aboard at once."

"Aboard at once, sir."

The captain nodded and turned away. He caught the astonished Mr. Cummings' eye. He stopped.

"I expect Margaret . . . Mrs. Bradley will buy you another plant, Cummings. Straighten up and cut out the liquor for the sake of that boy of yours."

He passed on. Cummings clutched at the bar and stared. The barkeeper's jaw dropped open. An audible gasp ran through the groups of the fishermen. The captain walked to where his glass of whisky was waiting, tossed it off at a gulp, and spoke to the barkeeper.

"Send on board my schooner four men before dawn. Double pay and fare back. Only go to San Francisco." The astonished barkeeper nodded and gaped, speechless. The captain left the saloon. And Billy Stitz strode after him, staggering a little, with never a word of farewell to anyone.

OUTSIDE the saloon he caught up with the captain and relieved him of his grips. Neither man spoke. Each seemed to be holding some sort of communion with his soul. They were eleven years back, master and mate, and they understood each other. Words were needless. In silence they walked down to the waterfront, found a dory and pushed off.

They pulled out to the Margaret Bradley, and they saw on the shore the blood-like flames of the fires and heard the voices of men calling excitedly to one another. The reign of terror was over. Captain Bradley had gone. The union was established. Bruce Marmont was master in Waldport. An era of hope had dawned. The women chattered together, and some

cried. Mrs. Carson cried the most. And little children, though they did not understand, clapped their hands and laughed.

The two sailors climbed up a rope ladder to the schooner's deck. They looked instinctively for'ard, then aft, and then aloft to see that all was in order. The old days were back. They were joining ship. It was hard to believe they had ever left the sea. Everything seemed natural.

"There's a watchman somewhere on board," said the captain. "We'll rouse him and send him ashore to get the crew."

"Aye, sir." And Billy Stitz went for'ard to look for the watchman. He routed the badly-scared man out and sent him ashore with complete instructions for the barkeeper. The crew came aboard some time about midnight. There were five of them. Only four had been ordered. The fifth man brought the cockatoo Sultan.

He gave it to the captain, explaining, "I thought you'd miss him, sir."

The captain stared and took the cockatoo. He said, "What are you doing here?"

Joe Brown folded his arms and stared impassively over the black waters of the bay.

"You are my father. . . . What should I do in Waldport? You will want clothes pressed and someone to carry messages."

The captain laughed, a catch in his throat. "After eleven years, Stitz. After eleven years I gain the love of one man. . . . You can't go to sea, Joe. It's a strange life. You wouldn't like it."

"You are my father," began the Indian again, unmoved, and the captain checked him with a gesture of resigned assent.

"We'll need a steward. Take Sultan below." The Indian murmured his thanks, bent his head and was gone, the white cockatoo perched confidingly on his shoulder and perfectly at home.

THE captain walked slowly to the poop and after a while Stitz joined him there while the crew was at work. The two sailors gazed shorewards a long time where the lights twinkled and the fires died along the beach.

Presently the captain stirred and laughed a little. His voice was gentle.

"You were right, Stitz. The course was north by west."

The other did not answer, though his lips moved. The captain went on:

"I'm glad it turned out that way. I was tired of fighting. Once I was sure I felt I could let go."

"Aye, sir."

"We'll make Frisco and then curve south and look up some of the old places. I'm tired, Stitz."

"Aye, sir."

"We added to our troubles by holding to two illusions. Nothing but illusions, after all."

"Aye, sir."

The captain laughed. "Greek to you, isn't it? But we had an exaggerated idea of the importance of ourselves and of women."

"Aye, sir. That's so."

They stood silent then, hour after hour, on the poop of the Margaret Bradley. Joe Brown came and stood motionless in the shadow of the main cabin scuttle, watching his master. Dawn came at last, pink and gold and glorious above the ancient forests on the still more ancient hills.

The captain stirred and said, "Rouse the hands, Mr. Stitz, and lift the anchor. I think there's enough wind."

"Rouse the hands, sir."

The thick-set old sailor went stiffly down the companion and along the main deck. His voice rose. He was the Stitz of the Aida Macree, deep-sea mate of a clean-lined ship.

The captain muttered, "She'll go out on the ebb and there'll be enough water on the bar. . . . An exaggerated idea of the importance of ourselves and of women.... So we all have."

The wind blew down from the hills, clean and heavy with the breath of the forest. The town of Waldport seemed to breathe and sigh and turn over in preparation for waking. Far out, on the very rim of the water, sounded faintly the siren of a deep-sea ship.

THE schooner began to move. The captain strode to the helm and turned the spokes. Canvas swayed aloft. Billy Stitz was still shouting somewhere amidships. The old days were reborn. Ah, the sea! The rough, salt old sea that tamed a man, that made a man, that was mother, sister and wife. The boisterous, wicked and wise old sea that overwhelmed men and brought them fortune and was beaten by them, but beat them at the last and sometimes killed them. All fairly, all honestly. The sea! Something you could depend on and love.

The captain whispered, "Good-bye . . . Margaret." He added after a while, speaking to the wind that sang by his ear, "You'll never understand what it was all about."

And he was right there. To the end there lurked behind Margaret's sympathy and tenderness the thought that Captain Mark Bradley was insane, cursed with a brain-kink that would not let him run along smooth grooves as any normal man must.

Nor did Bruce Marmont understand. He said once to the fishermen that Captain Bradley had seen downfall coming to him and had taken the graceful and wise way out, and yet he never really believed that himself. There was some other reason. Perhaps Stitz knew, but Stitz had gone with the captain, forgotten his friend, Bruce, entirely. It was a mystery.

Nearest to understanding came Joe Brown, who said to Stitz, as the schooner moved out of the bay, "They never beat him. He defeated himself." He finished, after a moment or two, "But I am glad. He was good to me and now he will be happy." Stitz only grunted and stared. He really didn't understand either.

But on all of the eternal hills that watched the Margaret Bradley cross the bar in the flush of the young dawn the ancient forests nodded in the breeze and seemed to approve. They were very old and they had seen very much and there was nothing new under the sun.

THE END

Printed and published by Sydney Newspapers Ltd., Macdonell House, 331 Pitt Street, Sydney.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602690

EVERY NIGHT . . .

spare 4 minutes to LUX your undies

The Change Daily Girl

takes no risk about personal daintiness. She has a clean set of undies to start each day . . . and it only takes her 4 minutes at night, the easy Lux way.

★

It's a glorious feeling to slip into clean, fresh undies every morning. All day long, you feel fit and self-confident . . . *sure* that there's no unpleasant perspiration to threaten your daintiness. The nightly Lux bath does a lot for your stockings and undies. It only takes 4 minutes but it adds weeks to the time they'll wear, because it removes the perspiration acid which fades colours and rots delicate threads.

FOLLOW THE EASY 4-MINUTE LUX METHOD

One tablespoon of Lux does all of one day's undies . . . and your stockings, too. Squeeze garments gently in the lukewarm Lux suds. Rinse twice, roll in a towel and shake out . . . they're sweet and clean again.

Don't use too-warm water—Lux makes lovely suds in lukewarm water.

RUBBING WITH CAKE SOAP WEARS FABRICS, STREAKS COLOURS . . . ALWAYS USE LUX

EVERY MORNING

have them fresh and clean to put on

Lux your underthings every night . . . removes perspiration

A LEVER PRODUCT

S.250.1

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602691